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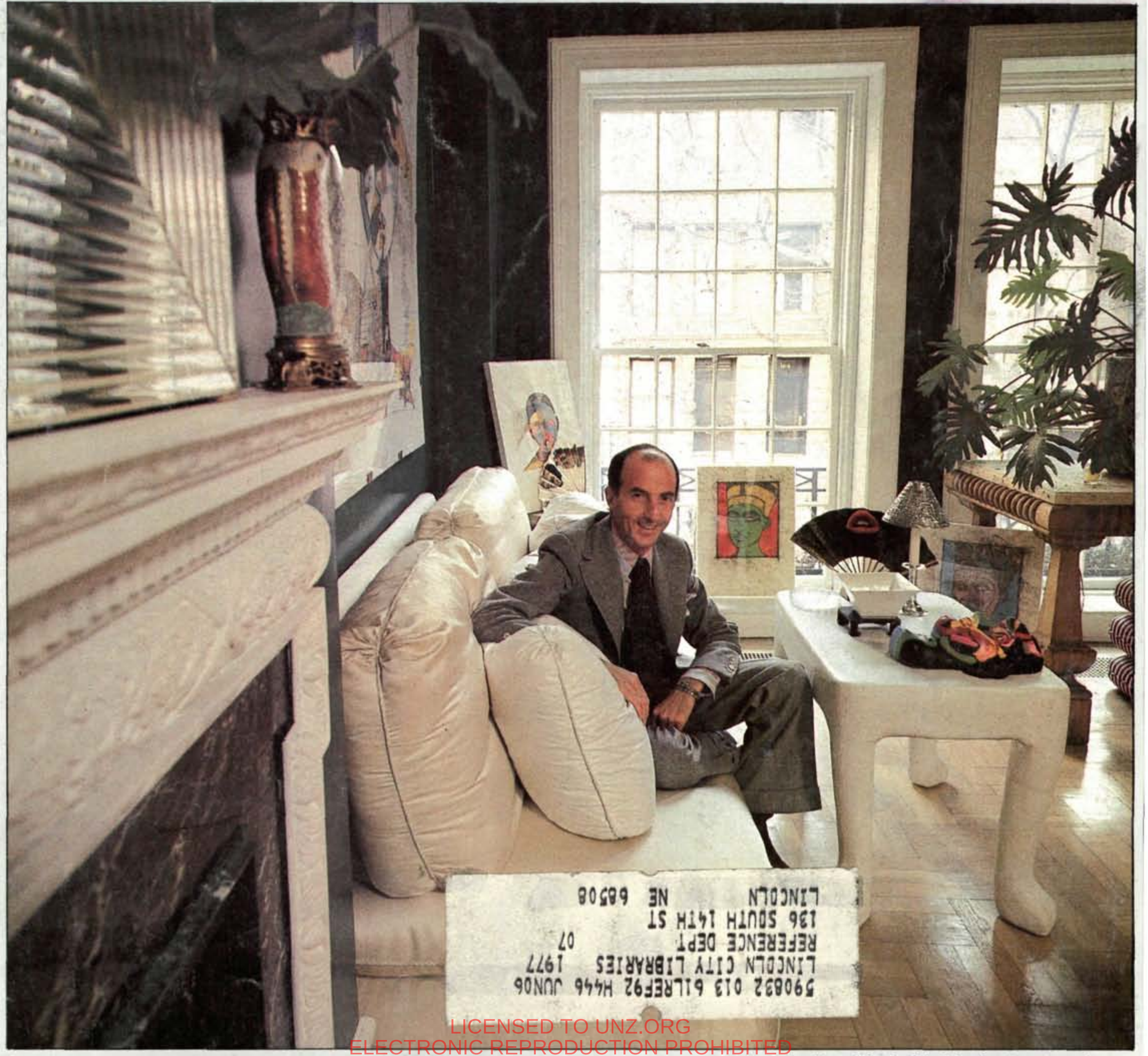

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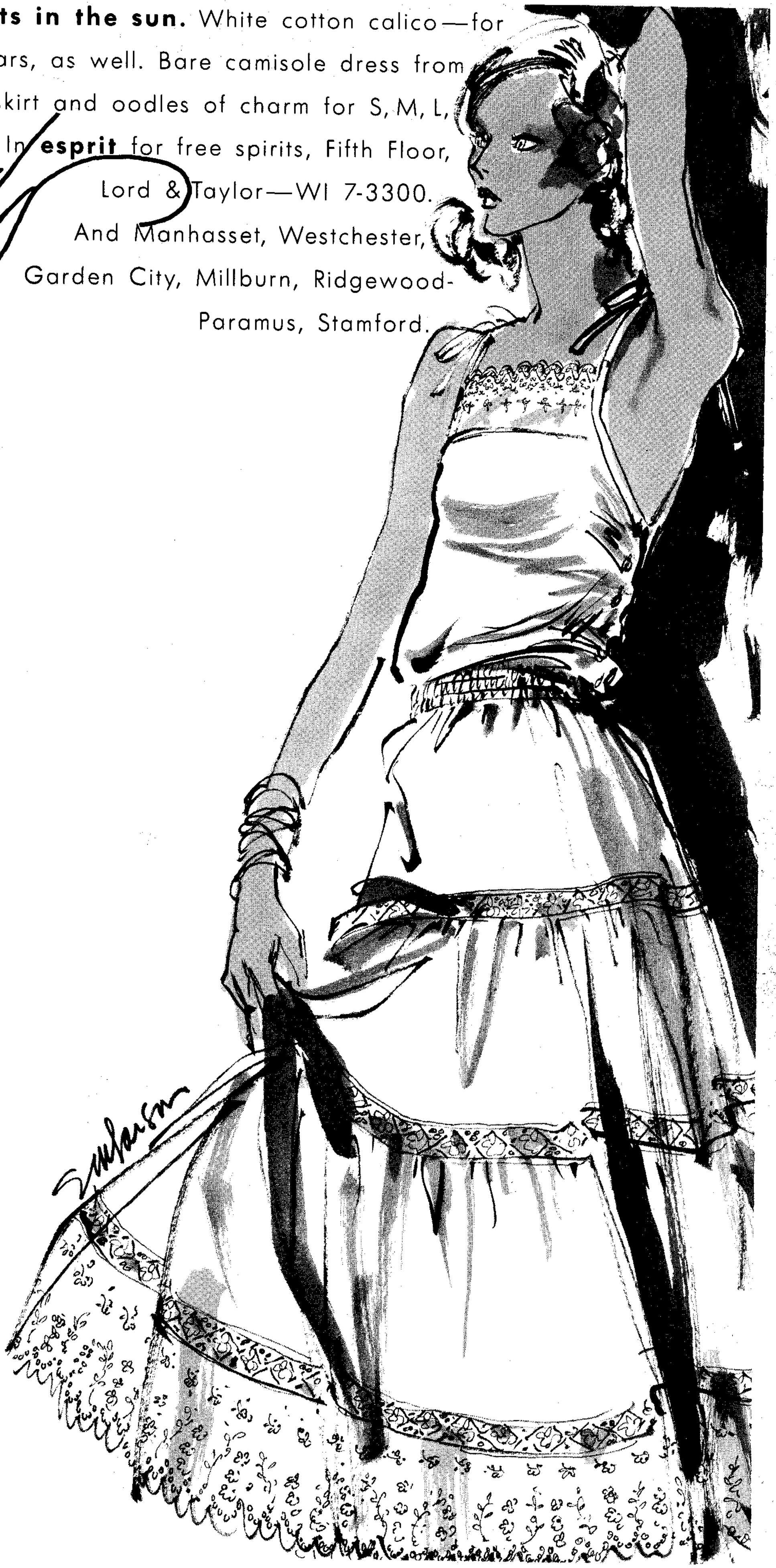

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TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine.

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Long before Roz Kelly made a hit as the Fonz's girl friend, Pinky Tuscadero, in *Happy Days*, she made a hit with *New York* Magazine as a photographer *extraordinaire.* In fact, we gave Roz her first professional assignment back in 1966. Herewith we present some of her (and our) special photographic features, all shot with Roz's inimitable flair—and without flash: "Honey," says Roz in her best Mae West voice, "I got my own lights."

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How would you like to run an ad campaign for a client who was president of the United States? How would you increase your market share 33 points with only weeks to work in? How would you tackle the fact that voters prefer peanuts to politicians? Adman MacDougall, who was creative director of the Ford presidential campaign, learned the answers to those questions. The hard way.

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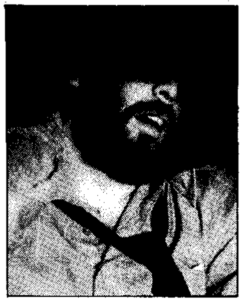
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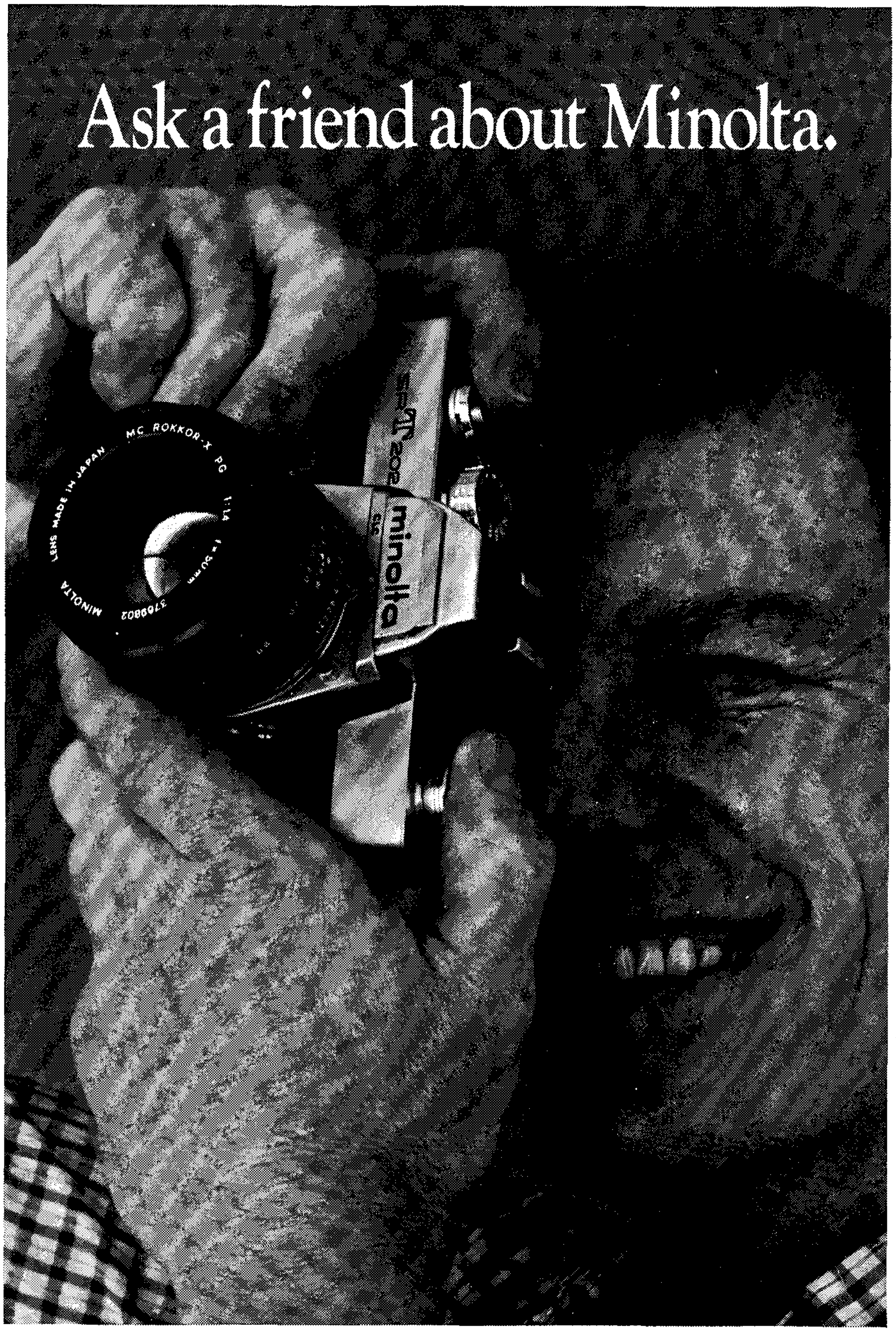

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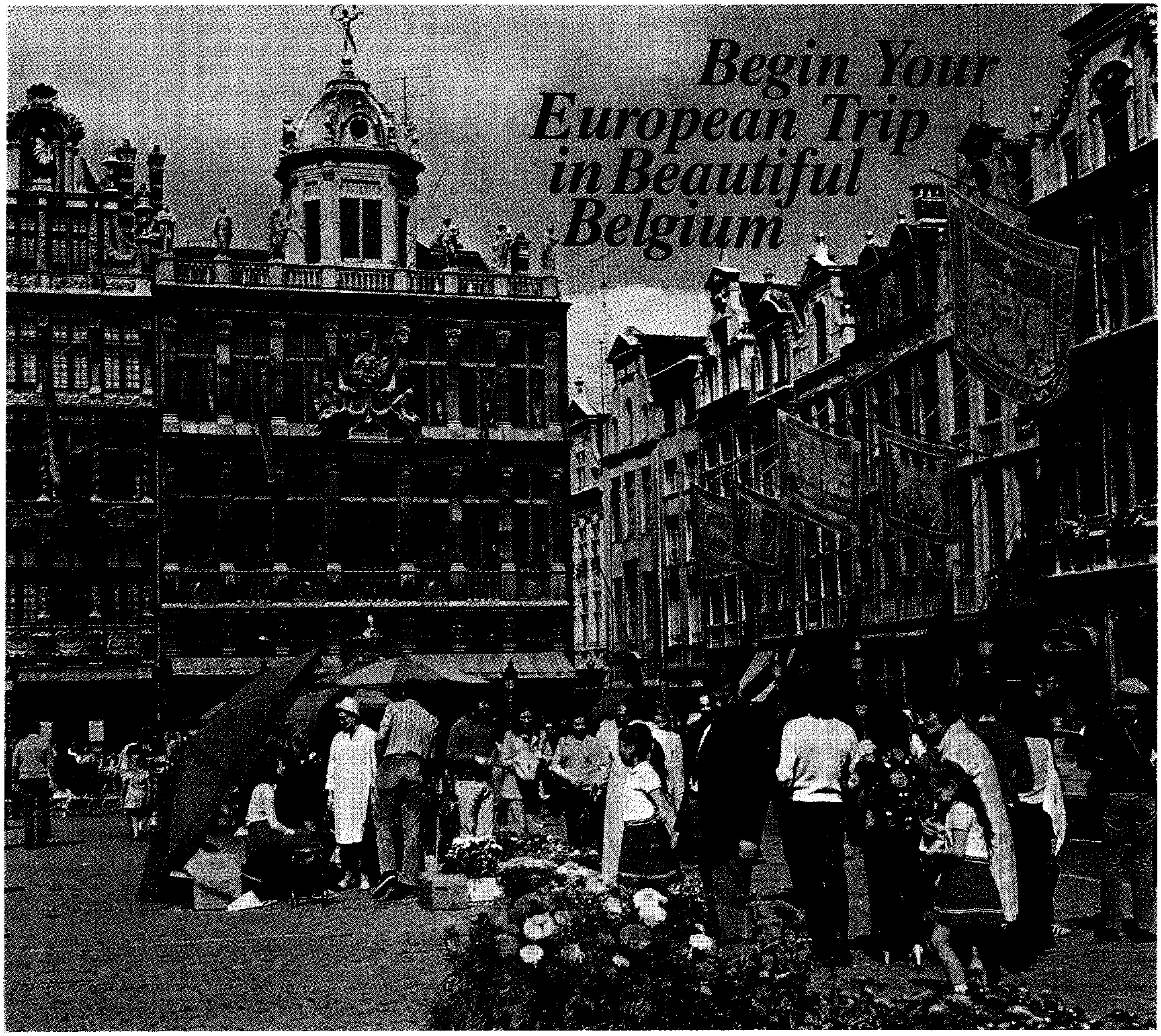

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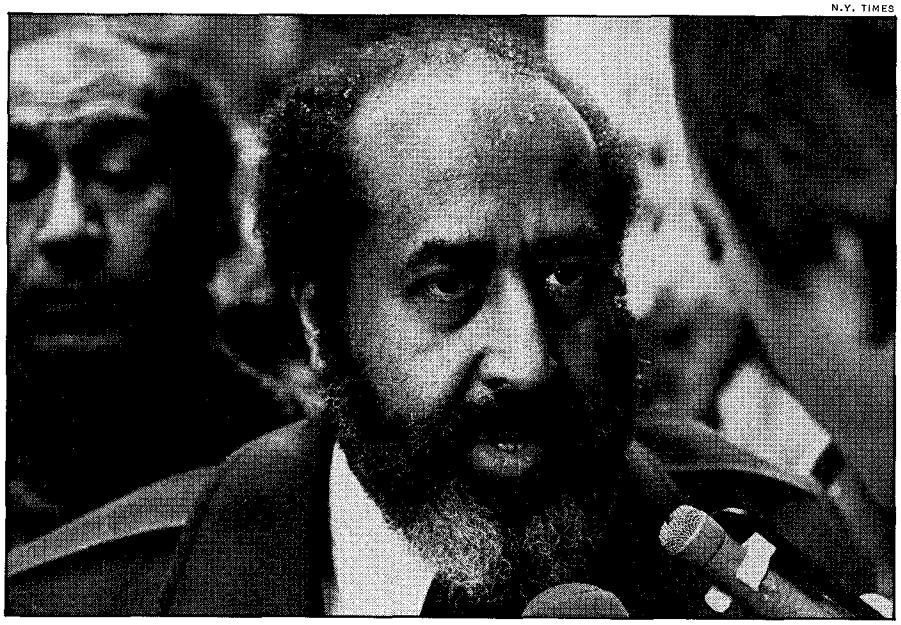
The City Politic / Jacob Wortham

MAYBE THE CITY CAN'T RUN ITS HOSPITALS

N.Y. TIMES



Holloman: *Axed president of an incorrigible Health and Hospitals Corporation.*

If somewhere there exists an award for the best exhibition of stoicism by a public official under stress, Dr. John L. S. Holloman would qualify as a worthy recipient. In the aftermath of a tedious and futile struggle to retain the presidency of the city's Health and Hospitals Corporation, the 56-year-old black physician shows no signs of rancor or defeat. Rather, he continues to tackle his duties with a sense of dedication and an eye to the future. At times, he seems to have forgotten that he must vacate his office by April 30.

The ax fell on Holloman last month, when nine of the sixteen votes of the HHC board of directors were in favor of a resolution calling for his resignation from the $65,000-a-year job he has held for three years. "I am not bitter," he exclaims at the end of a customary Sunday workday. "I understand why they wanted me out. Politics! It's that simple. Governor Carey and the state Emergency Financial Control Board, which supervises the city's fiscal affairs, asked for my head and Mayor Beame delivered."

It is true that Holloman's downfall was not devoid of some heavy-handed politicking. The state board, often at odds with the city administration crisis, had been pressing for a change of leadership in HHC since early last summer. Some members of EFCB, apparently expressing the governor's sentiments, contended that with Holloman at the helm, the corporation, which has a $1-billion annual budget, had been steered into a sea of waste and inefficiency. But the mayor, fully cognizant of the popularity Holloman enjoys among the sprawling hospital constituency, was reluctant to move against him publicly. Instead, the strategy developed at City Hall was to force him to step down voluntarily. "From time to time," says Holloman, "he [Beame] would send one of his lackeys to put the pressure on me or threaten me in various ways. On each occasion, I gave them the same answer—'I will never resign.' "

Eventually, the mayor decided that his emissaries had burned up enough shoe leather on these fruitless missions to Holloman's office. The HHC board of directors would be called upon to administer the *coup de grâce.* In a letter to the board, Beame said the corporation's chief executive had lost the confidence of "outside jurisdictions," making it impossible for him to implement a new financial plan designed to cut anticipated budget deficits.

The Beame letter alone, however, did not produce the intended results. "Mike" Holloman, as the hospital chief is known to his friends and associates, is a personable man, and he had been on good terms with most members of his board. There was a good chance that he could have survived a vote calling for his resignation. With this in mind, the mayor reportedly began to exert extreme pressure on several individual members of the board to support his efforts to oust Holloman. And one board member says that Dr. June J. Christmas, the city's black commissioner of mental health, was threatened with the loss of her job if she failed to vote against Holloman. If such a threat was made, Christmas did not take it seriously. She supported Holloman, as did another Beame aide, outgoing Deputy Mayor Paul Gibson.

When it became apparent that Christmas and Gibson would defy the mayor, City Hall sources say, he began to put the squeeze on Dr. Frank Folk, a black physician from Brooklyn, and Dr. Elena Padilla, a Puerto Rican professor. Padilla, supportive of Holloman in the past, was allegedly picked up in a city limousine and driven to City Hall for a conference with the mayor, just a few minutes before his HHC board was scheduled to go into session, at the Health Department building, to vote on Holloman's future. According to an HHC source, Padilla can take credit for sealing the mayor's victory, since Folk, who also voted against Holloman, had been expected to do so from the start.

By forcing the HHC to take hasty action against the embattled hospital administrator, Beame lit sparks to the racial conflict he had so carefully tried to avoid. Folk was given a temporary police escort after he was roughed up by a group of black and Hispanic demonstrators who had assembled at the HHC headquarters to voice support for Holloman. Dr. Pascal J. Imperato, the board's new chairman and the most outspoken critic of Holloman's administrative skills, escaped physical abuse but was denounced publicly as a "racist." "The city administration must take the blame for allowing this whole thing to develop into the ugliest kind of race politics. . ." says Stephen Berger, executive director of EFCB. "We have been asking for a complete restructuring of top management at HHC for several months, but the city—in typical fashion—allowed a bad situation to grow worse."

If indeed the municipal hospital system is in a state of disrepair, can all the

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blame be placed on Holloman? Imperato, who assumed the chairmanship of the HHC board last month by virtue of his appointment as health services administrator and health commissioner, insists that Holloman is at fault. "Dr. Holloman is a very compassionate and dedicated man," says Imperato. "But under his leadership the corporation has become almost totally immobilized."

Oddly enough, Imperato's memory began to fail him when he was asked to assess the record of Holloman's predecessor, Dr. Joseph English, who resigned in 1973, a day before the HHC board had scheduled a vote on a motion expressing "no confidence" in his administration. A look at English's record would reveal that from the day he became the first chief operating officer of the corporation, it was plagued by a series of ferocious struggles for power and money. A brainchild of former Mayor Lindsay, the HHC was established in 1970 by an act of the legislature, as a replacement for the old Hospitals Department, which was on the verge of collapse. The new agency, its sponsors had envisioned, would introduce new management practices and function free of the political interference that had crippled its precursor.

As fate—or the politicians—would have it, the corporation never gained complete independence in the administration of its affairs. The mayor still retains control by representation on the board. Ten of the members are picked by the mayor and five by the City Council. The fifteen pick a sixteenth, who serves as chief executive officer.

Moreover, the corporation's autonomy is further diminished by the mayor's hold on the purse strings. Sixty-eight percent of the operating funds are drawn from Medicaid reimbursements, with the remainder coming from Medicare and private-health-insurance reimbursements and a city tax levy, now totaling $300 million. These funds are doled out by the city comptroller, in violation of a law stipulating that operating revenues flow directly into the corporation.

Against those odds, and a bitter political feud between Lindsay and former Governor Rockefeller, English struggled to make the municipal hospital system viable. The pressures of the job then—and now—were immense, the results minuscule. By the time English left, he was a spent man who appeared much older than his 40 years.

The legacy he left behind for Holloman was a system that had been weakened further by an escalating fiscal crisis. And Holloman, unfortunately, did not come to the job with the blessings of the power structure. He was picked from a list of 160 candidates in deference to minorities and white liberals who had been demanding that a minority person be appointed to the post. At the time, minority demonstrations against the HHC to protest poor services and cutbacks were a regular occurrence. Holloman, long a champion of medical care for the indigent, would be able to quell the flames of these disruptive conflicts, but questions were raised, from the beginning, about his ability to rescue HHC from its inertia.

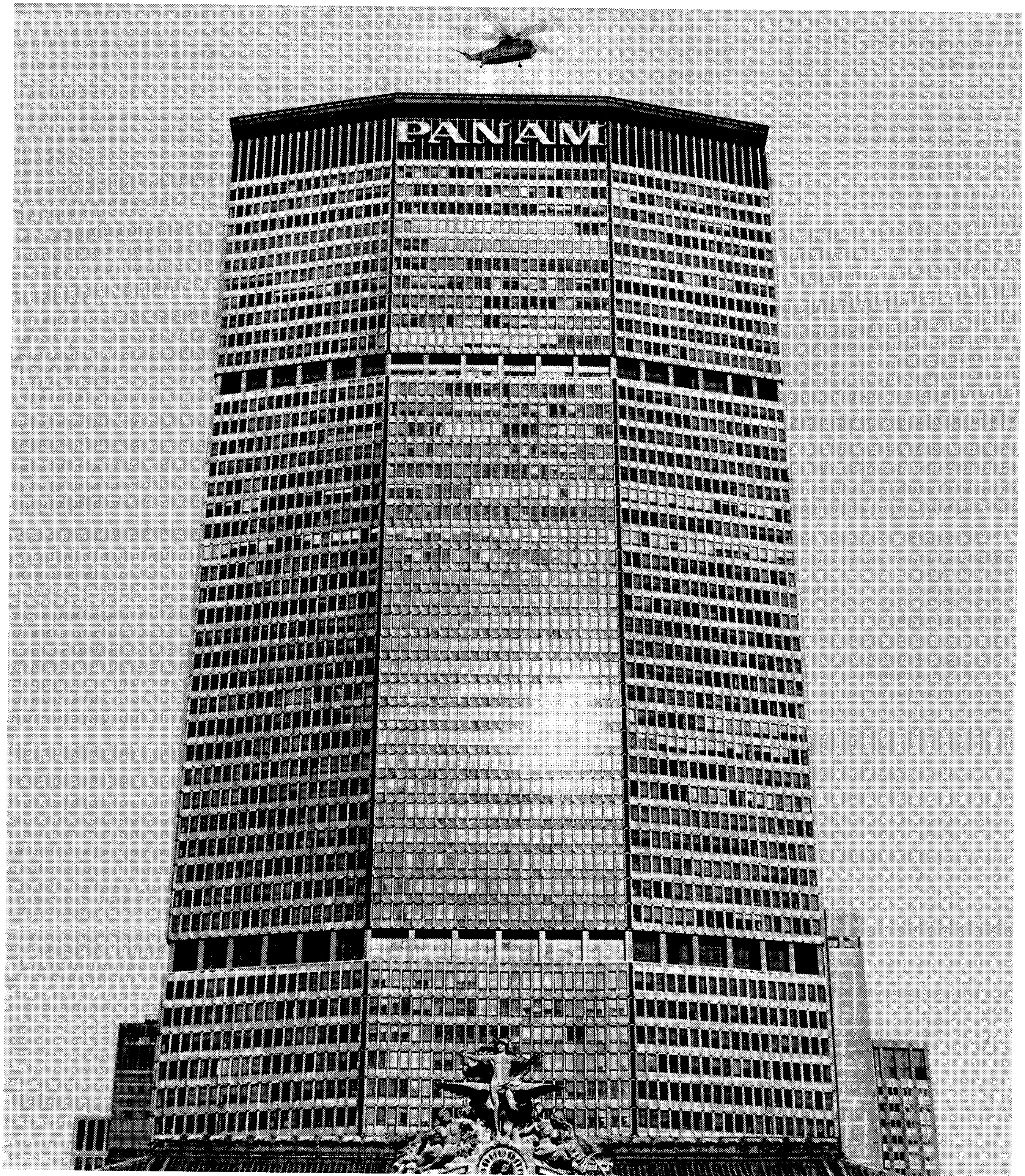
Now that he is approaching the end of the road, objective opinions on his performance are rare. Blacks and Hispanics usually praise his efforts, and whites tend to believe he failed. Yet, even his most uncharitable detractors are inclined to admit that his endeavors were frustrated by fiscal pressures generated from the outside. The most powerful blow came last summer when Governor Carey scaled Medicaid reimbursement rates down from an average $216 a day to $197, wiping out $19-million in revenues.

Up to now, Governor Carey and state financial planners have ignored pleas from the Beame administration to revise the rates upward. Carey has often suggested that he believes the municipal hospital system to be grossly inefficient and that the reduction in reimbursement rates was designed to force the adoption of strict austerity measures.

The governor's position has provided leaders of the private nonprofit hospitals with useful ammunition in their fight for dominance in the health-care field. "After 35 years of failure, it should be clear to everyone that the city is not capable of running first-class hospitals," says Dr. Martin Cherkasky, president of Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx. Under a service agreement with HHC, Montefiore provides the new North Central Bronx Hospital's professional staff. Cherkasky would like to see this agreement, and others like it, replaced by management contracts, ultimately leading to a takeover of the municipal system by nonprofit hospitals.

"It's absurd to blame Joe English or Mike Holloman for the failures of the municipal hospital system," Cherkasky exclaims. "Both English and Holloman were dedicated men, but Mike had the wrong agenda. His basic focus was on saving the system—a system that isn't worth preserving. The system can never rid itself of the petty politics that has made it vulnerable to chaos."

In the face of all the evidence, it might not be hyperbolic to say that only a miracle worker could bring any measure of order and efficiency to what appears to be an incorrigible Health and Hospitals Corporation. ■



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The Bottom Line/Dan Dorfman

THREE WHEELER-DEALERS AND A BILLION-DOLLAR CORPORATION

L. A. TIMES

FORBES MAGAZINE

A trio of wheeler-dealers: *Cantor, Riklis, and Alexander (from left to right). Is a deal brewing for Rapid-American?*

Is Riklis on His Way Out?

When a couple of leading wheeler-dealers get together and start buying stock in a company that's controlled by a third wheeler-dealer, a master at the art, almost anything is liable to happen. And in this case, it could signal that the flamboyant Meshulam Riklis—who has taken his company's stockholders from riches to rags in recent years—is on his way out as head of Rapid-American Corporation, the multibillion-dollar, debt-ridden conglomerate that includes Schenley Industries, McCrory Corporation, and Lerner Stores.

"The Bottom Line" has learned that, over the past two and a half months, a group headed by B. Gerald Cantor, chairman of Cantor, Fitzgerald & Company, the Beverly Hills–based investment-banking concern, and Norman E. Alexander, chairman of New York's Sun Chemical Corporation, has quietly acquired more than 500,000 Rapid shares—or approximately 6.5 percent of the company's 7.9 million shares outstanding. About half of these shares were purchased by Ampacet Corporation, a privately held company controlled by Alexander.

The principals refused to talk to me. The only official who would say anything was Cantor, Fitzgerald's senior vice-president, William P. Miller, who recently acquired 5,000 Rapid shares himself. His words—and actions—were significant. Miller confirmed the stock purchases and added there was a good possibility the group would buy even more Rapid stock.

How come? I asked. "It's at a good price [around $6] . . . and it's for investment purposes," he replied. But then, right after saying that, he burst out laughing.

I think I got the joke. Rapid is hardly an appealing investment when you consider its erratic results, its massive debt (roughly $1 billion), its numerous stockholder suits, and Riklis's reputation in the financial community.

Riklis, who is paid $350,000 a year, is ridiculed (even by some people in the Rapid organization) for being more interested in outside investment activities than in the affairs of Rapid-American. In addition, Riklis, who fancies himself a real ladies' man, is currently involved in an investigation by the Securities and Exchange Commission into Rapid's sale of a division, Natco Industries. The SEC is probing possible payoffs. In that sale, a real-estate developer who happened to be a close friend of Riklis's, Morton Olshan, received an incredibly high fee—nearly 17 percent of the purchase price—for acting as one of the middlemen in the negotiations.

At first glance, an unfriendly takeover of Rapid would seem unlikely in view of Riklis's personal voting clout in Rapid affairs. As of a 1976 prospectus, he held approximately 16.4 percent of the voting power of all classes of Rapid's capital stock. And all officers and directors of Rapid, including Riklis, hold nearly 22 percent of such voting power. In addition, Cantor has long been a personal friend of Riklis's.

Nonetheless, a takeover of Rapid—either with or without Riklis's consent—is viewed as a real possibility. For one thing, there's speculation that bad blood may have developed between Riklis and Cantor. And it's felt that Cantor, who is reputedly worth more than $50 million, has sufficient financial muscle to engineer a Rapid takeover of another corporation—say, through a tender offer. And the other corporation just might be acquisition-minded Sun Chemical, which last reported annual sales of $259 million. Alexander, an ambitious man with a giant-sized ego, has long talked of running a billion-dollar company.

A couple of other possibilities are also worth considering. One is that Riklis may actually be sanctioning the purchases as part of a plan that would eventually lead to a bid for Rapid at a price he would find acceptable. Then, presumably, he'd sell his shares for millions. Another possibility is that the purchases by Cantor (who has been barred from New York Stock Exchange membership since 1947 for unexplained reasons) and Alexander may be a prelude to a tender offer that would turn Rapid into a private company. (Rapid had previously tried to make itself private but scrapped the idea in the face of SEC opposition.) Such a tender offer might be followed by a program of planned liquidation—at sizable profits to the owners—in which Rapid's major holdings would be sold piecemeal.

One question is the reaction of Riklis confidant Isidore Becker, Rapid's vice-chairman and chairman of Schenley Industries. Schenley is one of Rapid's prize possessions, but Becker wants it for himself. In fact, he's been trying to borrow the money from Crédit Suisse

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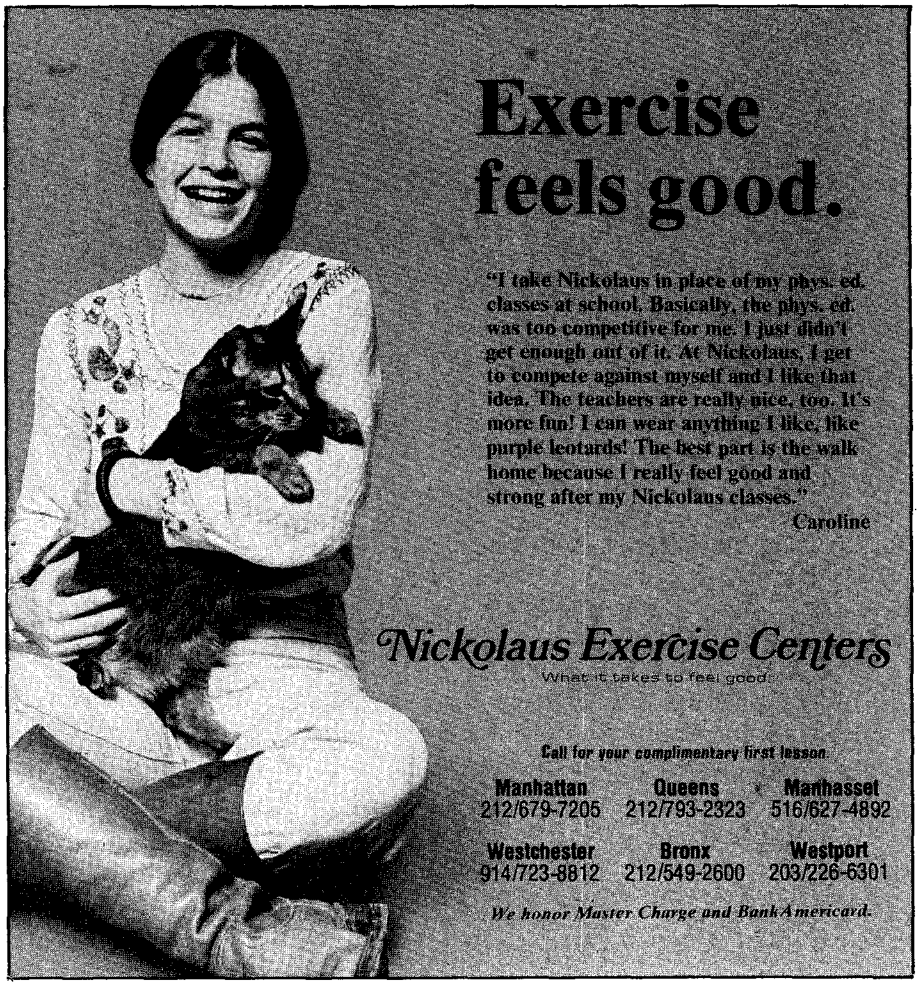

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and White, Weld, in London, to buy the liquor company. Becker, who is intimately familiar with virtually all of Riklis's financial maneuvers, isn't about to take kindly to a sale of Schenley to an outside company, sources say. It's felt that Becker—in the event of such an occurrence—would be on borrowed time as Schenley's boss because of his long association with the controversial Riklis. There's even speculation that Becker (who owns 163,000 Rapid shares), in an effort to hold onto Schenley, might join anti-Riklis forces should a battle for Rapid develop.

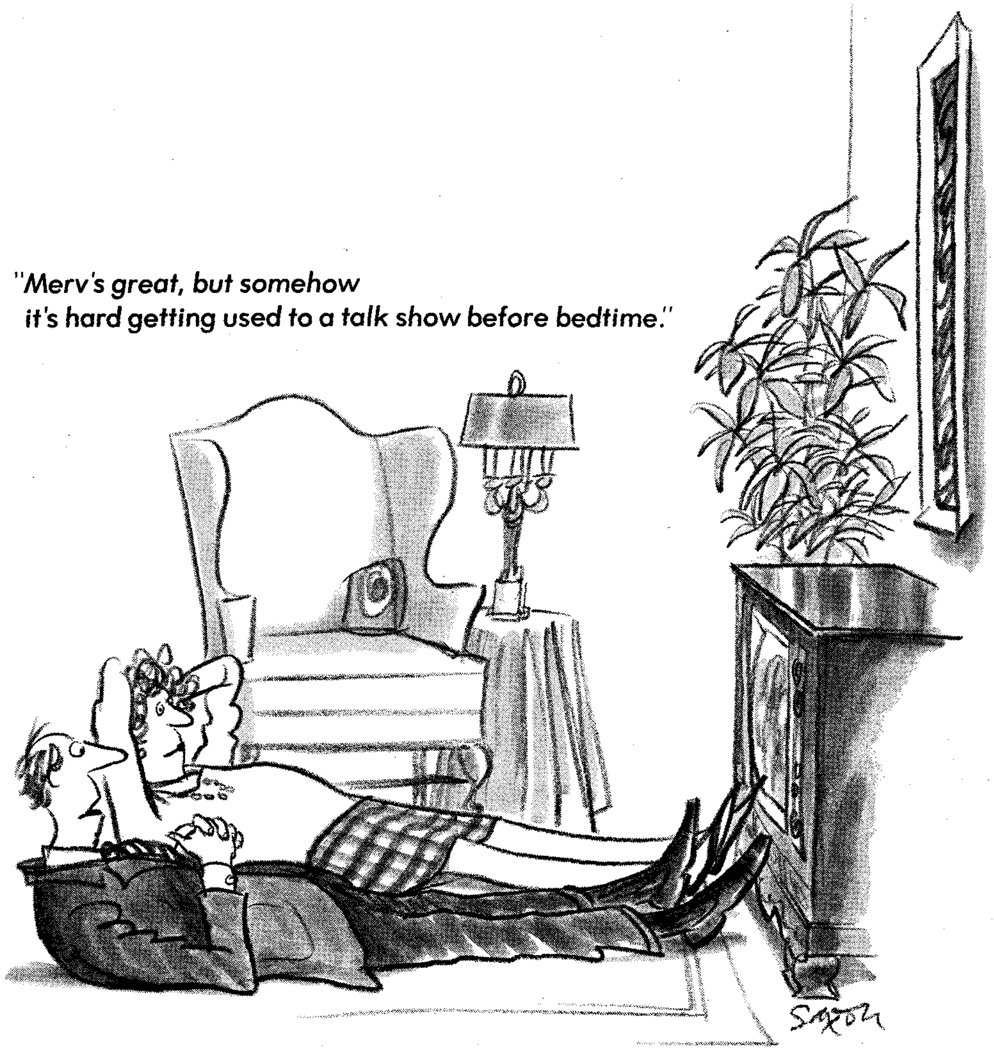
"Becker [whose once close relationship with Riklis has reportedly cooled in recent years] wants Schenley so badly," says one liquor-industry source, "that Riklis may discover—if he doesn't already know it—that in hiring Izzy, he hired his own assassin."

Becker aside, some Wall Street pros contend that something is definitely brewing at Rapid. At $6 a share, the stock—which pays no dividends—is more than double its 1976 low. Yet, the Cantor-Alexander group has continued to buy. Why? The pros suggest that if the group were really interested in "investment," it could have easily put its estimated $2.5 million to $3 million in Rapid purchases into safer money-market instruments paying 8 to 9 percent.

As one source very close to Cantor, Fitzgerald put it: "In business, Bernie [Cantor] will squeeze the last penny out of a blind man. I've never known him to put equity money into a 'maybe.' To believe that's what he's doing with Rapid is to believe in fairy tales."

No Thank You, IBM

A well-placed Washington source hears that International Business Machines offered to get rid of its office-products division as a way to end its antitrust battle with the Justice Department. This division, which among other things produces electric and magnetic-media typewriters, copying equipment, and dictation equipment, had an estimated volume last year of about $2.6-billion—around 15 percent of IBM's total 1976 revenues of $16 billion. My source says the Justice Department refused. For one thing, it doesn't believe elimination of the office-products division would get to the heart of the government's antitrust complaint—that is, that IBM has a monopoly in the computer business. Further, my source says the Justice Department still thinks "it has a good shot at busting up IBM into at least five separate companies and believes the man trying the case, Judge David N. Edelstein, leans toward its [Justice's] point of view." ■



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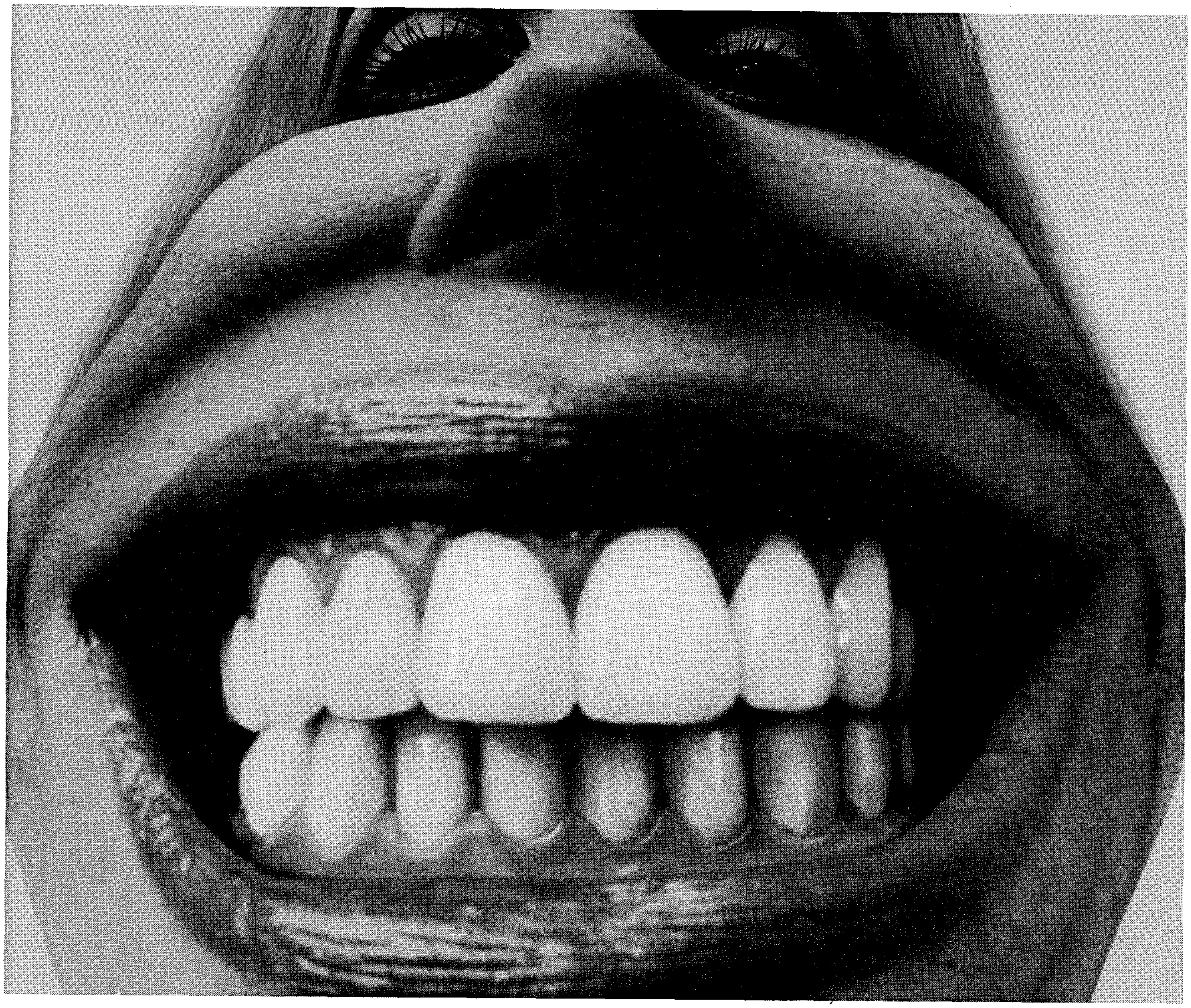

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MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

February 15 through 22

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

Alice Doesn't Live Here Any More–Martin Scorsese's film about a young Texas small-town widow and her smart-alecky son is supposedly feminist, but actually commercial and feeble. A barely modernized old-fashioned sob story, the humdrum script fluctuates between hackneyed tear-jerking and too-too clever cuteness. After looking for unconventional career success, the heroine quickly settles for bliss in the arms of a sturdy rancher husband, played with less than his usual stolidity by Kris Kristofferson. Ellen Burstyn as Alice is as good as the material allows, and there are effective supporting performances, but this is mostly craptrap, not even well shot. 2/20, Bleecker St Cinema.

Bound for Glory–David Carradine portrays Woody Guthrie in an autobiographical film about the legendary folksinger. It deals mostly with the Depression, the Dust Bowl, and the desperate people traveling to California where new horrors await them. Seeing this film, directed by Hal Ashby, is the nearest thing to leafing through the album of a great photographer (Haskell Wexler). Little Carnegie.

Car Wash–A cinematic look at the kaleidoscope of motley people—all the manual workers, the owner's son, the food concessionaires, the passersby—all in a day's work at a car wash. Michael Schultz directed the cast of mostly unknowns. Thru 2/15, Olympia; RKO Cinerama I; 72nd St E; Playboy.

The Cassandra Crossing–George P. Cosmatos's film about a thousand passengers on a plague-infested Geneva-to-Stockholm luxury train, hurtling across Europe to concentration camp quarantine. With Sophia Loren, Richard Harris, Ava Gardner, Burt Lancaster, and Ingrid Thulin. Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Cine; 34th St East; Loews Triplex.

The Cookies (Les Galettes de Pont-Aven)–Written and directed by Joel Seria, the film makes every effort to be whimsical, touching, and outrageous by turns, but ends up showing mostly lots of effort. Here and there a bright moment peeps through. The whimsy, on the whole, is more convincing than the pathos. 68th St Playhouse.

Cousin, Cousine–A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchella that goes a long way toward restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and, mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photography and catchy music. Paris.

Cries and Whispers–One of Ingmar Bergman's less felicitous films, into which the master has tried to crowd so much that the result begins to look like a parody of almost every foregoing Bergman film. Still, there are superb performances and even more extraordinary cinematography by Sven Nykvist, which combines with the imaginative set design to make this a spectacular visual experience for those who can ignore the plot. Bergman's camera movements are marvellous too, and Harriet Andersson's performance surpasses even the other very fine ones. 2/15, Elgin.

Face to Face–Ingmar Bergman's latest is doubly disturbing. First, because it may be the most harrowing portrayal ever of a nervous breakdown, and, secondly, because it shows a supreme filmmaker in total control of his medium merely marking time. The one incontrovertible splendor of the film is Liv Ullman's performance. It is not just sublime acting; it is a piece of great, invaluable daring. Thru 2/15, Gramercy; on 2/15 only, Elgin.

Fellini's Casanova–This film which lasts over two-and-a-half hours may well be the most ponderous specimen of imaginative vacuity ever devised. Particularly offensive and depressing is that Fellini has taken a fascinating protagonist and very rich story only to make them as hollow and aimless as he himself must have become. Cinema I.

Freaky Friday–Barbara Harris and Jodie Foster star as a mother and daughter who accidently change places for a day. Rounding out the cast are John Astin, Kaye Ballard, Ruth Buzzi, and Patsy Kelly. A Walt Disney production. Thru 2/15, Guild; RKO 86th I; Loews Triplex.

The Front–Martin Ritt's film is all facade, posturing, cliches, and cutenesses; it might as well have been made by people whose information about McCarthyism came from a couple of magazine articles, and whose knowledge of human beings from Earl Wilson's column. Even at that, the film may owe its existence to the fact that it deals with blacklisting on television only, and does not foul its own nest, however prefouled that may be. From 2/16, Gramercy.

Fun with Dick and Jane–Ted Kotcheff's comedy about an upper middle-class couple who turn to crime when he loses his job as an aerospace industry executive. With George Segal and Jane Fonda. Loews State I; Loews Tower East.

Guernica–This is a film by Fernando Arrabal. And anyone who has seen one of his plays will need no further warning. Anyone who has seen his previous film, *Viva la Muerte!*, will need no further warning. Even the technical incompetence in the filmmaking is staggering. Most pitiful of all is the presence of the gifted Mariangela Melato in this film that gives a bad name even to sex, even to anti-facism. Quad.

Harlan County, U.S.A.–Barbara Kopple's well-intentioned piece of work about a coal miners' strike in Kentucky that lasted thirteen months and led to, after the brutal shooting of a miner, the mine owners' acceding to the miners' demands, which were nothing more than the right to unionize. Cinema II.

WATERGATE REVISITED

Paul Winfield thinks it over in **Twilight's Last Gleaming**, Robert Aldrich's action drama involving nuclear blackmail and the president of the United States; starring Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Charles Durning and Joseph Cotten. Loews State II; Loews Orpheum; East Side Cinema.

Hedda–Glenda Jackson is a vastly unfelicitous Hedda, with none of the true aristocratic hauteur of General Gabler's daughter, and exudes instead a kind of amusing bitchiness, which has nothing to do with what Ibsen wrote. What's more, she utterly lacks that comeliness and allure that make men die for Hedda and women fawn or cringe. And it is an abominable practice to adapt great plays for the screen, as Trevor Nunn did here. 2/19, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Hour of the Wolf–Ingmar Bergman at his second or third best, but still full of arresting bits and pieces. The plot, a murky bow to the great German romantic E.T.A. Hoffmann, concerns a tormented artist, haunted by people who seem to be evil spirits, who finally goes to his ruin. Much great acting as usual, and dazzling black-and-white photography by Sven Nykvist. 2/15, Elgin.

King Kong–This new version, directed by John Guillermin, tried hard to come up with things the original lacked—Freud, feminism, ecology, social satire, spoofing of astrology, and above all, sympathy for the ape. The romance now is much more between beast and girl than between boy and girl. But nothing substantial has been added and something considerable has been forfeited. Embassy 49th.

King of Hearts–Philippe De Broca's comic parable in which the inmates of an asylum take over a small French town during World War I. With Genevieve Bujold, Alan Bates, Jean-Claude Brialy. Fine Arts.

The Last Tycoon–The movie version of F. Scott Fitzgerald's book is an honorable failure, honorable because it tries to serve its vision of the original faithfully; failure because that vision falls considerably short of Fitzgerald's. Elia Kazan directed, and his naturalism laced with expressionalistic touches introduces elements to disharmonize with Harold Pinter's screenplay, and Fitzgerald's book. Robert De Niro's Monroe Stahr, the protagonist, is perfection itself, but Ingrid Boulting, the Kathleen, is disastrous. 8th St Cinema; from 2/16, Guild.

The Late Show–If you like latter-day variations on the private-eye movie—variations that consist chiefly of tongue-in-cheek deflations of the genre, you may find this film just your thing. Though its plotting is rudimentary and its illogic gigantic, it has oodles of atmosphere and a likeable way of not taking itself too seriously. Lily Tomlin is totally winning. Sutton.

Logan's Run–Jenny Agutter and Michael York co-star in one of those world-after-the-holocaust bits of futuristic wool-gathering, directed by Michael Anderson. Gifted and winning performers, they overcome deadly preposterousnesses almost as easily as mortal dangers. There is creditable supporting work from Richard Jordan, and a bit of genius from Peter Ustinov. 2/16-22, Olympia.

The Marquise of O. . .–Eric Rohmer's film version of Heinrich von Kleist's 1808 novella is as intelligent and successful as such an undertaking can get. The liberties the director has taken are minimal, and generally inventive as well as dramatically justifiable. Embassy 72nd; D.W. Griffith; Quad.

Mean Streets–One of the most overestimated films of recent times, this love-and-hate letter by Martin Scorsese to the Little Italy he grew up in concerns its confused young punks, coyly sordid mafiosa, and friendship and love struggling against sterile and strangulating surroundings. Badly written and directed, with terrible photography and a sound track full of trashy old songs, the film has only a flashy performance by Robert De Niro to recommend it, but even he has been better elsewhere. There may be some grubby authenticity here, but much of it is merely sloppily improvised kid stuff. A street-corner movie. 2/19,20, Bleecker St Cinema.

The Mother and the Whore–This rather long film by Jean Eustache, a Godard protegé, in most respects surpasses the work of the protector. It starts inauspiciously enough with petty love problems among Left-Bank hippies, but it soon develops into an absorbing story of how people in general muck up their loves and lives. The movie is full of grimy but also grimly funny reality, the acting is fine, and Jean-Pierre Léaud gives his only thoroughly convincing performance since The 400 Blows. 2/21, Bleecker St Cinema.

Network–Sidney Lumet's latest film is a further lap in Paddy Chayefsky's, the scenarist's, fascinating race against decrepitude and impotence. But Lumet continues to improve as a director, and the acting, by William Holden, Robert Duvall, Peter Finch, Faye Dunaway, Beatrice Straight, is impressive. Murray Hill; RKO 59th I; Trans-Lux 85th.

The Passion of Anna–One of Bergman's two finest films since *Persona*, incomparably superior to *Cries and Whispers*, and prefiguring (and surpassing) much of *Scenes from a Marriage*. Aside from being a profound document about the impossibilities of love relationships, this film is a veritable compendium of technical achievements, and contains some of the most marvelous color cinematography, in the subtlest tones, ever seen. 2/20-22, Elgin.

Phantom of the Paradise–Brian de Palma has gone from funny little movies to unfunny big ones. This supposed satire on the pop music business and the rock world suffers grievously from not trying to step on too many (or any) toes, and from a fair lack of wit. Only a take-off on a pseudo-tough pop star, here called Meat, really comes off, as does one brief spooking of *Psycho.* Frenetic direction and basically uninteresting performances. 2/17-19, Elgin.

The Pink Panther Strikes Again–Distinctly superior to its predecessor, *The Return of the Pink Panther,* this one features also some jolly movie parodies and mild political satire along with good-natured and often amusing slapstick, old hat though it may be. With Peter Sellers, Herbert Lom, Colin Blakely, Leonard Rossiter, and Lesley-Anne Down. Forum; Art; 2/15-22, St Marks Cinema; Olympia.

Providence–Alain Resnais's first English-language film is his first unmitigated disaster. John Gielgud, the partially hidden narrator of the film, an old dying man, imagines a convoluted scenario involving a love triangle made up of his legitimate son, his illegitimate son, and the former's wife (Dirk Bogarde, David Warner, and Ellen Burstyn). Cinema III.

Pumping Iron–A specialized sort of documentary film about muscle men and, to a much lesser extent, their families, trainers, fans; a film that cannot help having a certain freak-show appeal. Yet it does have its riveting passages, as when we see the screen wellnigh explode with the superhuman, or superbovine, exertions of these body builders, or when Arnold Schwarzenegger, the champion of champions, gives out with mischievous bits of witty cynicism. Plaza.

Rocky–This is a pugnacious, charming, grimy, beautiful fairy tale—a small pearl of realism formed around a grain of story-book impossibility. An obscure Philadelphia boxer gets a crack at the heavyweight championship, and what distinguishes this tale from so many other boxing tales is the precision with which the locales, the background activities, and the talk are evoked. It's an uppercut to the devil's jaw and an upper for the viewer's spirits. Directed by John Avildsen. Greenwich; Loews Triplex; Columbia I; Embassy 46th; RKO 86th II.

The Sentinel–A thriller about a model's involvement with the bizarre and supernatural. Directed by Michael Winner, film also stars Chris Sarandon, Ava Gardner, Martin Balsam, John Carradine. Rivoli; 86th St East.

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER?

Marlo Thomas makes a mysterious phone call in **Thieves,** John Berry's contemporary comedy about marriage in an urban society. Costarring is Charles Grodin, and others in the cast are Mercedes McCambridge, Gary Merrill, Hector Elizondo, and Irwin Corey. Coronet.

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution–Nicol Williamson is a self-indulgent sensualist and social upstart rather than the ascetic, upper-class Sherlock Holmes in this film, wherein Freud (Alan Arkin) tries to analyze the cure the cocaine-besotted dick, and the two men collaborate in a bit of crime detection. Beekman; Quad.

Shame–Bergman in what may be his only serious film dealing with social and political issues, in this case war and the nature of the guilt it elicits in all concerned. An important and beautifully-made film, with the customary superlative acting, photography, and direction. Like all important works, it says a great deal about basic human relations beyond its immediate subject. 2/20-22, Elgin.

Silver Streak–An expensive attempt, directed by Arthur Hiller, at crossbreeding *The Lady Vanishes* and *Twentieth Century.* It is not so much a cross-fertilization as a cross-sterilization. Jill Clayburgh, once again unworthily cast, once again keeps her head above ditchwater. Gene Wilder is miscast in a young-Jimmy Stewart role, and Patrick McGoohan is loathsome above the line of duty. From 2/16, RKO 86 I; Trans-Lux East.

Small Change–Francois Truffaut's film is small potatoes, a totally unstructured agglomeration of episodes, some charming, some ordinary, some tired and rather tiresome. It all leads up to nothing more than a lengthy tirade or homily by a sympathetic teacher who lectures his pupils about the need for comprehension and above. Thru 2/15, Waverly; New Yorker.

A Star Is Born–This third version of the film, with Barbra Streisand in what seems to be both the female and male leads, is not only unneeded, it is emphatically uncalled-for. Streisand's notion of acting is to bulldoze her way from one end of a line to the other without regard for anyone or anything; you can literally feel her impatience for the other performer to stop talking so she can take over again. Ziegfeld; from 2/16, Waverly; Loews Triplex; U.A. East.

The Story of Adele H.–Truffaut's latest film is about the daughter of Victor Hugo who, growing up in the Channel island of Guernsey, whither her father was banished, had the misfortune to fall in love with a British lieutenant who eventually tired of her, both on Guernsey and in London, where she had followed him. Unfortunately, Truffaut has opted for swift, short episodes, trying to make out of lean, restless vignettes a sweeping canvas of love, madness, personal tragedy. The gifted, adorable, rising young star, Isabelle Adjani, under twenty when she made this film, plays Adele, and Bruce Robinson the lieutenant. New Yorker; Thru 2/15, Waverly.

Excerpted from John Simon's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). Thru 2/15, *The Pink Panther Strikes Again; The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe.* From 2/16, to be announced.

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *A Star Is Born.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker, at Laguardia Pl (674-2560). 2/15, Avant-Garde films. 2/16, *Burn; Antonio Das Mortes.* 2/17, *Last Tango in Paris; Burn.* 2/18, *Before the Revolution; Last Tango in Paris.* 2/19, *Mean Streets; Before the Revolution.* 2/20, *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore; Mean Streets.* 2/21, *The Mother and the Whore.* 2/22, Avant-Garde films.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 2/15, *The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe; That Man from Rio.* 2/16, *The Strong Man; Halleluja, I'm a Bum.* 2/17, *The Godfather,* Part II. 2/18, *The Women; Two-Faced Woman.* 2/19, *Hedda; A Doll's House.* 2/20, An Evening with the Royal Ballet; *Tales of Hoffmann.* 2/21, *Limelight; The Chaplin Review.* 2/22, *All My Sons; The Pedestrian.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Fellini's Casanova.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Harlan County, U.S.A.*

Cinema III, 2 W 59 (752-5959). *Providence.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Rocky.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *The Sentinel.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Thieves.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *The Marquise of O...*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Twilight's Last Gleaming.*

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). *The Last Tycoon.*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). *The Sentinel.*

Elgin, 8th Ave & 19th (675-0935). 2/15, *Face to Face; Cries and Whispers; Hour of the Wolf.* 2/16, *Samurai Assassin; Illusion of Blood.* 2/17-19, *200 Motels; Phantom of the Paradise; Magic Christian.* 2/20-22, *Persona; Passion of Anna; Shame.* Fridays at Midnight, *Gums;* Saturdays at Midnight, *The Harder They Come.* Senior citizens, 25¢ at all times.

Embassy 46th, at Bdway (757-2408). *Rocky.*

Embassy 49th, at Bdway (582-4066). *King Kong.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *The Marquise of O...*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *The King of Hearts.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 2/15, *Face to Face.* From 2/16, *The Front.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Rocky.*

Guild, 33 W 50, nr 5th Ave (PL 7-2406). Thru 2/15, *Freaky Friday.* From 2/16, *The Last Tycoon.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *Bound for Glory.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *The Cassandra Crossing.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *The Cassandra Crossing.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Twilight's Last Gleaming.*

Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. *Fun with Dick and Jane.* II. *Twilight's Last Gleaming.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Fun with Dick and Jane.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). Listings always tentative here. I. *Rocky.* II. Thru 2/15, *Freaky Friday.* From 2/16, *A Star Is Born.* III. *The Cassandra Crossing.*

Murray Hill, 34th at 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Network.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd (956-7078). 2/15, noon, *Kristianstad-Film Staden;* 2:30, *Thomas Graal's Best Child;* 6 p.m. What's Happening? 2/17, 2:30, *L'Age d'Or;* 6 p.m. *Song of the Scarlet Flower;* 8:30, *His Lordship's Last Will.* 2/18, 2:30, *Song of the Scarlet Flower;* 6 p.m. *L'Age d'Or.* 2/19, noon, *One Hundred Men and a Girl;* 2:30, *The Ingmarssons;* 5 p.m. *Karin, Daughter of Ingmar.* 2/20, noon, *One Hundred Men and a Girl;* 2:30, *The Treasure of Arne;* 5 p.m. Buster Keaton films. 2/21, noon, Film shorts; 2:30, *His Lordship's Last Will;* 6 p.m. An evening with Walter Gutman. 2/22, noon, Film shorts; 2:30, *The Treasure of Arne;* 6 p.m. What's Happening?

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Small Change; The Story of Adele H.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 2/15, *Car Wash; Hard Times.* 2/16-22, *The Pink Panther Strikes Again; Logan's Run.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Cousin, Cousine.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 2/15, *Carwash; The Black Bird.* From 2/16, To be announced.

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Pumping Iron.* (Live body building demonstrations after evening performances.)

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* I. *The Marquise of O...* II. *Guernica; Viva la Muerte.* III. *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution.* IV. *Through the Looking Glass; Every Inch a Lady.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). Thru 2/15, *The Solid Gold Cadillac; The Marrying Kind.* 2/16-19, *It Happened One Night; Twentieth Century.* 2/20,21, *Gilda; Tonight and Every Night.* 2/22,23, *Golden Boy; My Sister Eileen.* 2/24-26, *His Girl Friday; Theodora Goes Wild.*

Rivoli, Bdway at 49th (247-1633). *The Sentinel.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Bdway at 47th (757-5450). I. Thru 2/15, *Carwash.* 2/16-22, *Joshua; Welcome Home Brother Charles.* II. Thru 2/17, *Strange Shadows in an Empty Room; Rape Squad.* From 2/18, *The Town That Dreaded Sundown.*

RKO 59th St I & II, nr 2nd Ave (688-1717). I. *Network.* II. 2/15-17, *Strange Shadows in an Empty Room; Rape Squad.* From 2/18, *The Town That Dreaded Sundown.*

RKO 86th St I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. Thru 2/15, *Freaky Friday,* From 2/16, *Silver Streak.* II. *Rocky.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 2/15, *Carwash.* From 2/16, To be announced.

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at St Marks Pl (777-1955). Thru 2/15, *Car Wash; The Longest Yard.* 2/16-22, *The Pink Panther Strikes Again.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *The Cookies.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *The Late Show.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 2/15, *All About Eve; Laura.* 2/16-19, *2001: A Space Odyssey.* 2/20-22, *Paths of Glory; The Killing.*

Theater St Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 2/15,16, *Ghost Ship; The Day the Earth Stood Still.* 2/17, *Bittersweet; Firefly.* 2/18,19, *The Lady Vanishes; The 39 Steps.* 2/20,21, *Paramount on Parade; Glorifying the American Girl.* 2/22,23, *Wild River; Panic in the Streets.* 2/24-26, *Follow the Fleet; Carefree.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *The Cassandra Crossing.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Silver Streak.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Network.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). Thru 2/15, *Nickelodeon.* From 2/16, *A Star Is Born.*

Victoria, 46th & Bdway (354-5636). *The Enforcer.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). Thru 2/15, *Small Change; The Story of Adele H.* From 2/16, *A Star is Born.*

Ziegfeld, 54th betw 6th & 7th (765-7600). *A Star Is Born.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, February 15

Caesar and Cleopatra–Rex Harrison and Elizabeth Ashley star in the George Bernard Shaw play, directed by Ellis Raab. With Paul Hecht, Novella Nelson, and Patrick Hines. Palace, 1564 Broadway (PL 7-2626).

Unexpected Guests–A new comedy by Jordan Crittenden about events that occur to a man who comes home from work to find his wife has run off with a cello salesman. With Jerry Stiller, Zohra Lampert, Anne Ives, Michael Vale. Directed by Charles Grodin. Previews now prior to a 2/23 opening. Little Theater, 240 W 44th St (221-6425).

Wednesday, February 16

American Buffalo–A new play by David *(Sexual Perversity in Chicago)* Mamet which takes place in a junk shop and deals with two old men and a youth who becomes involved in a robbery. With Robert Duvall, Kenneth McMillan, and John Savage. Directed by Ulu Grosbard. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

Thursday, February 17

The Cherry Orchard–A revival of the Chekhov play, adapted by Jean-Claude van Itallie, directed by Andrei Serban. With Irene Worth, George Voskovec, Raul Julia, Meryl Streep, Marybeth Hurt, Cathryn Damon. Runs thru 4/3. Vivian Beaumont, 150 W 65th (EN 2-7616).

CURRENT

Bubbling Brown Sugar–About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the likes of Avon Long and Josephine Premice. The other half, alas, is a silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all that classy staging and dances. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30 & 7 p.m. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (246-6270).

California Suite–Sleazily written, shoddily constructed, and without even a scintilla of Neil Simon's usual slick adroitness with a gag line, this grab bag of skits about life in a Los Angeles hotel suggests that California life may have scrambled Mr. Simon's brains. Gene Saks's direction draws a few moments of bovine humor from Jack Weston, but Tammy Grimes, Marge Redmond, and George Grizzard look as foolish as they are made to sound. Mon thru Sat at 8; Sat, Sun, Wed mat at 2. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W 49th (246-0220).

Chicago–A music vaudeville, with book by Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse, based on the 1926 melodrama about a Chicago murderess. Music by John Kander. There is fun here, and like any spectacle that carries the Fosse signature, it demands to be seen. *(J.S.)* Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's taut, energetic direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W44 (246-5990).

Comedians–Trevor Griffiths's uneven but often brilliant dissection of the place of laughter in today's world of debased standards. There are gags here to please the crowd, but they explode like smoke-bombs. Mike Nichols's direction is wonderfully taut and understated, and a splendid all-male cast, notably Jonathan Pryce as a funnyman filled with hatred, provides some spectacular theater even when the play loses its way, as it occasionally does. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed at 2. Music Box Theater, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dirty Linen & New-Found-Land–Tom Stoppard's interlinked playlets, both set in a Parliamentary committee room, elevate the fine old art of farce-writing to a high intellectual level. The joke-spinning is murderously, achingly funny, no less so for the intricacy and the dazzling literacy of Stoppard's word-gaming. If you feel certain pains on leaving the theater, that's your laughing muscles being reactivated after a long, dismal season of rest. Ed Berman directs, and the cast is fully the equal of its London counterpart. Mon thru Sat at 8; Wed mat at 2. Golden Theater, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play which is structured around a valid premise, an exploration into the tortured mind of a boy who suddenly goes beserk and blinds a stableful of horses. But the play is ruined by Shaffer's concept of the psychiatrist, who is forced constantly into tedious (and, to an intelligent auditor, insulting) sermons on what it all means to him. With Alec McCowen and Ralph Seymour. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

Fiddler on the Roof–Nothing has aged so much that this 1964 Bock-Harnick-Stein musical has lost any appreciable glow. Even so, as Zero Mostel has had to slow down his timing in the lead role, and as some key members of the new cast fail to erase memories of their predecessors, it becomes increasingly clear that the real "Fiddler" is Jerome Robbins, whose staging transmutes common clay into something like gold. Since Mr. Robbins returned to restage this revival, it has become, once again, an imperative. Mon thru Sat at 8, Wed mat at 2. Winter Garden, 1634 Bdway (245-4878).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/ When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling theatrical experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Godspell–Although it may have been overpraised when new (thanks to *J.C. Superstar's* also having been around), the artless joy of this retelling of the Passion through the eyes of flower-children, the romping inventiveness of its appealing cast, and the vitality of most (if not all) of Stephen Schwartz's music still make this one of the loveliest things in town. The move to Broadway has been well managed, and you're still invited onstage for wine at intermission. Wed thru Sat at 8; Mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5:30 p.m. Ambassador, 215 W 49th (265-1855).

Grease–An amusing, ridiculous 50s rock 'n' roll musical exploring the myth created by the mass media of what teen-age life was like in the 50s. Excellent choreography by Patricia Birch. Book, music & lyrics: Jacobs & Casey. Directed by Tom Moore. *(J.S.)* Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Guys and Dolls–Damon Runyon's Broadway lingo has been translated by Billy Wilson into black jive, with results more joyous than anyone might have dreamed possible. This is one of the best of all recent musical revivals, and Frank Loesser's flawless score makes 25 years sound like overnight. The cast — led by Ernestine Jackson, an absolute charmer, as Sarah; Norma Donaldson as a wonderfully brassy Adelaide; James Randolph and Robert Guillaume as the top gamblers — hasn't a weak member. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 2 & 8 p.m.; Sun at 3 & 7:30 p.m. Broadway, Bdway at 53rd (247-7992). (Closed).

Ipi-Tombi–Tepid, tedious revue about nobility and suffering among South Africans, with bland songs (by Bertha Egnos) that purport to capture the native essence but are actually cheap, sentimental ripoffs of a culture surely more vital than portrayed here. The ethnic verities are about on a level with *Hiawatha.* Mon thru Sat at 8; Sat mat at 2; Sun mat at 3. Harkness, Bdway at 63rd (Closed).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

My Fair Lady–Jerry Adler's direction tends to draw heavy lines under the best-loved moments, but he cannot obliterate this memento of popular musical theater's brightest creation. Christine Andreas's Eliza sounds better than it looks, but Ian Richardson is a flinty Higgins, and George Rose a roistering Doolittle. Tues thru Sat; evenings at 8 p.m. Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Thru 3/13, Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

Night of the Iguana–Not Tennessee Williams's best play, but also not as dull and flat as made out in this generally misguided revival. As the tormented, defrocked preacher, Richard Chamberlain is all juvenile redneck, given to gargling his best lines; as the object of his seedy love-games, Sylvia Miles comes on like a defrocked thug. Joseph Hardy's direction cannot cover these inadequacies, and the drab lighting by H. R. Poindexter further drains the play of much of its rudimentary poetry. Thru 2/20. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway, nr 8th Ave (581-0720).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard, Sherman Yellen. Weeknights at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Otherwise Engaged–With words wise and winged, Simon Gray shows us how easy it is to retreat into electronic armor and cut all communication with humanity. The play is, at once, both wittier and more profound than Gray's excellent *Butley* and, as directed by Harold Pinter, it becomes one of Broadway's few genuinely rewarding experiences. As the hero, a man on his way to becoming a robot, Tom Courtenay may be a little *too* charming, but his way with the language is indeed elegant. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

A Party with Betty Comden & Adolph Green–An evening of entertainment utilizing songs and comedy material they have written over the years. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Piaf...A Remembrance–A new play by David Cohen, based on the late French singer's life, directed by Lee Rachman. With Juliette Koka, Edmund Lyndeck, and Lou Bedford. Playhouse, 359 W 48th St (541-9820).

Pippin–The most beautifully gotten up musical ever to surround a near-vacuum, the "vacuum" being Roger O. Hirson's empty and pretentious book about Charlemagne's son. The "near" is Stephen Schwartz's music and lyrics, with an awkward, amateurish charm, but at least they have a somewhat medieval feel. Director-choreographer Bob Fosse's only flaw is an excess of inventiveness. *(J.S.)* Tues, Wed & Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Imperial, 45th nr 8th Avenue (CO 5-2412).

The Robber Bridegroom–Eudora Welty's folk-fable turned into a country-music jamboree by Alfred

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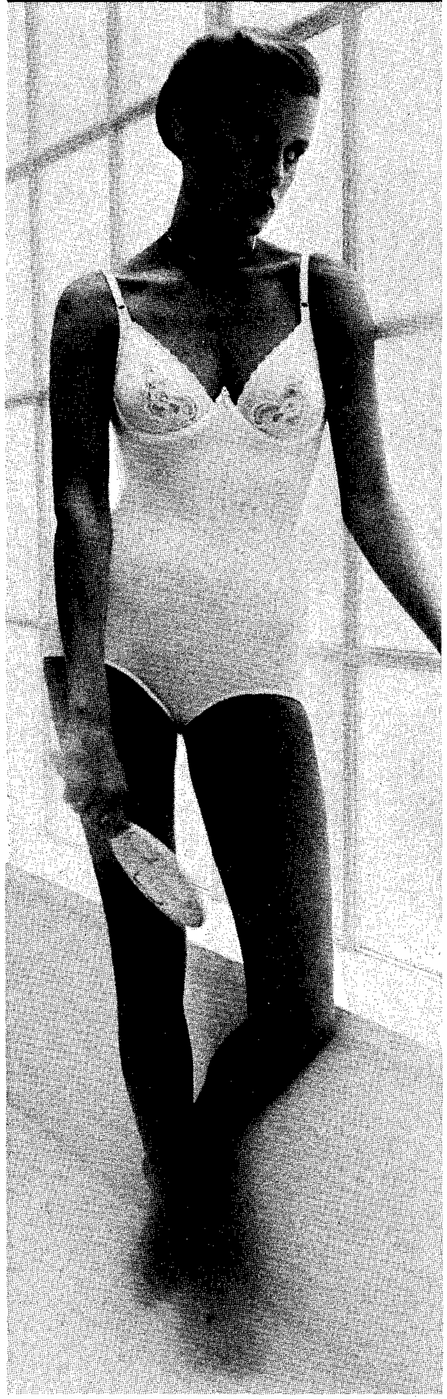

AT
BLOOMINGDALES

Uhry (words) and Robert Waldman (music). The show has a certain seedy, kicky charm, but the songs aren't much in themselves and Gerald Freedman's direction tends to drive some of the jokes into the ground. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mat. Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).(Closed).

Same Time, Next Year–Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell in a romantic comedy by Bernard Slade about an annual rendezvous that lasts for 25 years involving a pair who are married, but not to each other. A two-character play similar in theme to *Avanti*, and in quality to *The Voice of the Turtle*, it is genuinely funny, often moving, and slyly perspicacious throughout. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. *(J.S.)* Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

Shenandoah–A musical by James Lee Barrett, P. Rose, P. Udell, and Gary Geld; directed by Philip Rose; stars William Chapman. It takes no Civil War expert to know that this foolish hyperanachronism has about as much to do with history as with wit, tunefulness, or basic intelligence. The book goes from nowhere to nowhere, unless commuting between jolly homespun philosophy and arrant tear-jerking constitutes an itinerary. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. *(J.S.)* Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Sly Fox–Larry Gelbart has misread a certain famous tombstone as "O Rape Ben Jonson," and has done just that in this gross, gaggy rewrite of *Volpone*. As the Fox himself, George C. Scott mistakes pose-striking for comic acting, and Arthur Penn's direction is a luckless try at creating a Jacobean *Hellzapoppin'*. Ugh. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (Cl 6-6699).

The Trip Back Down–John Collum wanders through John Bishop's play with a worried look, which could mean that he has read it. Mr. Bishop—who, the program ingenuously points out, had only *thought* about writing until three years ago—is here concerned with an out-of-luck racing-car driver who returns home in search of "the answers." The Pits. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

The Wiz–New musical version of the *Wizard of Oz* with an all-black cast; by William F. Brown and Charlie Smalls; directed by Geoffrey Holder. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. If you already know Oz, from the Baum books and the Garland movie, you're ahead of the game. *J.S.)* Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Your Arms Too Short To Box With God–The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Micki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Tues thru Sun at 8; mat Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Alma the Ghost of Spring Street–Ozzie Rodriquez's play, based on true accounts surrounding the death, trial, and curse of Alma Sands. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. 2/17-20 at 10 p.m. $4. La Mama Experimental Theater Club, 74A East 4th St (254-6468).

Another Way To Love–Dramatization of sex fantasies. Thurs, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. The Project, 127 Grand St (580-9119). On 2/21, moves to Broadway, at the Bijou, Bdway & 45th (869-1537).

Ashes–David Rudkin's play begins as a witty, low-key piece about a couple struggling to have a baby; gradually, and inexorably, the scope widens to embrace a wide range of brilliant disturbing thoughts about life itself. The play (by a Britisher hitherto unknown here) is something close to wonderful, as is the performance by a four-member cast directed by Lynne Meadow. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Brownsville Raid–Douglas Turner Ward stars in a play by Charles Fuller which takes place on a U.S. army post in that Texas town in 1906, when, it was reported, a troop of black career soldiers raided the town. Directed by Israel Hicks, it's a tenth anniversary Negro Ensemble Company production. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 3:30 & 8:30; Sun 2:30 & 7. Thru 2/27, Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a goggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this rather special show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

Come Back, Little Sheba–A revival of William Inge's play, directed by Ron Troutman. Thru 2/20. ELT Theater, 103rd & Riverside Dr (663-2028).

The Condemned of Altoona–Jean Paul Sartre's play, English version by Justin O'Brien, directed by Jean McFaddin, with Stefan Schnabel, Jeff Cannon, and Chris Weatherhead. Thurs & Sat at 8; Sun at 2:30, 2/17-3/13. $2.50. Jewish Repertory Theater, Emanu-El Midtown Y, 344 E 14th St (674-7200).

The Creditors–Strindberg's play, adapted and directed by Linda Mussman. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. from 2/16. Time & Space, Ltd., 139-141 W 22nd St (741-1032).

David Mamet's Plays–*Sexual Perversity in Chicago* and *Duck Variations*, two beautifully written, subtle, and wise short plays about — well, about life: young people's lives ruined by meddling "friends," old people's lives ruined by aching, desperate dullness. It's all treated with a fine, light touch, which the expert direction of Albert Takazauckas deftly underscores. Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 8. Thru 2/28, Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St (989-2020).

Double Bill–Ramon Delgado's *Once Below a Lighthouse*, and Richard Hall's *The Love Match*. Wed thru Sat at 9 p.m. Thru 2/19, $4. The Glines, 260 West Bdway (925-2619).

Double Bill–GBS's *How He Lied to Her Husband*, and *Annajanska;* both directed by Arthur Reel. Fri & Sat at 8 & 10; *Sun at 5 p.m. Thru 3/20.* $3. Drama Committee, 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Double Bill–Harold Pinter's *The Collection*, and Karen Quigley's *The Portrait Project*. 2/17, 19, 20, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Ward Nasse Gallery, 131 Prince St (997-4480).

The Double Inconstancy–The 250-year-old play, written for Commedia dell'arte players, by Marivaux, directed by Albert Asermely. Thurs, Fri & Sat at 7:30; Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 2/20, $2.50. Riverside Church, 120 Riverside Drive (364-2929).

Drama Committee Repertory–Henrik Ibsen's *The League of Youth*. Thurs, Fri, Sat at 7:30; Sun at 2:30, thru 3/20. G.B. Shaw's *Man of Destiny*, Fri & Sat at 10:30; Sun at 5 & 8 p.m. thru 2/20. Gate Theater, 2nd Ave at 10th St (929-8377).

End Game–Samuel Beckett's play, directed by Steve Chernak. Fri & Sat at 10 p.m. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

The Fantasticks–In the zillionth year of its run, with its notable list of acting alumni, this innocuous drivel has finally found its audience: one man who attends regularly because it cures his insomnia. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

The Firebugs–Max Frisch's drama, directed by Louis Mascolo. 2/17-20, 24-27, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Studio 17, 18 E 17th St (924-3698).

Great God Brown–Eugene O'Neill's play; Thurs thru Sat at 7:30, Sun mat at 3. 2/17-27. $2.50. Malachy Theater, 552 W 53rd (581-3785).

Glowworm–A group-created project taking a comic view of decadent society and other frivolities, directed by Barbara Vann. Wed thru Sun at 7:30, 2/16-3/3. $4. Theater, 45 E 20th St (475-9623).

Godsong–Adapted from James Johnson's *God's Trombones* by Tad Truesdale, who also directs. A gospel rock-dance revival. Wed thru Sun at 7:30; Sun mat at 3, 2/18-3/6. La Mama Annex, 66 E 4th St. (475-7710).

Green Julia–Paul Ableman's play, directed by Susan Schulman. Wed thru Sat, Thru 2/26, Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St (765-9540).

Greenwich Village Follies–Revue, with music, lyrics, and vignettes by Ronnie Britton. Wed thru Sat at 8; Sat also at 10:30. Sun, 5 & 7:30. Cricket Theater, 162 Second Ave (533-8010).

I Am a Camera–John van Druten's play adapted from Isherwood's *Berlin Stories.* 2/22-26, nightly at 8, Sat at 5 & 8:30. $2.50. Allen Stevenson Theater, 138 E 78th (628-3899).

Isadora Duncan Sleeps With the Russian Navy –Thin and kicky treatment of the great dance pioneer, who does everything on stage *but* sleep with the Russian navy. Author Jeff Wanshel apparently regards it as original high camp to deal with the whole thing as movie-within-play, but he's wrong. Marian Seldes, as Isadora, is better than the script deserves. Thru 2/20, American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Pinter's *The Caretaker,* 2/18 at 7:30; 2/19 at 10:30. P.B. Shelley's *The Cenci,* 2/19 at 7:30. Ionesco's Rhinoceros, 2/18 at 10:30; 2/20 at 3 p.m. Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery at 2nd St (677-0060).

John Gabriel Borkman–Henrik Ibsen's play deals with an old man's protest against his failing powers and the conflict between two sisters who have a life-long battle for his love. With Gale Sondergaard, Jan Farrand, and Robert Pastene. Thru 2/15, Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

Jules Feiffer's Hold Me!–Staged by Caymichael Pattern, with Geraldine Brooks, Kathleen Chalfant, Paul Dooley, Michael Tucci, and Dalienne Majors. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7:30 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. $8.50 & $7.50. Westside Cabaret, 407 W 43rd (541-8394).

King Oedipus–James Earl Jones appears in a new version of the Sophocles piece by John Lewin, directed by David Gild. Jacqueline Brooks is the Jocasta. 2/17,18 at 8 p.m. 2/19, at 7:30 & 9:30 p.m. $4. Cathedral of St John the Divine, 112th St & Amsterdam Ave (678-6923).

Kopit Festival–Six one-act plays by Arthur Kopit. Generally Fri thru Mon schedule thru 3/12. Call 243-7494 for details. $2.50. Impossible Ragtime Theater, 120 W 28th St.

The League of Youth–A rarely performed political comedy by Henrik Ibsen, directed by Arthur Reel. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 2:30, thru 3/20. Gate Theater, 162 Second Ave (575-1115).

Marco Polo Sings a Solo–John Guare's latest uninspired lunacy marks a further decline in a once-promising talent. This work, wrecked not only by Guare's self-indulgent overwriting but also by Mel Shapiro's slack direction, makes a stab at being a futuristic parable. An all-star cast (Joel Grey, Chris Sarandon, Madeline Kahn, etc.) is utterly wasted, although Anne Jackson does have one monologue, beautifully delivered, that comes close to making sense. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

A Midsummer Night's Dream–Shakespeare's comedy, directed and designed by Donald Brooks. Thru 3/5. $2.50. St Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W 20th (WA 9-2390).

My Life–There's an honest-to-god swimming pool on the stage, but Corinne Jacker's new play — one of those where-did-I-go-wrong talking photo albums — won't wash. The Circle Rep earmarks are there: Marshall W. Mason's fluent direction, and good work by some of the company's regular actors; but this is one of the company's more negligible efforts. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at $3. Thru 2/27, Circle Repertory Theater, 99 Seventh Ave So on Sheridan Square (924-7100).

Nightclub Cantata–A congenial revue of songs by the prolific and versatile Elizabeth Swados, arranged by her and sung with high style by eight immensely talented youngsters including the author. A few of the lovesongs are a mite sweet; one or two others stoop to the glitzy earnestness of Brel, but the show contains enough dazzling talent to outweigh passing flaws. Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker (982-9292).

No Exit–Jean Paul Sartre's play, directed by Rose Lynch. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30; Sundays at 4 p.m. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

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Peg o' My Heart–Unless you've seen a lot of theater this season, you may be immune to the simple, fresh delights in J. Hartley Manners's 1912 heart-warmer (written for Mrs. Manners, a.k.a. Laurette Taylor). Under Gene Nye's unerringly clear-eyed direction, the play has returned to us full of love, and even a touch of wisdom, and the Lion Company (led by the winsome, adorable Peg of Sofia Landon) plays as if caught up in a masterpiece. Thurs, Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. $3.50. Thru 2/20. Lion Theater, 422 W 42nd (947-4224).

The Recruiting Officer–A restoration comedy by George Farquhar, directed by Philip Meister, Thurs thru Sat, 2/24-3/19, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

Repertorio Espanol–During the month of February: Fernando de Rojas's *La Celestina;* Miguel Mihura's *La Decente.* Spanish Theater, 138 E 27th (889-2850).

The Sea Gull–Chekhov's play, directed by Eugenie Leontovich. Thurs, Sat & Sun at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. 2/17-3/6. $2.50. Universalist Church, Central Park West & 76th St (580-0230).

She Stoops To Conquer–Oliver Goldsmith's comedy, directed by Vicky LaViscount. Fri & Sat at 7:30; Sun at 3, 2/18-3/7. Theater Forum, 333 6th Ave (243-9225).

Soho Repertory–2/18 at 8:30, 2/19 at 7:30, 2/20 at 4:30, *Faustus X 7.* 2/19 at 10:30, 2/20 at 7:30, 2/25 at 8:30, Joe Orton's *What the Butler Saw.* Soho Theater, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Streamers–David Rabe's finest play so far, in a distinguished production by Mike Nichols, is enough to restore anyone's faith in the future of native theater. Externally, the play is about Vietnam-bound soldiers; underneath, it is about the way human beings struggle to find responsive chords in one another, and often fail. Tues-Sat at 7:30; Wed & Sat at 2:30; Sun at 3 p.m. Mitzi E. Newhouse, 150 W 65th (787-8080).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galbway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (541-8394).

What the Butler Saw–Comedy by Joe Orton, directed by David McKenna. Thurs thru Sun at 8. Sun at 3, 2/17-3/13. $3. Nat Horne Theater, 440 W 42nd (582-5713).

The Wedding–Stanislaw Wyspianski's play, directed by Raymond Marciniak. Thrus thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 5 p.m. $3. 2/17-3/6. NYTE, Inc., 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

The Winter's Tale–Shakespeare's tragedy-comedy, Thurs thru Sun, 2/17-20,24-27 & 3/4,5. Lincoln Square Center, 150 W 68th (595-4767).

Wooden O Repertory–Two eighteenth-century plays: Royal Tyler's *The Contrast* and Nicholas Rowe's *The Fair Penitent,* the first 2/15-18, 24, 26 at 8 p.m., the latter 2/19,21-23,25 at 8 p.m. 2/26 at 2 p.m. Wooden O, 335 W 38th (736-5720).

Yerma–Lorca's play, directed by Luz Castanos and Victor Acosta. 2/18,19; 3/4,5,11, at 8 p.m. 2/20,27; 3/6, at 3 p.m. Nuestro Teatro, 277 Park Ave So (673-9430).

Excerpted from Alan Rich's reviews

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to

3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Bonatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

La Chansonette–890 Second Ave. French nightclub with singer Rita Dimitri Closed Sundays (752-7320).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lexington. Roberto and Mitsuko Revue. Also Javier and his Marionettes, and singer Jorge Pais. In the Flamenco Suite, Carmen Acevedo and her Basque group (PL 2-8080).

Chez Z–320 E. 79 St. Candlelight restaurant with Pat Hood singing blues, jazz and pops (734-4700).

Cleo's–Bdway & 63rd St. Joyce Bryant, a blues singer, entertains at this pretty place (opposite Lincoln Center), every night but Sunday, from 9:30 on (724-6301).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Elegant Egyptian decor, international cuisine. "Ooh La La," a revue with belly dancers, whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 10 & 12. Closed Sundays (753-3471).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque, Tues thru Sat. Thru 2/19, The Ken Hamilton Show, with singer Terry Malone. Singer Arthur Prysock arrives 2/22 (PL 5-6010).

Dangerfield's–1118 First Ave. Carmen McRae headlines here, 2/18-3/5, at 9:30 & 11:30, with comedian Tim Thomerson (593-1650).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Vicki Barnes and her Quartet, thru 3/9. Tommy Furtado Trio, Mon thru Fri; Bernie Leighton Quartet, Sat & Sun (838-8384).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists. A pre-Lenten festival thru 2/22, with a cast of 36 singers, clowns, dancers and musicians (JU 6-5151).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison, betw 77th & 78th. Elegant French seafood spot, with Neal Wolf at the keyboard Tues thru Sat (628-3333).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush new place on the site of the old one, with a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Nito San Miguel entertaining Wed thru Sat until 1 a.m. (EL 5-2070).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-cum-antique shop. "Porcupine," a revue, in the Valentine Room Mon thru Sat at 9 & 11 (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Living Room: Jazz guitarist Gene Bertoncini here Mon thru Fri, 5 to 7 p.m. For keyholders only (752-3100).

Prive–1078 First Ave. All white and silver elegant supper club, with Lester Lanin's trio and Herb Winner playing the piano Tues thru Sat (688-8778).

Rainbow Grill–65th Floor, Rockefeller Center. Comfortable dining, Picasso tapestries, a world-famous view. Thru 2/26, Comedian Sal Richards and singer David Lawton (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world (almost) from its 65th floor windows. Bobby Rosengarden, who always manages to put together a respectable band that can satisfy both dancers and listeners, is joined by the dynamic vocalist Carrie Smith. Tues, Wed, Thurs, from 7 p.m. Fri & Sat, from 8 p.m. & Sun from 6 p.m. with him is vocalist Carrie Smith (PL 7-9090).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. On Thurs, Fri, Sat, 5:30-7 p.m., and on Sunday's at 3 p.m., singer-pianist-songwriter Blossom Dearie appears, engagingly; her smallness of voice should not be confused with an inability to swing, and her material is special indeed (691-0900).

Roseland Dance City–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wednesday thru Sunday from 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thursdays and weekend. American orchestras alternate with Latin bands (CI 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave at 56th. Dining and dancing, with late show, thru 3/5, by Vibrations, thrice nightly. Closed Sundays (421-0900).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub, with dining, dancing and a revue headlined by Aris San (683-9409).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St & Madison (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Dancing to the music of Tony Terini's Trio, Mon thru Fri, from 8 p.m. to 1. Thru 2/18, two swinging brethren, the Phillips Brothers, entertain.

Carlyle, Madison at 76th (RH 4-1600). **Cafe Carlyle:** Singer Teddi King, with drummer Josh Gerber, bassist Ernie Furtado, and pianist Irving Joseph. **Bemelmans Bar:** Jazz pianist Marian McPartland plays nightly, except Sunday.

Hilton, 6th Ave & 53rd (JU 6-7000). **Kismet Lounge:** Karen Brown at the piano & organ from 5 to 11 p.m. **Mirage:** Roland Granier de Lafayette at the piano from 4 to 9 p.m.

Pierre–5th Ave at 61st (TE 8-8000). **Cafe:** The Rene Martel plays Tues thru Sat; Sun & Mon, pianist Steve Waltner.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment by Chuck Garret & Co., nightly, except Sun, thru 3/5.

St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **King Cole Grill:** Pianist-composer Ray Hartley plays Mon thru Fri, 5:30-11 p.m. *Lounge:* Bill McCauley plays Mon thru Sat, 7 to 1 a.m.

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Ali's Alley–77 Greene Street. 2/15-19, drummer Andrew Cyrille and his combo Macno. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist-arranger Frank Foster leads a big band with a fierce rhythm section and several adept soloists. (226-9042).

Angry Squire–216 Seventh Ave at 23rd. Restaurant-club with jazz Fri thru Sun, 9 to 3 a.m. Thru 2/20, Duke Cleamons Trio (242-9066).

Ballroom–458 W. Bdway. Thru 2/20, singer Chad Mitchell, at 8:30 & 10:30, Tues thru Thurs; 9:30 & 11:30, Fri & Sat (473-9367).

Bottom Line–15 W 4th St. Thru 2/18, Proctor and Bergman. Thru 2/16, Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, and Andrew Gold (228-7889).

Bradley's–70 University Pl. Barry Harris, the eminent modern pianist whose blend of Powellian lyricism and energy, makes for mesmeric evenings this week (228-6440).

Chung Kuo Yuan–1115 Third Ave (at 65th). Legendary saloon singer-pianist Hugh Shannon entertains Wed thru Sun at this new Chinese restaurant, from 9 thru 2 a.m. (371-9090).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–Charming place with an open hearth fire, and, for entertainment, Lainie Cooke, a familiar voice on commercials, Mon thru Sat 673-5720).

Cookery–University Pl & 8th. Thru 3/9, singer Maxine Sullivan, with pianist Dick Katz, and bassist Victor Sproules; Mon thru Sat, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Sundays, 8 to 1 a.m. boogie woogie specialist Sammy Price. Sat and Sun, noon, to 5, jazz pianist Chuck Folds (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th and Vanderbilt. A New Orleans restaurant, with Sammy Price, a master of first class boogie woogie (a school of music frequently parodied by pianists incapable of making it soar), plays for diners and is then joined by his musical friends; Mon thru Fri, 6:30 to 11:30 p.m. There's a Mardi Gras here thru 2/22!) (889-8331).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The houseband, Red Balaban and Cats, includes the genial, clever, and occasionally moving trombonist Vic Dickenson, a true stylist of the horn, as well as clarinetist Herbie Hall, trumpeter Ed Polcer, and drummer Connie Kay. 2/15, trumpeter Ruby Braff, 2/20, the Howard McGee Quintet (265-8277).

Grand Finale–210 W 70th. Thru 2/19, singer Diana Marcovitz at 8 p.m., singer Betty Rhodes at 10 p.m., and Gotham, a group, at midnight (595-4206).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Four combos: Wed, thru Sun, pianist and Ellington scholar Brooks Kerr leads a trio with drummer Sonny Greer, who was an Ellingtonian before Ellington, and must be seen, and clarinetist Russell Procope, a star in the Ellington constellation for more than 20 years. They are joined by singer Alicia Sherman. Mon. and Tue., two bop masters, Al Haig and Chuck Wayne, are joined by bassist Jamil Nasser. Mon. thru Sat, 4 to 8, the Gene Roland Trio. Sundays from 5:30 to 9:30, the Warren Chiasson trio (371-2220).

Hopper's–452 Sixth Ave. Greenwich Village restaurant complex with a jazz room. Thru 2/19, guitarist Joe Pass. 2/21-26, pianist George Shearing (260-0250).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. The electrifying Roy Eldridge is back, in his seventh year at the club, and playing as brilliantly and movingly as ever. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky, another volatile trumpeter, opts for earlier stylistic parameters (CO 5-9505).

Larson's–1160 Third Ave. Ellis Larkins is a pianist who specializes in the understated: his swing is subliminal, his touch feather light, his ideas tart but fleeting. He's accompanied by bass and drums in this newly opened restaurant-lounge (744-2540). (744-2540).

Lone Star Cafe–61 Fifth Ave. A new progressive country music restaurant-bar, with singer Joe Ely Wed thru Sun, 2/15-19 at 10 & midnight (242-1664).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. From 2/15, Marlene VerPlanck, Mark Murphy, and Loonis McGlohon. Three shows nightly beginning at 9:15. Woody Allen continues with his jam sessions on Mondays (785-2272).

Nickel's–227 E 67th. Pianist-singer Jerry Scott specializing in show tunes, Tues thru Sat, from 8 on. Audience can sing along (794-2331).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave, betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9:00; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass (751-5470).

Onde–2nd Ave at 50th. Supper club with soft-sell medleys by pianist Bill Russell, every night but Monday, when Neapolitan troubador Dino Palmero entertains. Closed Sundays (752-9631).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Pleasant dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Stryker's–103 W 86th. Dave Matthew's leads his big band on Monday nights; on Tuesdays, there's a quartet called Double Image; Wednesdays and Thursdays are given to the exquisite saxophonist Lee Konitz and his propulsive, invigorating nonet—don't miss it; on Fridays and Saturdays, the daddy of cool trumpeters, Chet Baker, leads a quartet. (874-8754).

Sweet Basil–88 Seventh Ave So. Jazz and dining room. 2/15-19, Bob Mover Quintet. 2/22-26, Mike Nock Quartet. Sundays from 4, & Monday nights, Mike Nock Quartet (242-1785).

Tramps–125 E 15th. Thru 2/26, Sid Selvidge, singer-composer who is a veteran of the Memphis rock-and-country-blues scene. Shows are Wed thru Sat, 10 and midnight (260-0370).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. 2/22-27, Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. 2/15-20, Tony Williams trio. Every Monday Night, Thad Jones & Mel Lewis Big Band (989-9011).

West End Cafe–2911 Broadway, at 113th. This popular restaurant-music room has become the home for a mini-jazz festival with legendary names from the swing era proving the timelessness of their original ideas: Mondays, Tuesdays, the Frank Williams Four; Wednesdays, Jo Jones, the premiere drummer, raconteur, conjurer, leads a quartet of friends—they change—and the evening meshes historic ruminations with the classiest rhythms imaginable; Thursdays & Fridays, George Kelly's Jazz Sultans. Saturdays & Sundays, the Countsmen, a Basie-alumni band with Earle Warren (666-8750).

Children

Belly Buttons, Rutgers Community Center, 200 Madison St. (732-7369). *Winnie,* 2/19 at 12 & 1:30.
Children's Improvisational Company, New Media Studio, 350 E 81st St. (249-9872). *Alfred the Dragon,* Sat at 3:30; *Spinning Top,* Sun at 2.
Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (765-9540). *Hansel and Gretel,* 2/19-20 at 1:30; *Humpty Dumpty,* 2/19-20 at 3.
Floating Hospital Puppet Playhouse, Pier 15 of South St. Seaport (744-8636). *The Shy Fox & Roots,* 2/20 at 1:30 & 3.
Penny Jones & Co., 215 W 11th St. (924-4589). *Mother Goose Tales & The Three Bears* (puppets), 2/19-20 at 1:30.
Magic Towne House, 1026 Third Ave. (752-1165). Magic shows Sat & Sun at 1, 2:30 & 4.
Merl Mini Players, Hotel Opera, Broadway at 76th St. (221-7235). *Three Tales at a Time,* 2/19 at 2:30.
Richard Morse Mime Theater, 224 Waverly Pl. (242-0530). *A Chip off the Old Munk,* Sat & Sun at 2.

CONCERTS, OPERA, DANCE, MUSEUMS EDITED
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Concerts

Extended Run

Lena Horne/Vic Damone/Count Basie, Westbury Music Fair. The engagement runs 2/21 thru 2/27. Performances are Mon-Fri at 8:30, Saturday at 7 & 10:30, Sunday at 7:30.

Tuesday, February 15

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Pierre Boulez conducts, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. Works of Wagner, Stravinsky & Varese, at 7:30.
Peter Schlosser, baritone, Federal Hall National Memorial, Wall & Broad Sts. (264-4451), at 5:30.

Madison String Quartet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Cherry Rhodes, organ, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

New Music, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Wednesday, February 16

Cleveland Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; Lorin Maazel conducts, with Emil Gilels, piano. An all-Beethoven program at 8.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.

Mostly Mozart Trio, 13th St. Studio, 60 E 13th St. (475-1480), at 8.

George Malcolm, harpsichord, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

George Rose, Town Hall, at 5:45.

Pablo Diemecke, violin, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Jazz Stars of the 70s, NYU Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. (598-3757), at 8.

Latin America at the Y, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

New York Lyric Arts Trio, Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700), at 8.

Guarneri Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Peter Stampfel & the Unholy Modal Rounders, WBAI Concert Hall, 359 E 62nd St. (826-0400), at 8.

Kevin Quinn, flute/**Nancy Allen,** harp, Whitney Museum Downtown, 55 Water St., at 12:30.

Manhattan Wind Symphony, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. (749-2802), at 8.

Thursday, February 17

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Pierre Boulez conducts, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. Works of Schubert, Mozart, Beethoven & Carter, at 8:30.

Wendy Sharp, soprano, Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E 20th St. (264-4451), at 7.

Guarneri Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Musica Sacra Orchestra & Chorus, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Quartetto Italiano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Peter Wolf, harpsichord, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Faculty Concert, Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700), at 8.

Linda Skernick, harpsichord, Baroque Music Center, 33 Union Sq. West (989-7052), at 8.

Friday, February 18

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 2/17, at 2.

Cleveland Orchestra, Carnegie Hall. Same program as 2/16, at 8.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.

Kuyken Quartet, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Earle Warren, alto sax, Shepheards in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (421-0900), at noon.

Roberto Pereda & Hilda Bracero, ballad singers, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Andrés Segovia, guitar, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Central Park Sheiks, NYU Loeb Center, 566 LaGuardia Pl. (427-1488), at 8:30.

Anthony Braxton/Revolutionary Ensemble/Billy Harper Sextet, Town Hall, at 8.

Mei-Mei Meng, piano, Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700), at 8.

Saturday, February 19

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 2/17, at 8:30.

Youth Symphony Orchestra of New York, Carnegie Hall, at 3.

New Little Orchestra Young Peoples Concert/Claude Kipnis, mime, Avery Fisher Hall, at 11 and 3.

Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra, Brooklyn College, Walt Whitman Hall; Michael Tilson Thomas conducts, at 8.

Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute/**Robert Veyron-Lacroix,** harpsichord, 92nd St. Y, at 8, SRO.

Worldwide Church of God, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 9 a.m.

Jan De Gaetani, mezzo-soprano, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.

Cleveland Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; Lorin Maazel conducts, with the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus. Beethoven's symphonies 8 and 9, at 8.

Sunday, February 20

Great Performers/Pinchas Zukerman, violinist, Avery Fisher Hall, at 3.

Marena Erdogan, soprano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.

Buffalo Philharmonic, Carnegie Hall; Michael Tilson Thomas conducts, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. Works by Brahms, Beethoven, Rachmaninoff and Fountain, at 3.

Anna Peleh, violinist, Alice Tully Hall, at 3.

Concordia College Choir of Moorhead, Minnesota, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Czech Chamber Soloists, Town Hall, at 2:30.

Bronx Arts Ensemble, Wave Hill, 675 West 252nd St. (548-4445), at 4.

Music at 3, Community Church of New York, 40 East 35th St. (MU3-4988), at 3.

Iris Chacon Show, Radio City Music Hall, at 3 and 8.

Greenwich Woodwind Trio, Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. at 4:30.

Alexander Schneider and guest artists, New School, 66 West 12th St. at 11 a.m.

Concertante Ensemble of New York, St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 West 20th St. at 4.

Harmonia Mundi Chamber Orchestra, Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 East 88th St. at 3:30.

Dan Pressley, tenor, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Lo Dice Todo, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Monday, February 21

Teresa Compos, pianist, Town Hall, at 8.

Amor Artis Chamber Orchestra, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Tuesday, February 22

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 2/17, at 7:30.

Ensemble for Early Music, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

National Orchestral Association, Carnegie Hall; Seymour Lipkin conducts, with Oscar Schumsky, violin. Works by Beethoven, Webern, Berlioz, at 8.

Jacob Krichaf, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Daniel Adni, pianist, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Faculty Concert, Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700), at 8.

Brooklyn Philharmonia, BAM, Lepercq Space; Lukas Foss conducts at 8.

Wendy Sharp, soprano, Federal Hall, Wall & Broad Sts. at 5:30.

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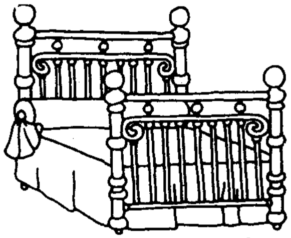

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Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
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Tues, 2/15 at 8: **Dialogues of the Carmélites** with Ewing, Verrett, Dunn, Crespin. Conductor: Plasson; director: Dexter; designers: Reppa, Greenwood & Wechsler. Wed, 2/16 at 8: **Il Trittico** with Behrens, Kraft, Zylis-Gara, Barbieri, Ligi. Conductor: Levine; director: Melano; designer: Reppa. Thurs, 2/17 at 8: **Le Prophète** with Horne, Shane, McCracken, Hines. Conductor: Lewis; director: Dexter; designer: Wexler. Fri, 2/18 at 8: **Salome** with Rysanek, Varnay, Ulfung, Wixell. Conductor: Leinsdorf; director: Rennert; designers: Heinrich & Reppa. Sat, 2/19 at 1: **Die Walküre** with Hunter, Martin, Dunn, King. Conductor: Leinsdorf; director: Weber; designers: Schneider-Siemssen, Wakhevitch & Reppa. Sat, 2/19 at 8: **Dialogues of the Carmélites** (Same cast as 2/15). Mon, 2/21 at 8: **Le Prophète** (Same cast as 2/17). Tues, 2/22 at 8: **Dialogues of the Carmélites** (Same cast as 2/15).

OTHER

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (861-2288). *H.M.S. Pinafore,* 2/16 at 2 & 8:30, 2/17-18 at 8:30, 2/19 at 8:30, 2/20 at 4.
New Opera Theater, BAM, Lepercq Space, (636-4100). *Guerramore,* 2/18-19 at 8, 2/20 at 2.
New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players, B'nai Jeshurun Community Center, 270 W 89th St. (724-9159). *H.M.S. Pinafore,* 2/20 at 3.
Stuyvesant Opera, Church of the Covenant, 310 E 42nd St. *Carmen,* 2/18-19 at 7:30.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall & Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hillel Pl (859-1180).
CAMI Hall, 165 W 57th (972-0113).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). Metropolitan Opera (580-9830). American Ballet Theater (787-3880). New York State Theater (877-4727). Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (799-5000).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St YM-YWHA, Kaufmann Concert Hall, Lexington Ave & 92nd (427-6000).
Palladium, 126 E 14th (249-8870).
Queens College, Colden Auditorium, L.I. Expressway & Kissena Blvd. (793-8080).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 2/15 & Wed, 2/16: No Performances. Thurs, 2/17 & Fri, 2/18 at 8: *Don Quixote.* Sat, 2/19 at 2 & 8: *Don Quixote.* Sun, 2/20 at 1 & 7: *Don Quixote.*

MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY
NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATER
BEACON THEATER

Tues, 2/15 at 8: Nikolais Dance Theater: *Styx; Tower.* Wed, 2/16 at 8: Murray Louis: *Geometrics; Murray Louis Solo; Index.* Thurs, 2/17 at 8: Joint performance. Fri, 2/18 at 8: Murray Louis: *Scheherazade.* Sat, 2/19 at 3: Nikolais: *Group Dance From Sanctum; Untitled I; Triad.* Sat, 2/19 at 8: Murray Louis: *Revue; Ceremony.* Sun, 2/20 at 3: Nikolais: *Temple; Untitled II; Foreplay.* Sun, 2/20 at 8: Same program as 2/16. Tues, 2/22 at 8: Joint performance.

OTHER

American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077). Choreographers Showcase: 2/15 & 2/22 at 8; Solomons Company/Dance: 2/17-19 at 8; 2/20 at 3.
Dance/Music, NYU Loeb Student Center, 566 La Guardia Pl. (598-3757), 2/19 at 8.
Dance Umbrella, Roundabout Stage One, 333 W 23rd St. (245-4771). Dan Wagoner & Dancers: 2/16-18 at 8, 2/19-20 at 2 & 8; Lar Lubovitch Dance Co.: 2/22 at 8.
Yugoslav Folk Dance Ensemble, Fashion Institute Auditorium, 227 W 27th St. (759-7329), 2/20 at 3.

Art

Galleries are open Tues.-Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted. Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction. Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Alice Baber–Metaphoric color and light abstractions, thru 2/24. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).
Emil Carlsen–Works, thru 2/19. Hammer, 51 E 57th (644-4400).
Franco Clario–Frescos transferred on canvas, 2/15-3/5. Iolas, 52 E 57th (PL5-6914).
Robert Dash/Trevor Winkfield–Recent acrylics on paper/Works on paper, thru 3/3. Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL9-2345).
Alfred De Cabrol–Birds, animals, shells, and pebbles in oils, watercolors, and pencil, thru 2/29. Findlay, 17 E 57th (HA1-5390). Mon-Sat 9:30-5:30.
***James Ensor** (1860-1949)–Selected etchings by this Belgium expressionist, thru 3/4. Sumers, 50 W 57th (581-2268).
***Mary Frank**–Recent sculpture, 2/15-3/12. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).
Christine Griffin–Paintings, thru 3/3. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).
Darryl Hughto–Paintings, 2/19-3/10. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).
Gershon Iskowitz–Aerial, light-filled views of northern Canada, thru 3/5. Jackson, 521 W 57th (757-2890).
***W. Louis Jones/Randy Stevens**–Still lifes, some with squash and cats/Pastel drawings of cocktail parties and cheerleaders, thru 3/3. Kornblee, 20 W 57th (586-1178).
James Juszczyk–Works, thru 2/19. Esman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).
Blossom Kamen-Gottlieb–Collages, thru 2/24. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).
Joseph Kaplan–Romantic expressionism in oils, acrylics and ink, thru 3/5. Summit, 101 W 57th (586-6734).
Rex Lau–3D hobo signs, thru 2/19. Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W 57th (CI7-7480).
***Jacques Lipchitz**–Sculptures and drawings from the Cubist Epoch/Ten 20th century photographers, thru 3/12. Marlborough, 40 W 57th (541-4900).
Richard Lytle–Biomorphic forms in vivid colors, thru 2/26. Pearl, 29 W 57th (838-6310).
Brita Molin–African scenes in prints and wall hangings, thru 2/18. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).
George Nick–New paintings, thru 2/17. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).
***Philip Pearlstein**–Recent landscape and figure drawings and watercolors, thru 2/26. Frumkin, 50 W 57th (757-6655). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 12-5:30.
***Anne Raymo**–Quilts and prints, thru 3/4. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).
George Segal–Red, blue, or black sculpture, thru 2/26. Janis, 6 W 57th (586-0110).
Jim Wilson–Paintings, thru 3/2. Berman, 50 W 57th (757-7630). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.
P. Wilson–Works, 2/15-3/5. Esman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***Chet Augustine**–Enormous forms in palace-scaled space, thru 3/12. Noyes, Van Cline, 1018 Mad Ave (628-5402).
***Leon Bakst**(1866-1924)–Designs from ballets, landscapes, still lifes, portraits and nudes by this

Russian, thru 2/26. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).

David Beck/Edvins Strautmanis/Philip Sultz–Constructions/Recent paintings/Collages, thru 2/26. Stone, 48 E 86th (YU8-6870).

***Gillian Bradshaw-Smith**–Rahda sculpture and drawings, 2/16-3/19. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Benigna Chilla–Mixed-media relief sculpture, thru 2/16. Gurewitsch, 55 E 74th (RE4-7302).

Sonia Chusit–Cloud and landscape forms seen through grids in pastel and acrylic, thru 2/26. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

***Benni Efrat**–Sculpture and works on paper concurrent with film installation at Whitney, thru 2/25. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).

***Lyonel Feininger**(1871-1956)–Watercolors and drawings, thru 2/26. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281).

***Buckminster Fuller**–One configuration of *Tetrascroll,* 26 pages of 36" equilateral triangles opening out to 40 feet, thru 2/26. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

***William Glackens**(1870-1938)–Illustrations, studies, and pastels done in NYC, Long Island, and Southern France, thru 2/26. Kraushaar, 1055 Mad Ave (LE5-9888).

Nancy Goldring/David Hendricks–Photo-drawings/Monumental landscape drawings, thru 2/26. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).

Percival Goodman/Harold Sclar–Paintings and drawings/Sculpture, thru 2/19. Bodley, 1063 Mad Ave (AG9-2155).

Nigel Hall–Seven wall pieces of painted aluminum rods, thru 3/3. Elkon, 1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940).

Robert Harvey–Vignettes of country life, thru 2/19. Krasner, 1043 Mad Ave (RE4-6110).

***Ellsworth Kelly**–Paintings, thru 3/5. BlumHelman, 13 E 75th (249-5350).

Kleff–Recent sculpture, thru 2/26. Findlay, 984 Mad Ave (249-2909).

Bascha Mon–Abstractions, thru 2/26. Ault, 25 E 77th (861-2317).

Jan Müller–Landscapes, 2/20-3/30. Gruenebaum, 25 E 77th (249-5668).

Leo Rackow–Watercolors, illustrations and posters from the 30's and 40's, 2/16-3/12. Harlow, 1100 Mad Ave (988-4360). Wed-Sat 12-6.

Paul Reynard–Recent paintings and drawings, thru 2/23. Brewster, 1018 Mad Ave (472-9481).

Kas Sable–Drawings, including some period peices, thru 3/19. Cordy, 324 E 73rd (249-4791). Tues-Sat 1-7.

***Antonio Segui**–Surrealistic landscapes of absence, thru 2/19. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

James Snodgrass–20 years of drawings and watercolors, 2/18-20. Sometimes, 48 W 22nd (243-3991). Fri-Sun 12-6.

Jill Spelman–Paired canvases of abstract landscapes, thru 3/3. Phoenix, 939 Mad Ave (RH4-5166).

***Joseph Stella**(1880-1946)–Paintings and drawings, thru 2/26. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

***Norman Turner**–Nudes in Vermont and New Jersey landscapes, thru 2/26. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

Whanki–Abstractions from 1965-1970, thru 3/5. Poindexter, 24 E 84th (628-2844).

SoHo

Estherly Allen–Abstractions on large pieces of torn paper, thru 2/26. Neill, 136 Greene (925-8633).

Ross Bleckner–Frontal and oblique planes interlocking on a black ground, thru 3/8. Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince (966-0455).

David Budd–Impasto monochromatic abstractions, 2/15-3/19. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

Peter Carella–Drawings, thru 2/16. First St, 118 Prince (226-9011). Tues-Sat 1-6.

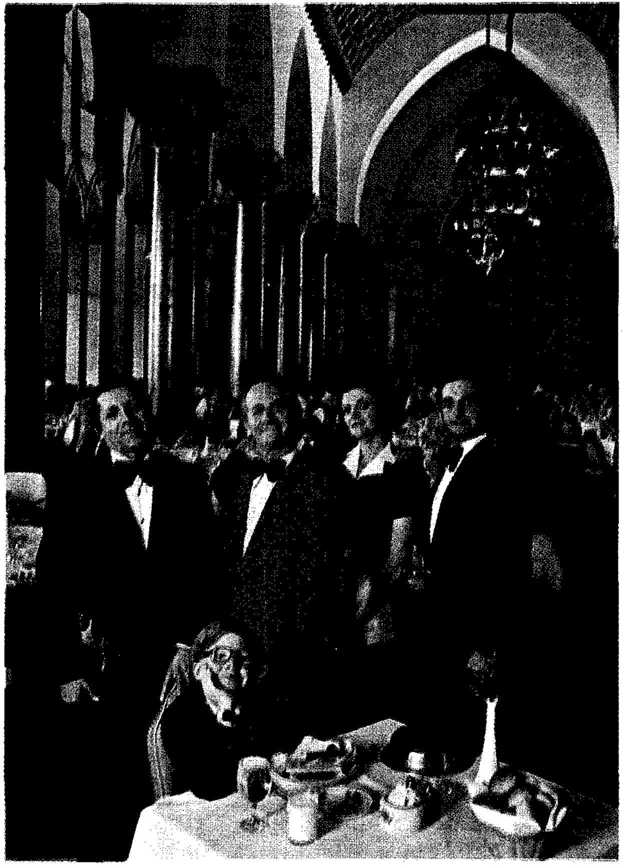
Ellen Cibula–Abstractions based on mathematical constructs, thru 2/17. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

Susan Daykin–Figurative works dealing with the Mexican Revolution in the 20s, thru 2/16. Bowery, 135 Greene (473-8778). Tues-Sat 1-6.

Charles Duback–Geometric pipe paintings, thru 2/17. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

***Rafael Ferrer**–Constructions, free-standing room environments, and drawings on navigational charts, thru 3/2. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

Pinchas Cohen Gan–New work, thru 3/2. Protetch, 157 Spring (926-4009).



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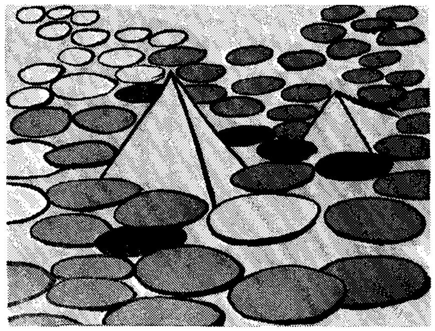

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Suzanne Gilliard–Intensely colorful oils including wild Pennsylvania landscapes, thru 2/17. Prince St, 106 Prince (549-4525).

Elizabeth Grubic–Works, 2/18-3/9. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153).

*__Louise Kramer__–Lacquered metal and clay sculpture plus mono-prints, thru 3/2. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

Diana Kurz–Large figure paintings, landscapes, and pastels; thru 2/17. Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. (674-2390). Tues-Sat 12-6.

*__Robert Mapplethorpe__–Photographic portraits, thru 2/26. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900). Wed until 9:30 also.

*__Ann Marshall/William Monoghan__–Vertical abstractions/Rusting metal and raw canvas, thru 3/5. Soho Center, 114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 1-5, Sat 11-5.

Toshio Odate–Sculpture, thru 2/16. Yu, 393 W Bdwy (431-7867).

*__Brian O'Neill__–Sculptural paintings of aluminum, fiberglass and wood coated with foam and canvas, then painted, thru 3/5. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

Ellen Phelan/Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe–Sculpture/Paintings, thru 2/22. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).

Jay Bruce Rosenfeld–Kinetic sculpture and drawings, thru 2/26. Lohman, 55 Wooster (966-7173). Tues-Sat 1-5.

Charles Rowe–*Eggs Over Soho,* thru 2/27. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (730-9369).

Frieda Savitz–Pastel abstractions/Fiberous art by Dollar, Gabriel, Hamouda, Stram, others, thru 3/6. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

Italo Scanga–New sculpture and multi-media drawings, thru 3/8. Alessandra, 489 Broome (925-7373).

OTHER

Ruth Abrams–Microcosmic spacescapes, thru 2/26. Contemporary Arts, NYU, 566 LaGuardia Pl (598-2027). Mon-Sat 9-9.

Jacki Apple/Martine Aballea/Stella Waitzkin–A collaborative narrative work/Book sculpture, thru 2/17. Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin (925-4671).

Robert Bero–Etchings of forests, fields, and mountains near Potsdam, thru 2/19. Brooklyn Collector, 131 7th Ave, Bklyn (857-5800). Closed Wed and Sun.

*__Jackie Ferrara__–A wooden stacked Pyramid, 1973, and a trisected Pyramid, 1976, thru 2/20. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 2nd Ave at 47th.

Richard Florsheim–Recent lithographs, thru 3/5. Associated American Artists, 663 5th Ave (PL5-4211).

Helga Hoenigsburg–Ceramic sculptures of mother and child, thru 3/3. Clovelly Lane, 548 LaGuardia Pl (473-0534).

William Pellicone–Large painterly scenes, 2/20-3/5. 47 Bond St (475-3899). Wed-Sun 1-6.

Marcia Resnick–A photo installation, thru 2/22. Photoworks, 105 Hudson (925-3818). Tues-Sat 3-6.

Robert Ryman–Reflective abstractions, thru 2/20. Clocktower, 108 Leonard (233-1096). Tues-Sun 1-6.

*__E. Schnurr-Colflesh__–Paintings, thru 2/26. Roko, 90 E 10th (GR3-0760). Tues-Sat 12-6.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Heidenberg–50 W 57th (586-3808). Paintings, sculpture, drawings and graphics by Appel, Botero, Coignard, Hofmann, Picasso, Stella, others, thru 3/12.

Midtown–11 E 57th (PI8-1900). Works by members for the last 45 years, thru 2/19.

*__Wiener__–41 E 57th (593-1270). Indian, Nepali and Tibetan sculpture and painting, thru 3/26.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

African Tribal Arts II–37 E 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Sat 10:30-5. Terra cotta and stone objects from West Africa, thru 2/28.

*__Borgenicht__–1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040). The Nude: Avery and the European Masters, thru 3/3.

*__Reinhold Brown__–26 E 78th (RE4-7999). Posters done by & for architects from 1894-1947, thru 3/1.

*__Committee to Save Grand Central__–59 E 43rd (586-4761). Mon-Fri 10-6. Art Deco architecture in the West Bronx, thru 3/1.

*__Deutsch__–43 E 80th (861-4429). Spacescapes by Atirnomis, Chagall, Tobey, others, thru 2/19.

*__Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies__–8 W 40th (398-9474). Mon-Fri 10-5. The Princeton Beaux-Arts and its new academicism including Labatut to the program of Geddes, thru 2/24.

Kottler–3 E 65th (RE4-3491). Mon-Fri 12-6, Sat 12-4. Egri, Cascante, Lytle, Topliff, thru 2/19.

ML–58 E 79th (472-0333). Works by Hall, Hoenigan, Smith, Szasz, others, thru 2/19.

SoHo

*__Braunstein/Quay__–139 Spring (925-1200). California clay by Brady, Breschi, Costanzo, Middlebrook, Shaw, and Voulkos, thru 2/16.

*__Buecker & Harpsichords__–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Lesser known works from 1963 including string constructions by D'Aquila, collages by Picard, others, thru 2/26.

Drawing Center–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon, Tues 11-6, Wed-Sat 11-9. Paintings on paper by Bishop, Humphrey, Mangold, others, thru 2/26.

*__OK Harris__–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Photos by Arndt, paintings by Clarke and Inoue, poetry by Lazard, and sculpture by sculpture, thru 2/26.

Unicorn–120 Spring (226-0919). Gallery artists, thru 3/5.

Vorpal–465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Sun 1-6 also. Works by Collins, De Stefani, Dowis, others, thru 2/28.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Abstract landscapes by Breuer, painted canvas by Cobb, organic fantasies by Francia, and welded steel sculpture by Reilly, thru 2/17.

WIA–435 Broome (966-5894). Bleached nude studies by Druskis, paintings by Eklind and Enfield-Smith, thru 2/26.

OTHER

AIGA–1059 3rd Ave (PL2-0813). Mon-Fri 9:30-5. Environmental design including contemporary signage and architectural graphics, thru 2/25.

*__Center for Inter-American Relations__–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Tues-Sun 12-6. Latin American drawings, 2/16-4/10.

47 Bond St–(475-3899). Wed-Sun 1-6. Male torsos in small oils by Mathis, fantasy landscapes by Pellicone, solitary city parkscapes, others, thru 2/19.

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Audio Exchange
Churchill
Designers Audio
Sam Goody
Innovative Audio

Lafayette
Macys
Municipal
Newmark & Lewis
Stereo Warehouse

Queens
A & S

Atlantis Sound
Audio Exchange
Churchill
Continental Sound
Electronic City
Sam Goody

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Stevens

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Mr. Jay
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Rockville Hi Fi
Stereo Warehouse
World Audio

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Eardrum
Electronics 59

Music Den

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Bridgeport
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Lafayette
Danbury
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Fairfield
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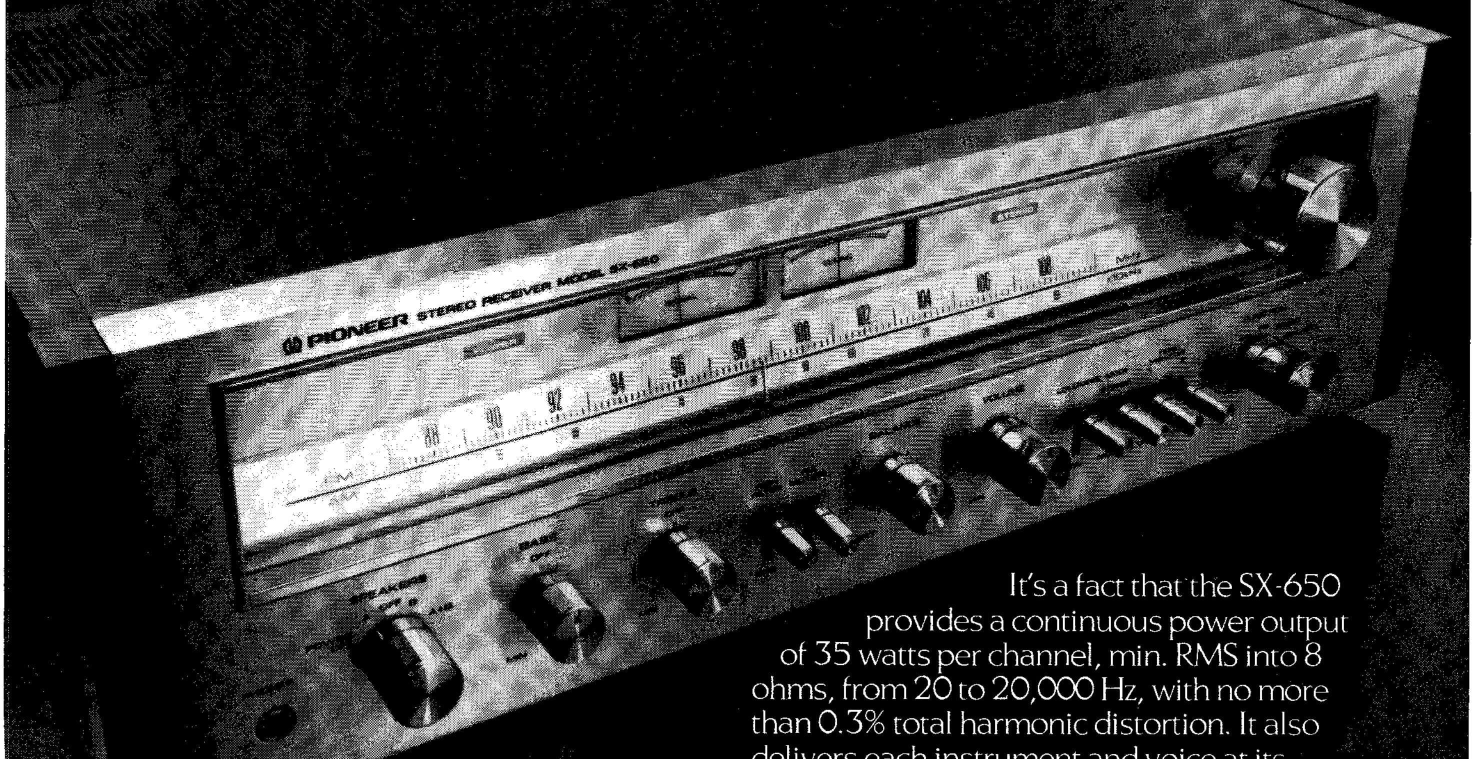

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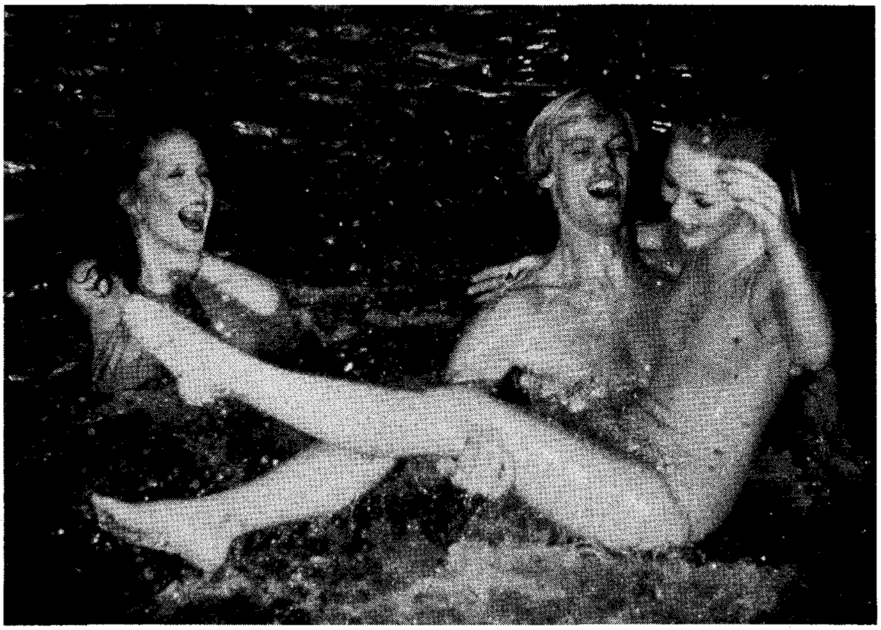

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***Grey**–NYU, 33 Washington Pl (598-3479). Tues-Fri 10-5, Thurs 10-8:30, Sat 1-5. Recent polychrome sculptures by Avedisian, oils by Hennessy, and lithos after neon and plexiglass sculpture by Grosman, thru 3/4.

Guiness World Records Exhibit Hall, Concourse Level of Empire State Bldg., 350 Fifth Ave. Open daily, 9:30-7.

Lever House–Park Ave at 53rd (WA9-2445). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sun 1-5. ASCA painting, sculpture and graphics dealing with *New York, New York,* thru 2/17.

National Art Museum of Sport, Madison Square Garden Center (244-4127).

Pratt Graphics–831 Bdwy (674-0603). Mon-Fri 10-6. Sat 1-5. Forerunners of the American print Renaissance, 1920-1950 including Davies, Kuhn, Kuniyoshi, Roth, others, thru 2/26.

***Roko**–90 E 10th (GR3-0760). Tues-Sat 12-6. Ten American collagists from Adler's gouache paintings on cut paper to Grossman's figurative pastels/ Paintings by E. Schnurr-Colflesh, thru 2/26.

Photography

***Diane Arbus**–70 works including an early series taken at Coney Island, thru 4/2. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

Automation House–49 E 68th (628-1010). Mon-Fri 9-5. The culture, wildlife, and scenic wonder of Alaska, thru 2/18.

A. Aubrey Bodine–Works from all stages from the career of this master pictorialist, thru 3/12. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

***Carlton**–127 E 69th (249-9880). Helen Gee's Limelight Gallery in Greenwich Village in the 50s including works by Adams, Abbott, Atget, Capa, Strand, White, others, thru 3/8.

John Claridge–London, thru 2/28. Popular Photography, 1 Park Ave (725-2660). Mon-Fri 9-5.

***Mark Cohen**–The post-industrial landscape in black-and-white, thru 2/26. Castelli, 4 E 77th (288-3202).

Community–28 E 35th (MU3-4988). Tues-Sat 12-5, Sun 1-4. "The Artist's Len" by 15 artists, 2/18-3/6.

***Carlotta Corpron**–Light studies from the 40's, 2/18-4/1. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

Michael de Camp/Mitchell Funk–Color dye transfer abstract and scenic prints, thru 3/21. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

Susan Eder–Small multiple images sometimes combined like collage, thru 2/26. Midtown-Y, 344 E 14th (674-7200). Sun-Thurs 12-8, Fri 12-4.

***Hall of Science**–Flushing Meadows, Corona Park (699-9400). Wed-Fri 10-4, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Close-ups of flowers and crystals, thru 2/27.

***Lucien Hervé**–A modern 16th century capital of the Moghuls, Fatehpur Sikri, India; thru 2/28. French Institute, 22 E 60th (644-1820). Mon-Thurs 10-8, Fri 10-5:30, Sat 10-5.

***Evelyn Hofer/Naomi Savage**–Florence, London, NYC and Dublin with portraits, architectural details, other./Photographic mosaics, collages, engravings and ceramics, 2/16-3/16. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

Marc Kaczmarek–Photo rhythms from 1962-1976 including portraits, nude dancers, abstract dance studies and architecture, thru 4/30. Studio 505, 39 Walker (431-7748). Sat 11-5 and by appt.

Kodak–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6183). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. Photos and artifacts of Peru, plus international newspaper snapshots, thru 3/19.

***William Larson/Charles Traub**–*Fire Flies,* plus transmission holograms/Beaches and intimate scenes, thru 3/5. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

***Barry Singer**–Studies of colors, patterns, textures created by nature and by man, thru 2/28. 4th St, 67 E 4th (673-1021). Sun-Thurs 2-8, Fri, Sat, 3-10

***Soho/Stieglitz**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. Mother India by Viggiano, woman by Weinberg, Vermont snowscapes by Yapa, others plus New Orleans, thru 3/1.

Tom Watson–Shadow studies and phtographer mise-en-scene pieces, 2/17-3/14. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 2-6.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Sun & Hols 11-5. *The New Hall of Minerals and Gems. Discovery Room:* A permanent, weekend area which transforms science into learning activities for children. *Treasures of Cyprus:* Nearly 200 objects spanning 8,000 years in the artistic, decorative, and archeological history of Cyprus; 2/16 thru 4/3.

Guggenheim Museum–Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *James Ensor:* The first comprehensive U.S. showing in 26 years of works by this Belgian artist; thru 4/11.

International Center of Photography–Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. Retrospective of the works of Dennis Stock and Mike Disfarmer; Calotype Landscapes by Glenn Richmond. All shows thru 3/13.

Metropolitan Museum of Art–Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Blue and White:* Early Japanese export porcelain of the 17th century; thru 6/30. *The Glory of Russian Costume:* An exhibition of 200 years (1709-1909) of Russian costumes; thru August. *Gustave Doré: Dark Tales and Drolleries:* An exhibition of about 50 of his illustrations from the Bible, Dante's *Inferno*, La Fontaine's *Fables*, and *Don Quixote;* thru 3/27. *Photographs by Félix Nadar (1820-1910):* 50 portraits of Second Empire Parisians; thru 3/27.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53rd St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Windows of New York:* Photos by Ralph Rosenblum; thru 5/9.

Museum of Modern Art–11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thur 11-9. *European Master Paintings From the Swiss Collections: Post-Impressionism to World War II;* thru 3/1. *Tina Modotti:* Approximately 40 photographs by the Italian-born actress, photographer, and political activist; thru 4/3. *Prints: Acquisitions 1973-76;* thru 2/20. John Cage's *Renga* with *Apartment House 1776:* selections from the score of John Cage's work written in honor of the Bicentennial; thru 3/6. *Posters by Painters:* An extensive collection of posters by such artists as Calder, Dine, Picasso, Steinberg, Motherwell, and others; thru 3/14. *Filmmakers' Image:* Maureen Lambray's photographs of 45 men who have made film history; thru 4/26.

New York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri, Sun 1-5; Sat 10-5. *200 Years of American Illustration,* thru 2/15. *Selling New York:* An extraordinary look at our cultural history thru rare examples of American advertising; thru 5/31.

South Street Seaport Museum–16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 12-6. *Farewell to Old England; New York in Revolution:* A bicentennial display which explores the revolutionary years in New York. *A Closer Look at Tugs:* Artifacts, models, paintings, and photographs of tug boats and New York, past and present; thru March.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Wed 10-9, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6. An exhibition of paintings by Leslie Price and prints by Lee Paté; thru 2/20.

Whitney Museum–Madison Ave at 75th (794-0600). Daily 11-6, Tue, 11-10, Sun & Hols, 12-6. Closed Mon. *Thirty Years of American Art: 1945-75;* thru 10/2. *1977 Whitney Biennial:* Devoted to works by artists who had their first decisive influence in the 1970s; thru 3/27. **Downtown Branch,** 55 Water St (483-0012). Mon-Fri, 11-3.

Sports

Knicks, Madison Square Garden (563-8000); vs. Bulls, 2/16 at 7:30; vs. Nets, 2/19 at 8; vs. Jazz, 2/22 at 7:30.

Nets, Nassau Coliseum (516-794-9100); vs. SuperSonics, 2/18 at 8:05; vs. Knicks, 2/20 at 1:45.

Rangers, Madison Square Garden; vs. Red Wings, 2/20 at 7:35.

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum; vs. Rangers, 2/19 at 8:05.

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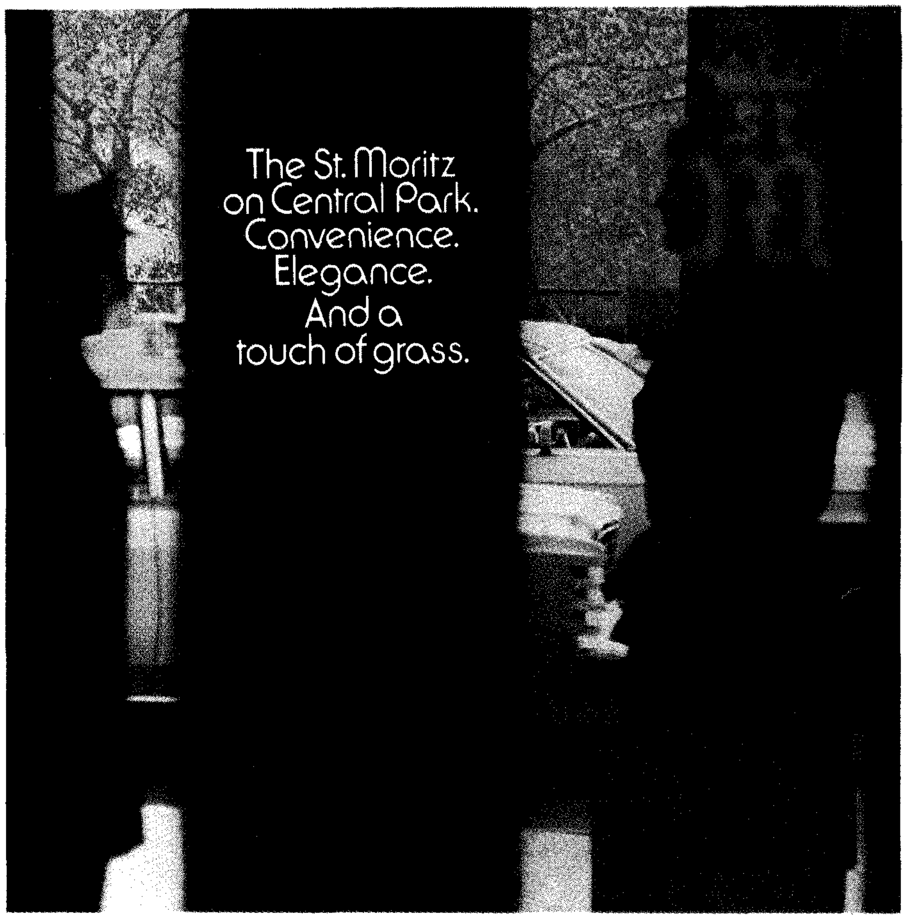

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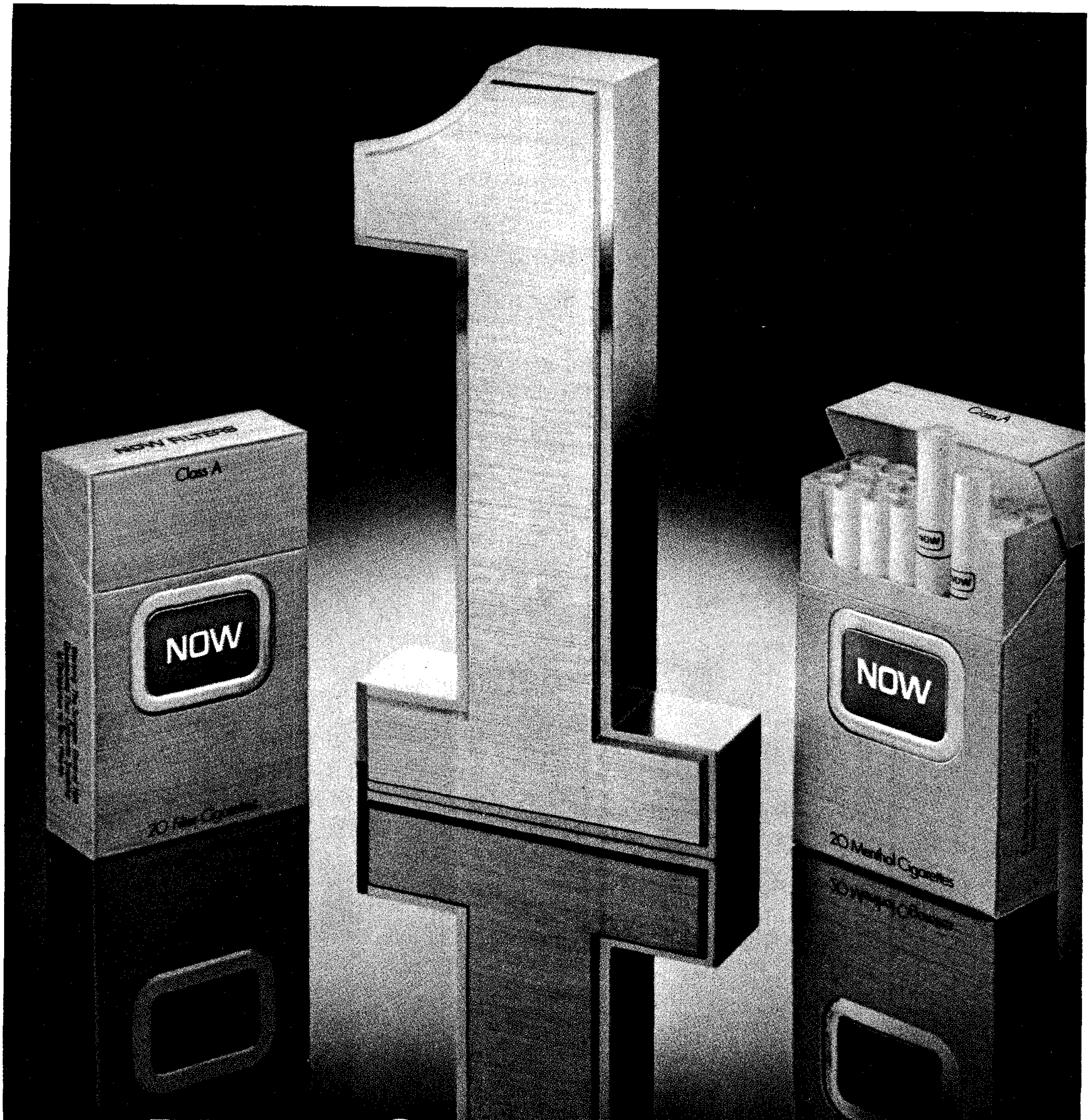
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New York

Twenty-six Hours of Insanity: A Marijuana Nightmare

By Robert C. Tucker

"... I had a terrifying feeling that I was slowly losing control of myself and that once I did let go I would go crazy or die..."

Editor's note: *The New York State Senate has taken the first measured steps toward easing restrictions on possession of small amounts of marijuana. The New York* Times *thought the development sufficiently significant to put it on page one the other day, and a spokesman for Governor Hugh Carey said Carey was "committed to the concept" of a bill permitting possession but not necessarily permitting sale.*

At the same time this thaw was developing in the Republican-controlled, and generally conservative, senate body, a congressional select committee on narcotics in Washington released a report warning that New York City was in the midst of a drug crisis in which "junior high school students appeared to be most involved with barbiturates, amphetamines, and marijuana."

With "the great grass debates" sure to attract media and voter attention over the months to come, this carefully observed and professionally analyzed marijuana "bad trip" provides grist for those who argue that the existing laws ought to be retained or even toughened.

Background: The narrator, whom we refer to as Dr. Smith, is a 35-year-old male clinical psychologist. He is married, has three children, and resides in the suburbs of New Haven, Connecticut. Prior to the experience we will be describing, he had smoked marijuana only ten to fifteen times.

Dr. Smith's narrative: I had been invited to a Friday-evening party in the Bronx. My wife decided to visit her brother in lower Manhattan while I attended the party. We planned to spend the night at her brother's house and return home the next evening.

When we arrived in New York (at 9:30 P.M.), I sat down with a martini and relaxed for an hour. I then showered and dressed and left the apartment around 11 P.M. It took almost an hour to drive to the party.

Once there, I had a scotch and drank a glass of wine. I noticed that many people were going in and out of a small interior room. I decided that this was the "reefer" room and moved toward it.

Once I was in the door, a colleague greeted me and handed me a very thin, tightly rolled cigarette. I took several puffs and noticed that it was mild and burned very, very slowly. After I had finished that cigarette, I left the room feeling somewhat disappointed that I wasn't at least a little high. Before I had walked approximately 30 feet, however, I noticed that I was in fact high, unusually and unpleasantly high. I walked around a little bit, trying to get myself together. Fearing that my aimless pacing might appear bizarre to others, I decided to just stand in the doorway watching the partyers.

As I stood there I realized my head would not clear and, if anything, my condition was going to worsen. So, I decided to try to walk to the bathroom. Walking was an ordeal: My gait seemed odd, and I didn't want anyone who knew me to notice my staggering (if I was in fact staggering).

Finally I reached the bathroom but found that there was a line to get in. I was disappointed but remained calm. I felt that once I was in the bathroom I would be able to relax and get better control over the situation.

Suddenly, I noticed that I was next in line for the bathroom. It was as if I had somehow lost a period of minutes. As I was standing there, a casually dressed young man came up to me and asked, "Is this the line for the bathroom?" I nodded affirmatively. He paused a second, then knocked on the door. Strangely enough, the man who was already in the bathroom let him in.

This puzzled me. I figured they had to be a new breed of homosexual, or heroin addicts. While I was thinking about what had happened, a woman approached me. I don't remember our conversation, but I do remember seeing a large crowd of people in the hallway. The two men were in the bathroom for a long time, and I felt a little shaky. I was getting higher and higher.

Suddenly I turned around and realized that there were only two people in the hall—myself and a woman behind me. It occurred to me that I was hallucinating, that the two men were not really in the bathroom together, and that the friendly woman and the crowd had never really been there . . . that I had been alone in the hall all the time. Then, after an interminably long time during which my head swirled uncontrollably, the bathroom door opened and two men calmly walked out. "I'll be damned," I thought, "I really saw what I saw!"

I walked into the bathroom and tried to relax, but I felt no better. I knew I could not stay in the bathroom very long, so I left and sat on the floor in another room. There I decided that I was suffering under the effects of some powerful drug whose name, nature, and potency were unknown to me.

I was fearful of the consequences of my predicament. I wondered whether there would be long-term psychological problems, and was greatly concerned about how this situation would affect my family, my reputation, and my career. BIG-TIME PROFESSOR FREAKS OUT ON DRUGS read the headline that flashed through my swirling head. I was crazy, and I was terrified.

I knew I needed help, so I sought out my friend Roy, the only person at the party I felt I could trust.

When I found him I explained that I was experiencing some drug-related difficulty, and we left the party.

As we walked out, we passed Roy's car, and I noticed that there was a man in it who seemed to be experiencing difficulty similar to my own. I decided

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Robert C. Tucker, Ph.D., is associate professor of clinical psychiatry at Yale.

> "... As we drove to the hospital, the car was vibrating and I heard air whizzing past, but we seemed to be suspended in space ..."

that I would sit in Roy's car.

Roy attempted to comfort me, but I felt guilty about keeping him away from the party and knew that I needed to sleep, so I suggested that he return to the party. He agreed after I assured him I would be all right.

Sleep was not forthcoming, however. I had a feeling that I was slowly losing control of myself and that if I let go, I would go crazy or die.

During this period, time passed in an extraordinarily slow fashion. I found that each second was equivalent to several hours. I reminded myself that I was high and that I would eventually be relieved of this situation, but I calculated that it would take the equivalent of hundreds of years for relief to come.

I considered the notion of hell, and it occurred to me that this was what hell would be like for me—a disembodied intelligence painfully floating through ethereal nothingness. Alone, with no reference points in time or space—eternally locked into an existential dilemma. Totally without hope.

This consideration put me in touch with the solution to this crisis: I had to get to a hospital where I could receive medication to relieve that symptom which prevented the passage of time. It occurred to me that the only way to do this would be to get Roy. I didn't feel, however, that I could go back up to the party by myself.

Finally, I asked the man in the front seat if he could get Roy for me. His response was, "Man, I'm in bad shape too." It then occurred to me that all I had to do was stand up and begin walking. After I returned to the party, I told Roy that I needed to get to the hospital. He agreed to take me.

When we arrived at the hospital I explained my condition to a nurse, withholding the fact that I had smoked a joint. I calmly gave information such as my name, address, telephone number, Social Security number, date of birth, nearest relative, etc. It took her a while to appreciate that I was in a psychoticlike state, but she seemed to be sympathetic. Then, a man in a white coat explained that I would have to go to another hospital. I tried to tell him that since time was not passing for me, I might not make it to the other hospital and that I needed medication, such as Thorazine,Valium, or meprobamate. My protest was to no avail, however. He simply repeated his original statement. It then occurred to me that time spent arguing with him could best be used getting to another hospital, so I asked if he would get Roy for me. He shook his head, but walked out and told Roy where to take me.

As we drove to the hospital, the car was vibrating, and I heard air whiz past, but we seemed to be suspended in space. My sense of motion was intact, but my sense of forward movement was totally absent.

When we pulled into the hospital driveway, I was astonished because I really hadn't thought we would get there. Before going in the doors, I asked Roy to be my spokesman because I had no confidence in my ability to communicate. We entered, and I sat in the sitting room while Roy explained to a nurse that I needed to see a doctor.

Finally, a female psychiatrist appeared and led Roy and me into what seemed to be a mental-health center connected to the general hospital. As we walked, I noted mangled bodies and injured people in all rooms that we passed. At last we reached an office in the deserted mental-health center and proceeded with the interview.

I described what was happening to me in a quite coherent and orderly way. I then said that I knew exactly what I needed, but before I could get it out, I forgot what I needed. Then I recovered and told her that I needed Valium or meprobamate (I had decided that Thorazine would be too powerful). To my surprise, she agreed with me and elected to prescribe Valium.

I was impressed by her cooperation and felt a swell of good feeling for her. I thanked her and walked toward the pharmacy. We arrived there at approximately 4 A.M. but found that it would not open until 4:30 A.M. This was a disaster, since I wasn't sure that I could last until then.

As I was wondering what I should do, a funny feeling descended from the top of my head down to my crotch. My head cleared perceptibly and I experienced a moderate euphoria for a few seconds. I was sure I was coming down; my time sense was less distorted and my motor control was excellent. Relieved and somewhat cocky, I suggested that we leave without filling the prescription. I felt that if I could get back to the party, my mind would clear enough in another hour or so to permit me to drive back to Manhattan, so we returned to Roy's car.

As we drove, I noted that even though things had improved dramatically I was still in very bad shape.

Back at the party I felt uncomfortable mingling with the few remaining people. I wasn't sure whether I could drive back to lower Manhattan or not, but I decided that I should try.

I walked out of the house unassisted and found my way to my car. I was distressed by the realization that I was higher than I had originally believed, but relieved when I discovered that I could drive without weaving.

Unfortunately, after making the first two turns, I got lost. It was after 4:30 A.M.; there were no people out, and most gas stations were closed. Becoming more and more fearful, I decided to drive down a major thoroughfare. When I stopped at a light, I rolled down my window and asked a man for directions.

More by luck than by skill, I followed his instructions correctly and ended up on the appropriate street. Once on the road, driving was not very difficult, but I was easily distracted and I feared I would veer off the road or go through a red light.

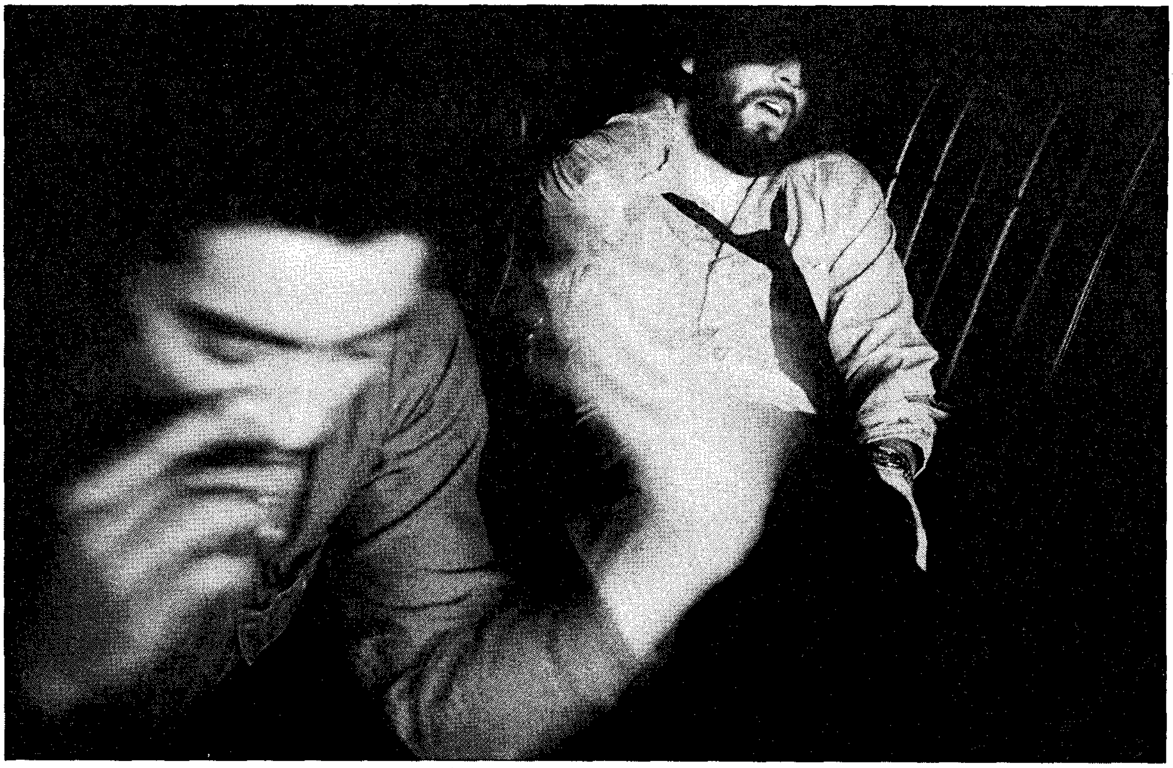
Alert and intense, I completed the 45-minute drive to my brother-in-law's house. Everything was quite smooth until I began to circle the block where his apartment was located. As I proceeded down the street, I noticed a parked police car. I knew I was doing something wrong. As I turned the corner I heard the police siren. I said to myself, "Oh, s - - t! I've gotten this far and now I screw up." I considered trying to outrun the cops, then pulled over and stepped out of the car. The police parked behind me with their lights flashing and jumped out.

They asked for my license and registration and then told me I had gone down a one-way street the wrong way. I calmly apologized and, since I was clearly an out-of-towner and appeared to be sober and respectable, they told me to be careful and let me go.

Greatly relieved, I slowly and carefully drove the last two blocks to the apartment. My entrance into the apartment was so noiseless that no one woke up. I went to the bathroom, brushed my teeth, and slid into bed.

My expectation of relief once I was in bed was unfulfilled. My head still swirled and I couldn't relax. I was still miserable. I remained in bed until about 11 A.M. trying to sleep, but to no avail. My mind was swirling and time was still passing slowly.

During that day I ate very little, had no appetite, and had no interest in food or drink. I couldn't concentrate well enough to watch TV or listen to music, and I was uncomfortable wheth-



". . . I asked the man in the front seat if he could get Roy for me. His response was, 'Man, I'm in bad shape, too' . . ."

er I was sitting, standing, or reclining.

When we left New York that afternoon I decided to drive, thinking that time might pass a little more quickly if I were occupied.

On the highway I was extremely careful and concerned myself with making it from one toll station to the next. When we finally pulled off the highway at home, I felt immensely proud of my achievement.

It was about seventeen hours after I had taken the drug, and I was still high. I was also constantly on guard, because I feared I might ramble in conversation or stumble as I was walking. (My wife assured me that I appeared to be quite normal, however.)

That night, finally, after 26 hours of torment, I fell asleep.

When I woke up Sunday morning I noted that I had slept for at least five hours and I felt much better. I remembered my dreams and was fascinated by the fact that they were all drug-related and/or psychedelic in nature—rich with drug symbolism.

Throughout the day I felt very energetic and my appetite returned. I read the papers, watched TV, listened to music, and talked with my family.

When I went to bed that night I was strangely apprehensive. I was highly sensitive to sounds and experienced mild anxiety in response to normal house and wind sounds. I had difficulty falling asleep and slept fitfully.

I was quite tired the next day, but was convinced that the drug effects had run their course. I then began to assemble the little notes I had compiled during all except the peak period of my intoxication. I jotted down further notes, relaxed, reflected, and celebrated my return to life.

Analysis: It is difficult to explain with any certainty precisely what happened to Dr. Smith, or precisely why it happened.

Whether the marijuana he smoked was adulterated (treated with another drug), or whether it was an especially potent form of cannabis cannot be determined. All the symptoms he reported, however, appear to be exaggerated versions of what he and many others experience when using marijuana (e.g., time-space distortion, memory impairment, fragmented speech patterns, mild confusion, preoccupation with irrelevances, etc.).

We should consider whether the marijuana effect was potentiated by the alcohol consumed by Dr. Smith. He had, after all, drunk a martini, scotch, and wine during the 90-minute period immediately preceding his marijuana-smoking episode.

It is generally believed that alcohol depresses the central nervous system and suppresses inhibitions to the point where the individual is rendered more receptive to the delusional and hallucinogenic action of marijuana. It is unlikely, however, that the severe adverse effects described by Dr. Smith were due to synergistic action alone. Human and animal studies indicate that the synergistic effect of marijuana combined with alcohol (ethanol) is simply increased CNS depression, sleep, and immobility. Dr. Smith showed none of these symptoms.

This leads us to posit the notion that Dr. Smith's response to marijuana could be attributed to his own peculiar psychic and/or metabolic characteristics. This is to suggest that he may have become physically/psychologically "allergic" to the substance. This is, of course, speculative, but it would explain his deviant response to cannabis.

Conclusions: It is clear that marijuana is more than just a mild euphoriant. It is a potent, mind-altering drug that can severely distort one's perception of reality—for better or for worse.

Drugs are unpredictable (ask any anesthesiologist or his lawyer), and one would expect that ingestion of substances as ostensibly innocuous as marijuana could precipitate difficulty when taken by certain people, in the proper dosage, at the proper time, and in the proper setting. ■

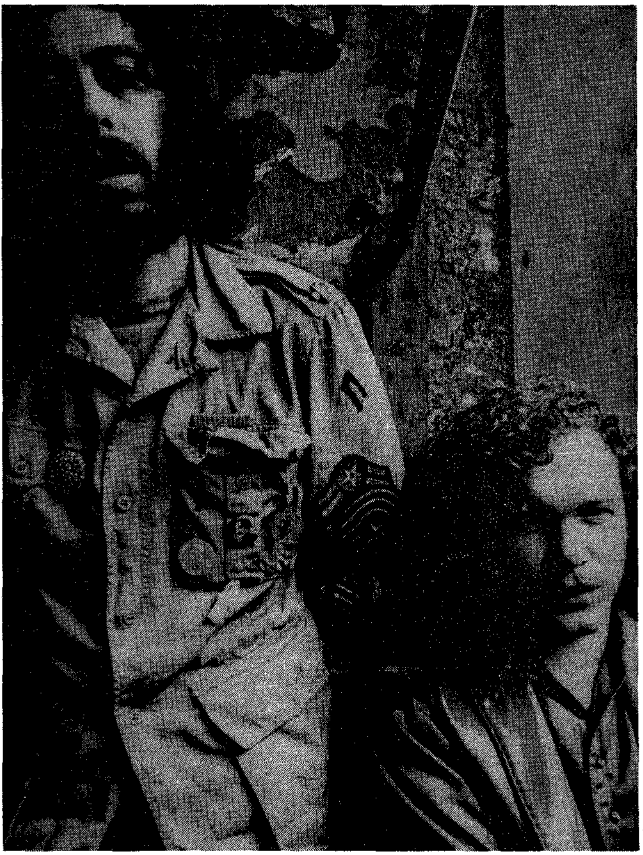
Photographed by Jim Marchese

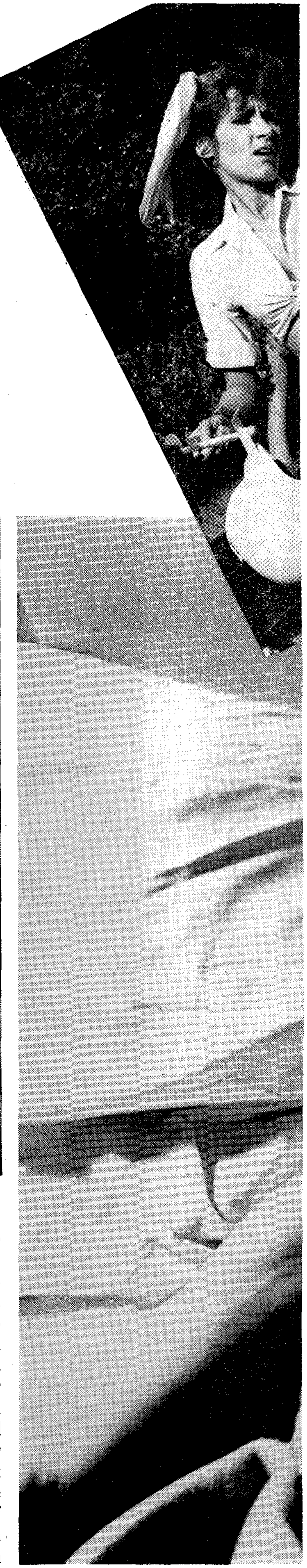
Pinky's Pictures

By Dorothy Seiberling

"... Roz Kelly, photographer *extraordinaire,* snapped, crackled, and popped her way into *New York*'s pages long before *Happy Days* ..."

Self-portrait, 1965.

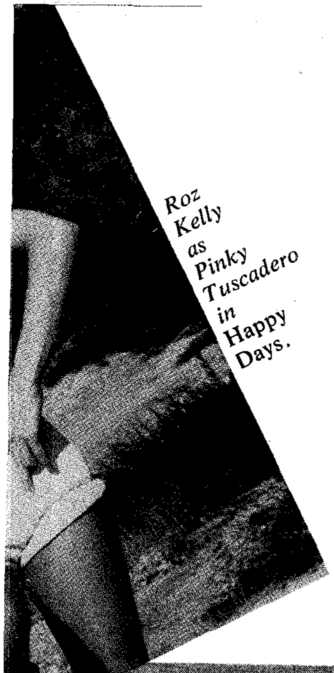




Rock stars: The Fugs, 1966 (above); Jimi Hendrix, 1968 (right).

To TV viewers she's "Pinky Tuscadero," sassy car-crasher and saucy girl friend of "the Fonz." To moviegoers she's "Eleanor," the platinum-mop-topped hooker in *The Owl and the Pussycat.* To the dolls and guys at the Tango Palace dance hall on Broadway, she's "Ritzy." But to *New York* Magazine, she's our own Roz Kelly, photographer *extraordinaire,* who snapped, crackled, and popped her way into our pages long before *Happy Days* was here. In fact, *New York* gave Roz her first assignment way back in 1966 when the magazine was still part of the *World Journal Tribune.* She had been making the rounds of publications for about a year without success. "Then I went into the *Trib* for some reason, and the magazine staff thought my work was wonderful. Well, actually, everything I do is wonderful—it gets me in a lot of trouble."

The first assignment—shooting the folk-rock trio the Fugs (above)—was merely routine trouble, recalls Roz. The lead singer, Ed Sanders, "was hostility unlimited; you had to act a little stupid to deal with him. And you had to wriggle your rear for his partner, Tuli Kupferberg. We sashayed around the East Village for a while and finally I got them up against a wall, the right wall at the right time of day. Of course, there should have been three of them in



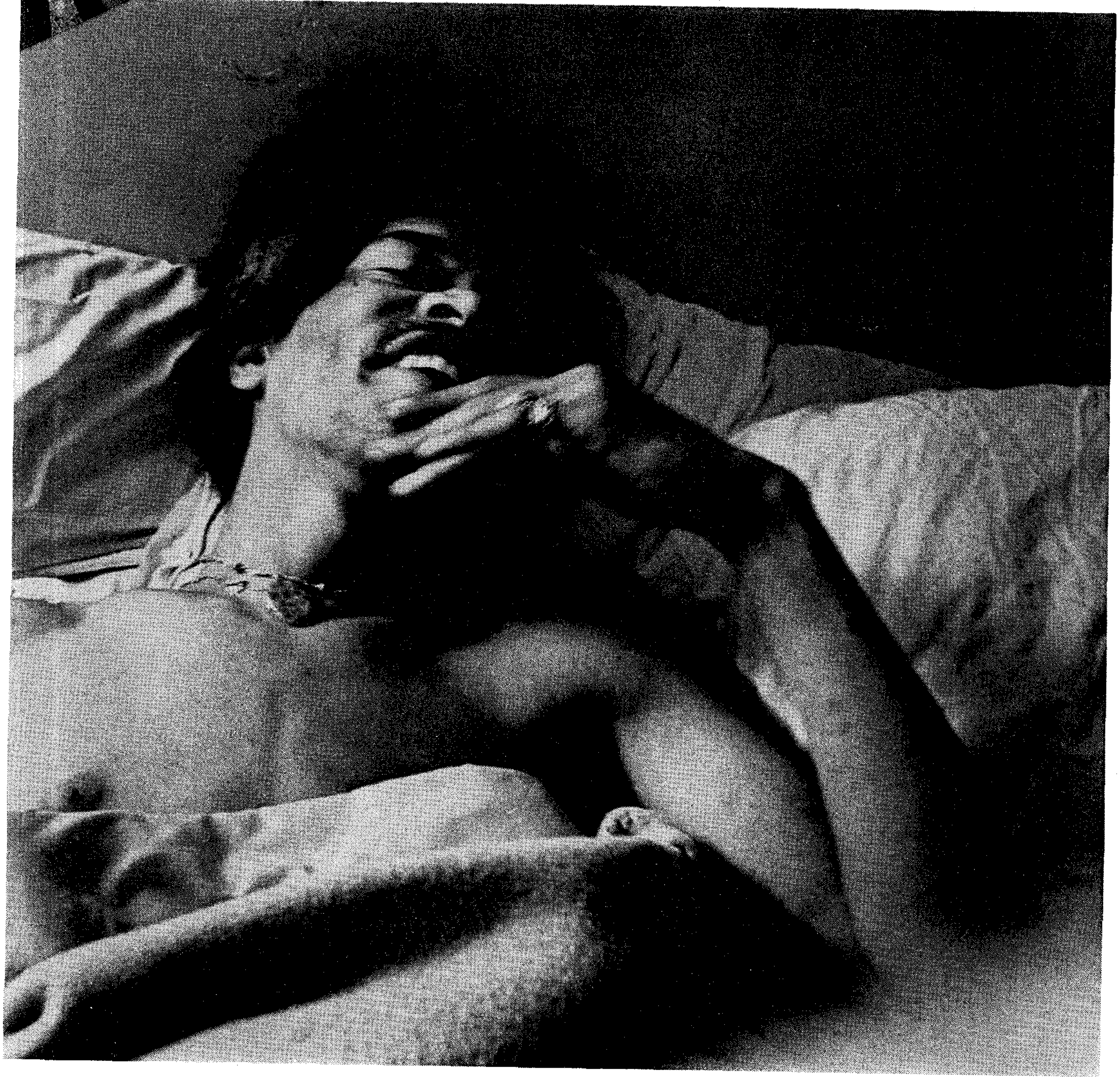
Roz Kelly as Pinky Tuscadero in Happy Days.

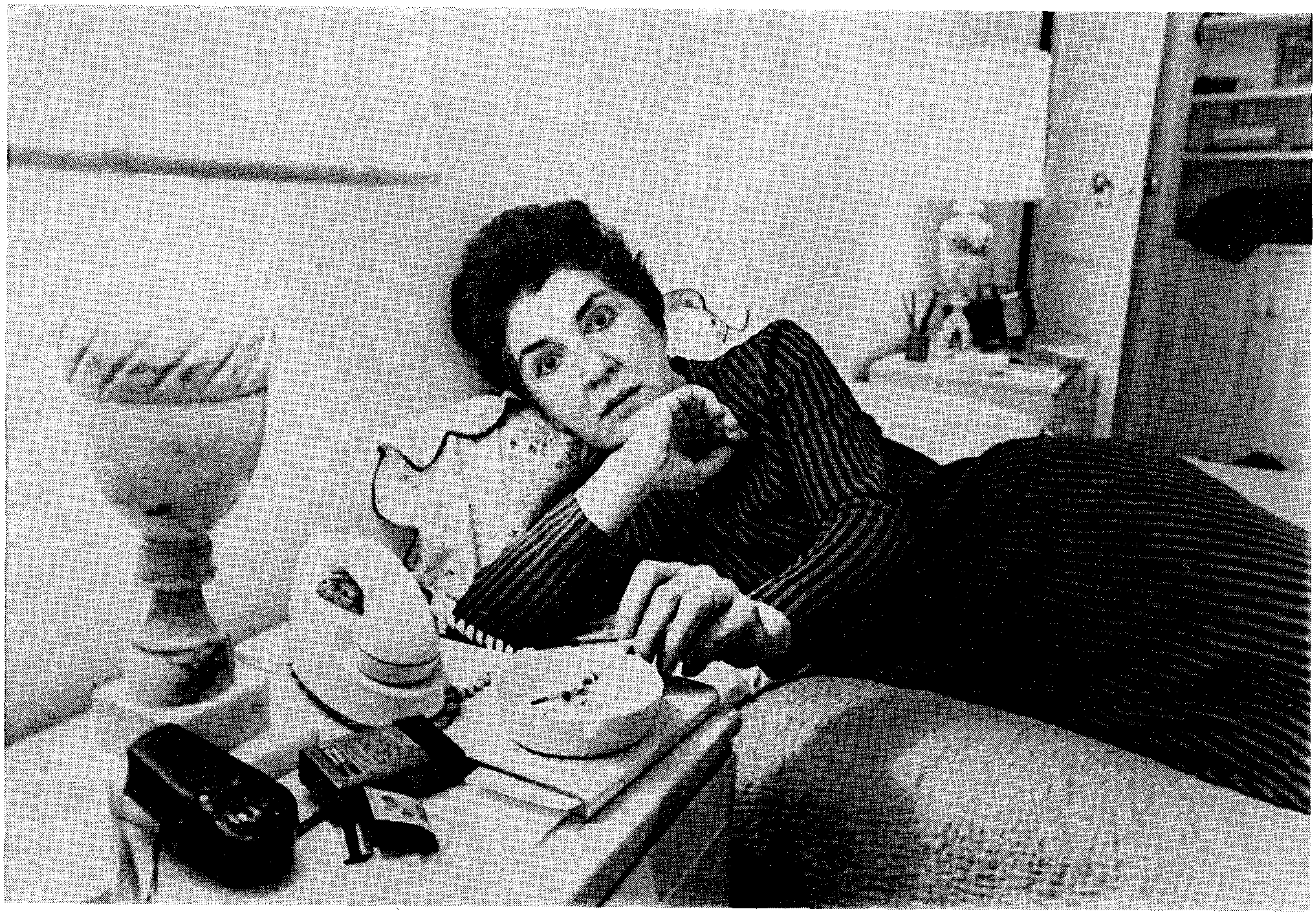
the picture, but two Fugs on a bad day ain't bad."

In 1968 *New York* sent Roz on a stakeout of Jimi Hendrix. The rock star was holed up in the Drake Hotel and almost as inaccessible as Howard Hughes. By midday Roz was not only in Hendrix's room, she was on top of his bed, aiming her camera at the groggy musician and his rumpled covers (below). "The shooting didn't take long," says Roz, "because he had a couple of other ideas—but I wanted to get home and see how my pictures turned out."

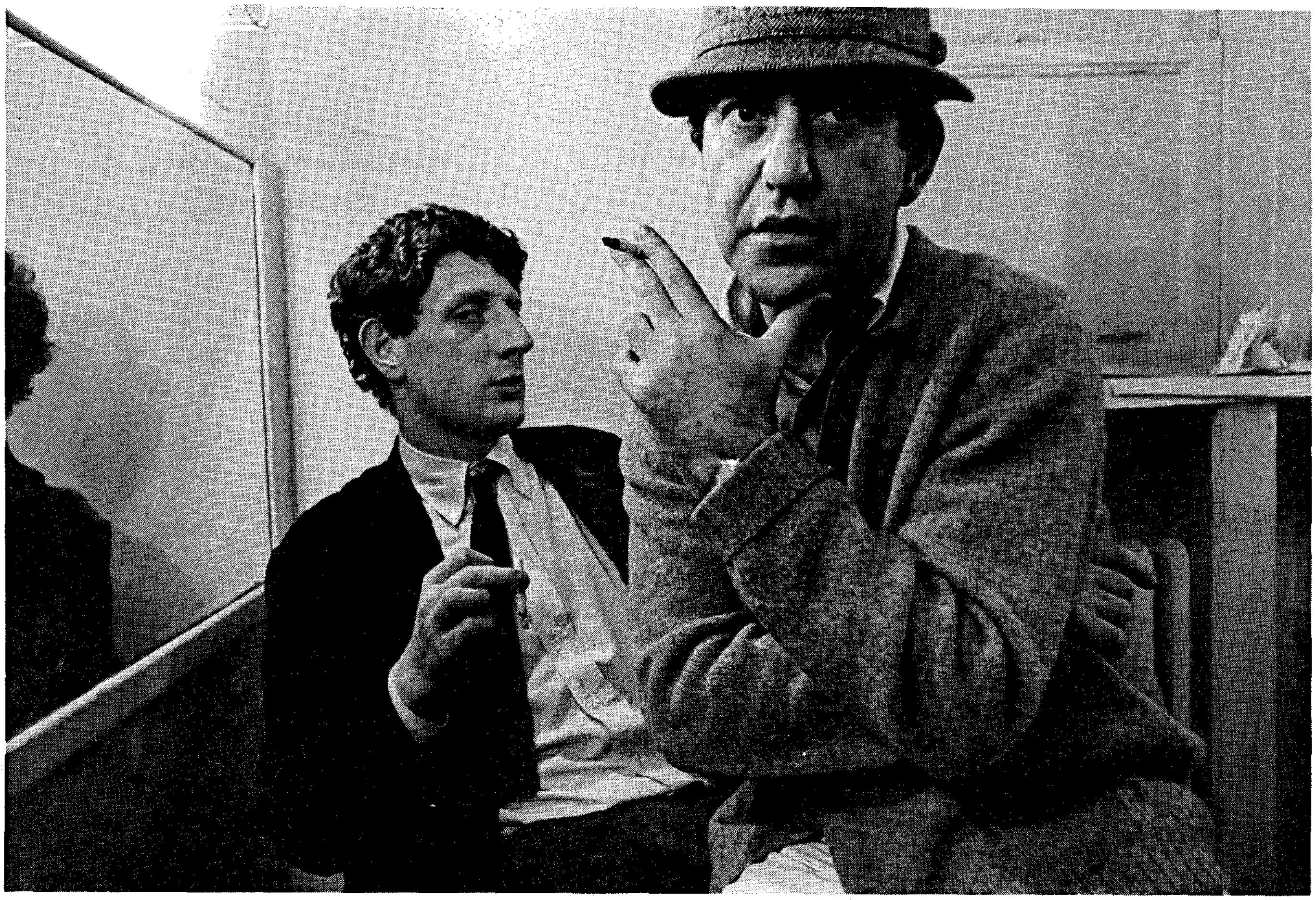
Roz, who was born in the Bronx in the mid-forties ("I am ageless and priceless"), first had a go at photography at the age of seven. But her career with camera was sidetracked by show biz —"I'd been playing candy canes and teapots and old folks since I was five"—so she didn't take up photography again until her late teens. "I fell upon a bad period there for a while; it rendered me mute. Taking pictures was a way to talk, a form of drawing what I wanted to say." Hanging around with photographers, she picked up the finer points of the profession, though she generally shunned elaborate equipment ("I'd use a cereal box if I could"), lighting ("Honey, I got my own lights!"), and studio setups ("I tried throwing people on pieces of white paper but it seemed a little bizarre, so I stopped"). To master the art of developing and printing, she arranged to share a lab with a group of photographers, but whenever it was her turn to use the darkroom, "the boys would all show up, hoping for other developments." Roz finally set up a darkroom in her loft on West 39th Street.

To make out between shots and shows, Roz had a restless career as a waitress—





Actress Maureen Stapleton, 1968 (above); comedians Jonathan Miller and Soupy Sales, 1967 (below).



downtown, midtown, at McHale's Gaiety on Eighth Avenue, at Feenjon's on MacDougal Street. "If I hadn't been flipping burgers and slinging hash, I'd have starved. Now when I eat out, I always tip a lot—sometimes even before the meal." She managed to breeze through a number of stage shows (*The White Whore, Rain, Lucky Wonderful*) and films (*The Female Response, Greetings*, and more recently *Death Wish*), "but I was no overnight success story. I've made eleven movies in New York. If only half of them were shown, I'd have a great retroactive career."

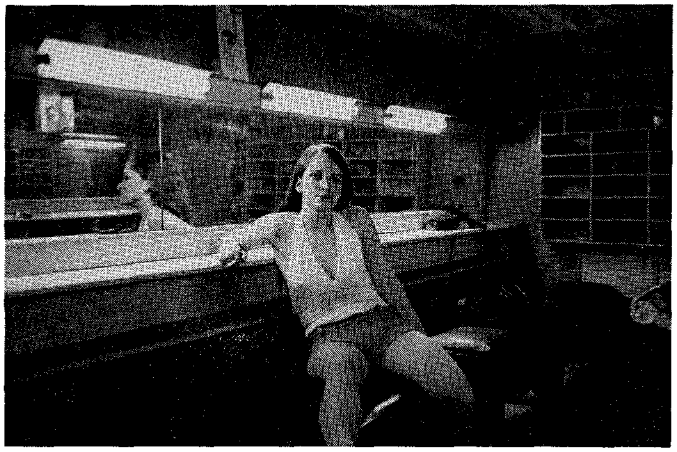
To match her multifaceted life, Roz went in for multilooks. She had her platinum fling, her white-Afro epoch, her gentlemen-prefer-blondes vs. her cool-career brunette style. ("Right now I'm a heavenly shade of deep flame—sort of Rhonda red.") Roz was in her white period when *New York* asked her to photograph Maureen Stapleton (left, top). "It took me years to realize why Maureen looked so stunned in my picture. I used to go running around in the morning with this white hair and my diamonds—excuse me, rhinestones—and I went into her house and there she was, kind of shrinking in the corner. I coaxed her out and said, 'Why don't you sit on the bed and relax?' And there she lies, just *staring* at me!"

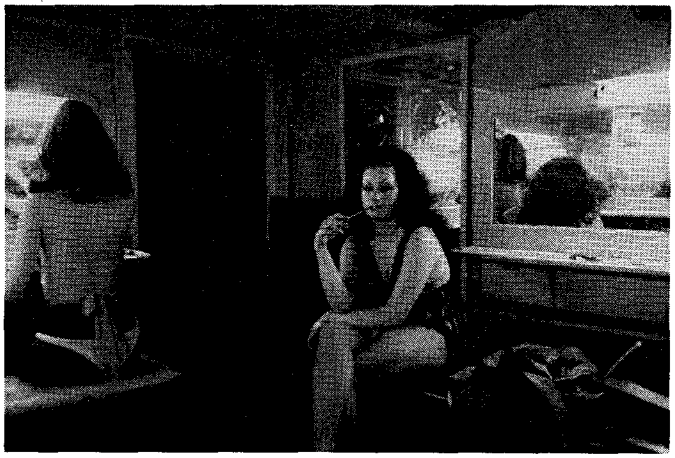
Two of her favorite *New York* "sitters" were Jonathan Miller and Soupy Sales (left, bottom). "I asked to shoot them in a dressing room—I liked the angles. I have an angular vision, or is it tunnel vision? Anyway, right off they went into their act and I just stood in front of it with my camera. They were great; they did what *they* did and didn't try to compete with *me*. Usually my neuroses take precedence over the people I'm shooting, but there wasn't any problem about that with those guys."

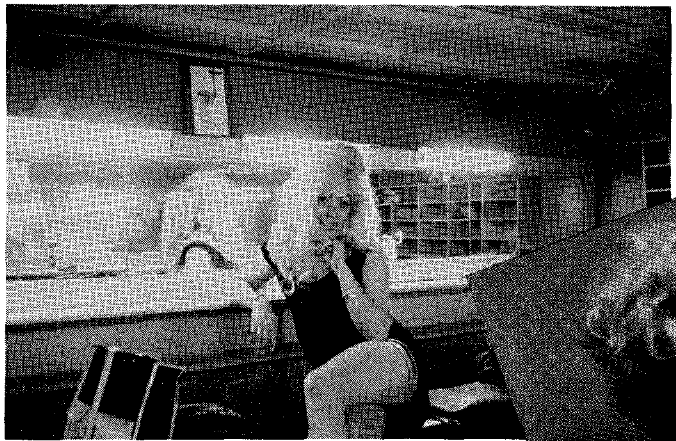
In 1972 Roz fell upon harder times, so she took a job as a dance-hall girl at the Tango Palace on Broadway near 48th Street. "The hours were rigid, 6 P.M. to 2 A.M. five nights a week, so I more or less disappeared from the world. But I didn't mind. It gave me a chance to dress the way I like—kind of funny, flashy, all my jewelry—and I slid through the job. I think I got asked to dance about three times and I was there three months. It's one of the occasions that being flat-chested paid off. The manager of the place, well, he could have used a few lessons at charm school, but the girls were wonderful."

To while away the nocturnal hours, Roz photographed her ballroom "business associates" as they lounged around waiting for customers (left). And toward the last of her Tango days, she set up the camera so that one of her colleagues could photograph "Ritzy" herself in her dance-hall regalia. This "Lautrec-y" gallery of languid ladies in a fluorescent glow won Roz an award in *New York*'s photography contest in 1973.

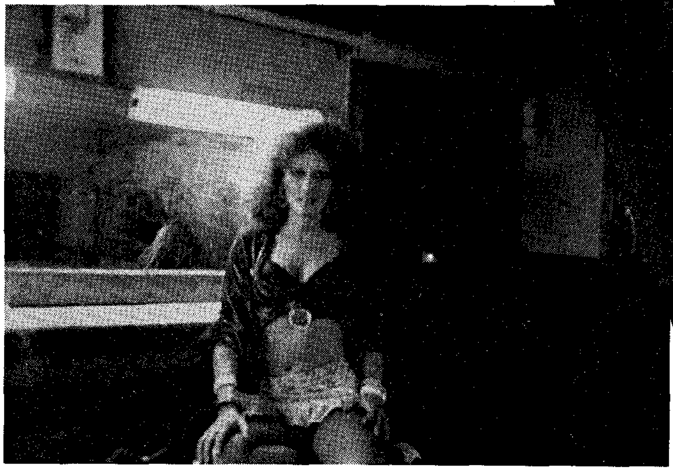
Though Roz was something of a loner in the photography world, she was

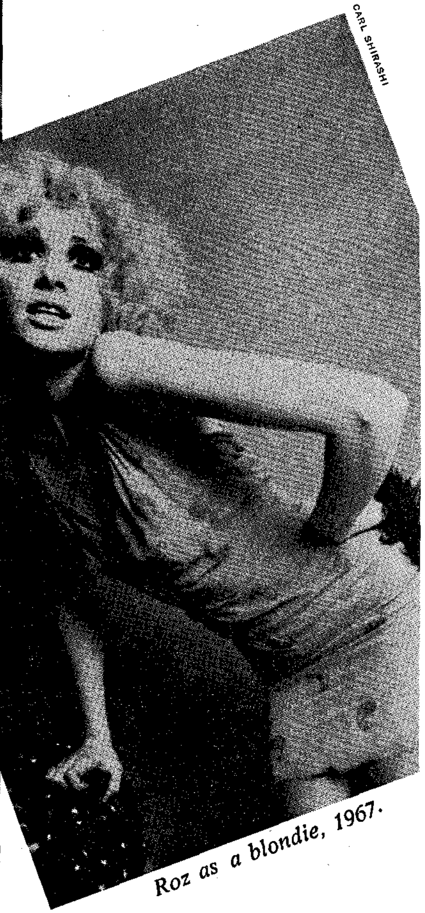






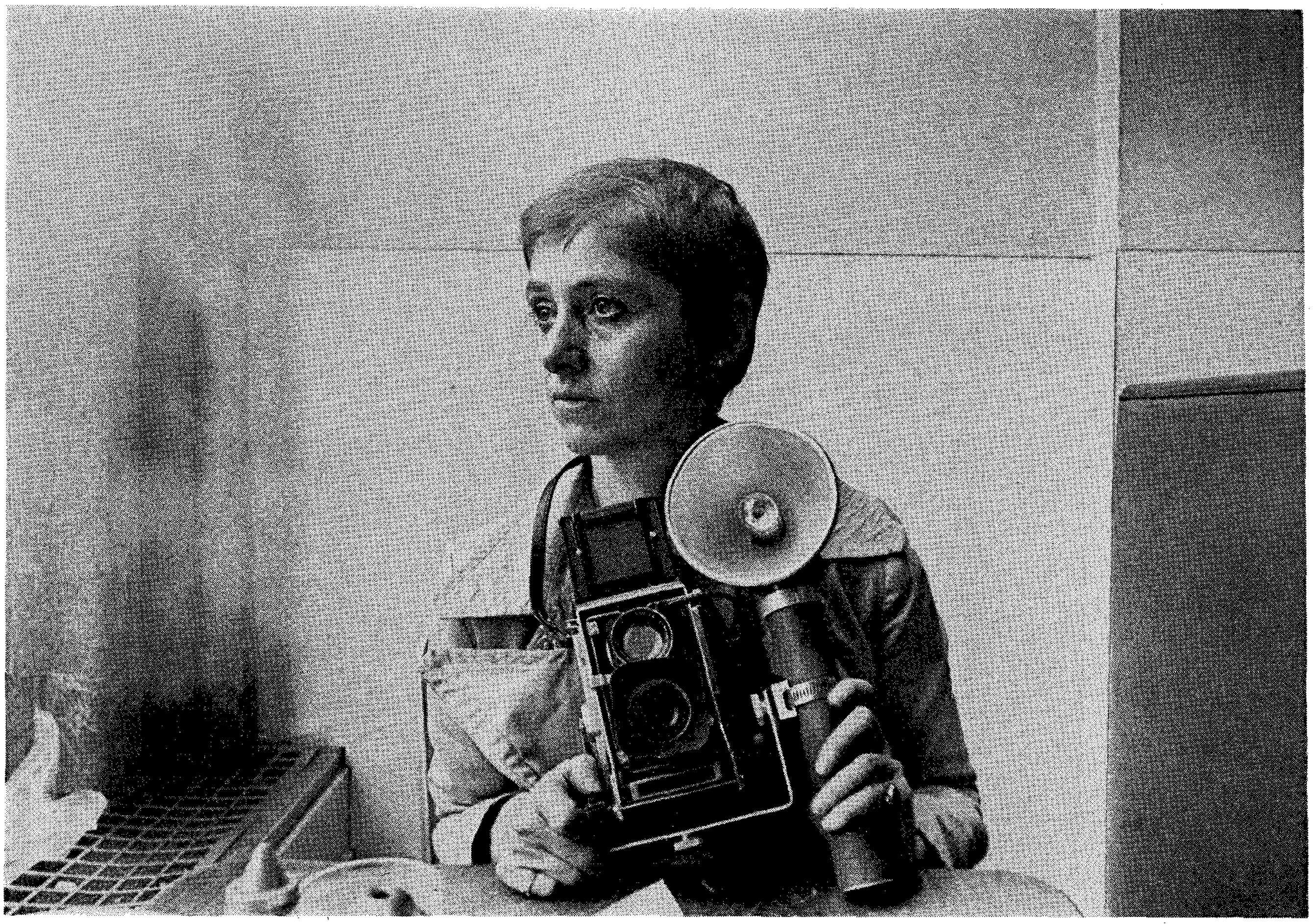
Dance-hall girls (above) and "Ritzy" Roz Kelly (below) at the Tango Palace on Broadway, 1972.



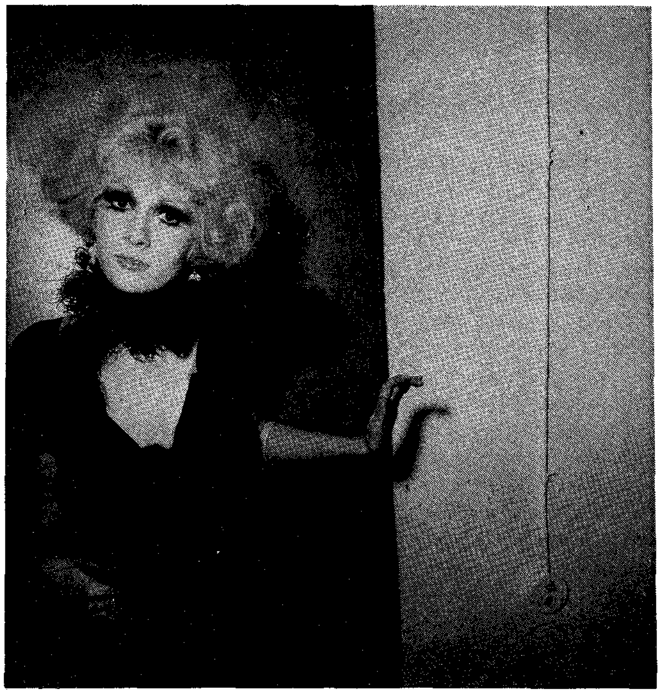


CARL SHIRASHI

Roz as a blondie, 1967.



Photographer Diane Arbus, 1968 (above); Roz Kelly photographed by Diane Arbus, 1968 (below).



drawn to Diane Arbus—perhaps because Arbus also was a loner (she took her own life in 1971). "I went to her opening at the Museum of Modern Art, and there she was in a white dress, looking like an angel, and in the midst of all those people she came right over to talk to me. We met a few times after that. She saw me changing my hair to white and I saw *her* going through some kind of metamorphosis—so we decided to have a 'shoot-out.' She came to my studio and shot me in my finery. That's the way I used to dress. I must have had some notion about what a movie star should look like. It took me years to find out that it wasn't my clothes but *me* that got the part. Anyway, she took me as she found me. Then I did her at the Automat, that gorgeous one on Sixth Avenue between 41st and 42nd streets. That was my location for a period; I gravitate toward certain spots because of the light—I track down the light that I like. So I shot Diane standing there in that strange light. She looked as if she were on a cloud about to take off. And she took off, all right. I never saw her again."

Two years ago, Roz "threw caution to the winds" and headed for Hollywood. "I hated to leave my loft. Broadway was my backyard. In New York you step out on the street and on every corner there's a *fact*. In California you're cut off, like being in an isolation ward; it's a huge social experiment." For Roz it's been an experiment in bartending, running a coffee shop, juggling agents, and eventually landing in full Kelly color on ABC's *Happy Days*. Her blazing pink performance nettled Henry "the Fonz" Winkler but netted a "raft of raves" and bushels of fan mail. ("I get 160 letters a day, inviting me to the prom.") Now Roz is staging a return engagement as Pinky Tuscadero in Nancy Walker's newly premiered series, *Mrs. Blansky's Beauties*. And though she's enjoying "the first year I've ever made a living at acting," she's going to UCLA "to learn a trade. I think I'll be a neurosurgeon. I'd like to learn what makes people snap. Obviously, Diane Arbus snapped. In my line of business, it's a good thing to know about the nervous system. Maybe someday I'll be able to stop us all from dropping dead of stress." ■

TED COWELL/BLACK STAR

Disaster! *The explosion at the American Chicle Company last November overwhelmed New York City's burn-care facilities. Four of the 45 victims had to be sent to hospitals out of state. Those four died.*

Medical Politics in New York:

A Burn Center Goes Up in Smoke

By Clark Whelton

> ". . . New York has too many hospital beds—yet burn victims have had to fly to Texas for the care they needed to stay alive . . ."

There is no simple way to tell the story you are about to read. It's a tale of the ugly tangle of petty jealousies, political intrigues, and personal power-mongering that may have deprived New Yorkers of the largest and most modern burn-care center in America—a center that would have been constructed at no capital cost to the public and operated at no expense to taxpayers or Blue Cross subscribers. Only an immediate outpouring of public indignation can possibly salvage the project.

Every year some 3,000 people suffer serious burns in New York City, and some 300 of them die. There are, in fact, only about 60 beds here specifically designed for burn-care victims. Last October and November the city's burn-care system was overwhelmed after the tragic fires at a social club in the Bronx and the American Chicle Company in Queens. Several people had to be transferred to burn-care centers in Pennsylvania or sent to hospitals in Nassau County and other outlying areas. It happens all the time. Patients from New York have even been flown to Texas for the highly specialized, extremely expensive care needed to keep them alive.

New York City has no shortage of hospital beds. Indeed, there are so many extra beds here that the Health Systems Agency—a federally funded organization—last year published a list of thirteen "vulnerable" hospitals, whose underutilization makes them prime candidates for closing. The solution would seem obvious: Convert some of the surplus beds into burn-care beds. But it's not that simple. Burn care costs between $600 and $750 a day at acute and intensive levels. Blue Cross and other third-party reimbursement plans cover only a third of that cost. So New York has inadequate burn-care facilities mainly because providing that care is the quickest way for a hospital to go broke. In spite of the critical need for more burn-treatment beds, no hospital wants to step forward and risk bankruptcy in a good cause.

In recent years, the technology to save burn victims has improved dramatically. Alfred Bold, a New York City fireman who suffered third-degree burns over 80 percent of his body two years ago, was saved by the small burn-care center at Jacobi Hospital in the Bronx, which kept him alive for later treatment at the U.S. Army Hospital at San Antonio, Texas. But other burn victims, to whom the new technology is not available, are dying needlessly; and it is that knowledge that has driven Fire Commissioner John O'Hagan to demand that New York City build a burn-care center big enough to handle its own needs. He has made that demand for the last eight years. By the spring of 1975, he had selected Jacobi Hospital (Bronx Municipal) as the location of his proposed 40-bed burn center. All he had to do was persuade Mayor Beame to ante up the $1.5 million needed to subsidize the center's enormous annual operating losses.

About this same time, however, a New York plastic surgeon named Randolph H. Guthrie was also developing plans for a burn center. He hadn't started out to do that; since 1971, he had been trying to build a Hospital for Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery (hereafter known as the HPRS) to bring together plastic surgeons in a modern hospital specifically designed for their needs.

Funding the hospital would be no problem. Plastic surgery is one of the few medical services that generate a profit for hospitals, and this fiscal surplus helps offset the losses produced by departments such as cardiac, kidney disease, and burn care. Indeed, it was a demand for plastic-surgery profits that would eventually play a key role in denying the people of New York a modern burn-care center.

Financially untroubled though it was, Dr. Guthrie's plan for an HPRS got nowhere until he met with Donald Myers, an assistant vice-president of Blue Cross, on February 7, 1975. Myers told Guthrie what he'd heard all along: that New York already had too many hospital beds and that Blue Cross would have to oppose the HPRS unless it had some socially redeeming feature.

"Why not add a burn center?" Myers suggested. "That's something the city needs." The combination sounded reasonable to Guthrie. Put burn care and plastic surgery together, and a hospital will have a balanced budget. He began to make inquiries to find support for this idea. Word reached John O'Ha-

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Clark Whelton, former staff writer for the Village Voice, *has also written for* Esquire *and* The New York Times Magazine.

"...Last August, the burn-center project applied for state approval. Then, offstage, the sound of knives being sharpened..."

gan, who liked the plan but told Guthrie, at a lunch on April 9, 1975, that it had come too late—he was presenting his own burn-center proposal to Mayor Beame that very afternoon.

Beame listened with interest as O'Hagan outlined his ideas for a burn center at Jacobi. The capital costs were acceptable, but when O'Hagan said the plan called for at least $1.5 million annually to keep the center going, Beame's jaw dropped. The city was just beginning to suffer the budget crunch. Cops and firemen would be laid off, hospitals put on bread and water, and now O'Hagan was asking for a million and a half?

O'Hagan mentioned Guthrie's plan for a combined HPRS and burn center.

"You mean there might be a free way to do this, and you have your hand out?" Beame said, without deleting the expletives. O'Hagan left the mayor's office and called Guthrie. They decided to work together on the HPRS–burn center proposal. In April and May of 1975 they slowly gathered support from key people in the health establishment.

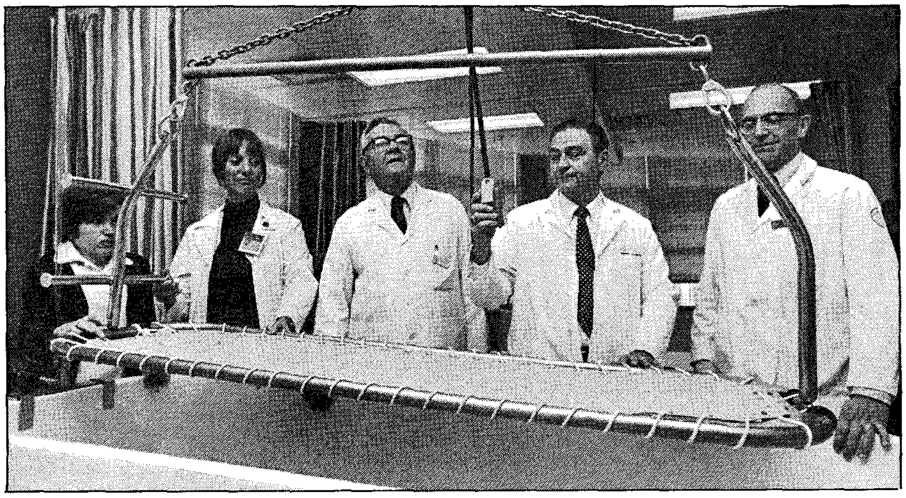
While O'Hagan and Guthrie were ringing doorbells, however, another act in the burn-care drama was slowly unfolding. In the late spring of 1975, Dr. E. Hugh Luckey, president of New York Hospital, was looking around for a new chief of surgery. His eye lighted on Dr. G. Thomas Shires of Harborview Medical Center at the University of Washington in Seattle. Shires had an international reputation as a burn surgeon and was also famous for being chief of surgery at Parkland Hospital in Dallas when President Kennedy was assassinated. Shires, who had gone on to open a burn-care center in Dallas, had a talent for raising federal money for his projects. In February, 1974, he left Dallas to open a burn center in Seattle, taking with him not only his federal grants but 22 of his key surgeons and medical personnel, a move which, according to Dr. Frederick J. Bonte, dean of the Texas Southwestern Medical School, "set back trauma research and patient care for a year" at his hospital. But Shires was a superstar in the burn business. His federal money gave him leverage, and also made him a hot prospect for chief of surgery at New York Hospital.

But there was a hitch. Shires was a burn specialist, and New York Hospital had no burn-care center. Another merger of interests was about to take place. Luckey knew that Randolph Guthrie, who was one of his surgeons, had been trying to gather support for HPRS. When, in the summer of 1975, Luckey learned that a burn center had been added to the plan, he proposed a joint project: If Guthrie would accept Shires as chief of surgery at the HPRS–burn center, then New York Hospital would help build a new facility—right up on York Avenue between 70th and 71st streets.

Guthrie and New York Hospital came to terms. A 22-story building was planned for the York Avenue location, in which the HPRS–burn center would occupy eight floors—four and a half floors for the burn center, three and a half floors for the plastic-surgery facility that would pay the bills. HPRS would pay the cost of building those eight floors with $30 million in private contributions. (The rest of the floors would belong to New York Hospital.) A total of 158 new hospital beds would be created in the HPRS–burn center's eight floors—80 for burn care and 78 for plastic surgery, all under the guidance of the "Kennedy doctor," G. Thomas Shires. The HPRS–burn center was to be a separate corporate entity, however, with Randolph Guthrie as chairman of the board.

On August 6, 1975, Mayor Beame gave his blessing to the project. He was worried, however, about the five years it could take to build the new facility. At this point Dr. Luckey stepped forward and offered to open an *interim* 24-bed burn-care center inside New York Hospital that would help take up the slack until the permanent HPRS–burn center opened. New York Hospital didn't want to wait five years for a burn center, Dr. Shires hadn't signed to come to New York, and Shires wanted a burn center. The mayor liked Dr. Luckey's idea. A week later, Shires signed with New York Hospital. He was to be chief of surgery at both that hospital and HPRS.

By October, 1975, then, New York City had *two* burn-center projects in the works: the 24-bed interim center at New York Hospital and the 80-bed center to be built on York Avenue. An enormous gap in the city's health-care system seemed on the verge of being plugged.



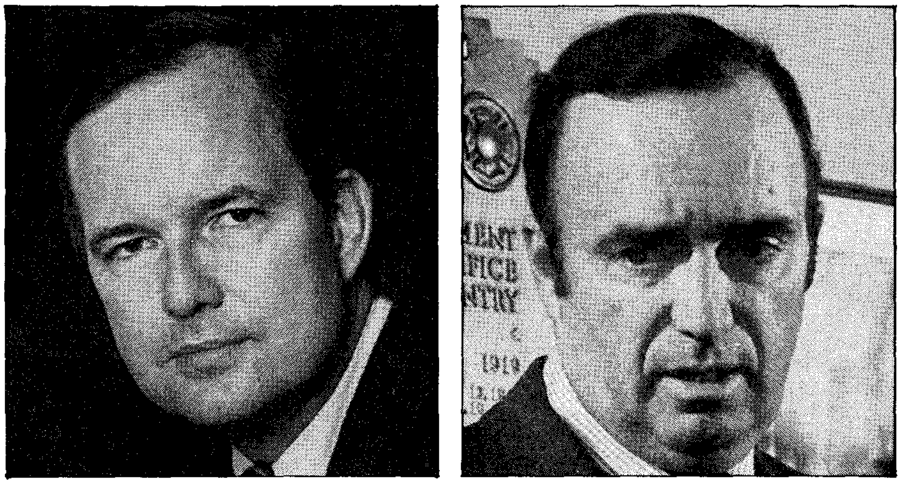
Specialized treatment: *Nurses Alene and Christina Haas and Drs. Hugh Luckey, Thomas Shires, and David D. Thompson at New York Hospital's burn-care center.*

Then, the first sign of trouble. On January 16, 1976, when architects Rogers, Butler, & Burgun published their interim report on the new 22-story building, large amounts of data were missing from the New York Hospital end of the presentation. Several members of the HPRS–burn center board of trustees began to get nervous about New York Hospital's intentions, now that the hospital—with its own interim burn center waiting in the wings—had signed G. Thomas Shires. They feared the hospital was dragging its feet on the HPRS–burn center. Luckey denies that.

"New York Hospital's good faith had been demonstrated by our willingness to build an interim burn center," he says. "We had been spending a lot of time on that project, too."

The HPRS advocates' concern mounted in May, when, according to Guthrie, Luckey told him, "We've been thinking over your HPRS–burn center proposal, and frankly, we want to push for our own burn center right here in the hospital." Rumors circulated that Tom Shires had been telling people that plastic surgery is not necessary to finance burn care. The HPRS–burn center on York Avenue appeared to be in trouble—with New York Hospital's help. But by this time Guthrie and O'Hagan had been able to raise $30 million for their project, which now would cost the public nothing at all. O'Hagan was not willing to see years of work result in a compromise burn center in New York Hospital. He wanted to look for an alternate site for the HPRS–burn center, perhaps at Bellevue. Now it was New York Hospital's turn to get nervous. Its interim burn center had not yet been approved by the state.

On June 2, 1976, a meeting was held at New York Hospital in an effort to work out differences. Two members of the Health Systems Agency of New York City, David W. Smith and Robert Palese, attended and urged conciliation. At the end of June, 1976, the HPRS–burn center and New York Hospital signed a "memorandum of principles" which outlined the terms of the joint HPRS–New York Hospital building. Members of the HPRS board now believe that New York Hospital did not really intend to renege on its support of the HPRS–burn center, but was, rather, maneuvering for better terms on the 22-story tower. Two weeks later, the state approved New York Hospital's interim-burn-center application. Once more, New York seemed to be on its way to first-class treatment for burn victims.



They had a dream: *Dr. Randolph Guthrie (left) and Fire Commissioner John O'Hagan raised $30 million for the burn-care center that Governor Carey's office opposes.*

UPI

Things went smoothly for a while. A detailed study by the prestigious accounting firm of Coopers & Lybrand showed that the combination HPRS–burn center proposal was sound, and would in all probability pay for itself. Community Board 8 on the East Side voted unanimously (with four abstentions) in favor of the project. On August 5, 1976, the joint HPRS–burn center–New York Hospital application for a 22-story building on York Avenue, with 158 new hospital beds, was filed with the state. Almost immediately, from offstage, came the sound of knives being sharpened.

The knife-sharpener was HSA, the Health Systems Agency of New York City. The HSA is federally funded, but locally run. Its mission is to iron out the wrinkles in health-care procedures and facilities in New York City. One of the major wrinkles it has been steaming for the last year or so is the excess of hospital beds in New York City. The HSA wants to reduce beds—a tough job, for they represent money, even when they're empty. The prospect of adding the 158 new beds in the HPRS–burn center to a system already "overbedded" by 5,000 did not make the HSA happy, even though the agency fully realized that New York City needs burn-care beds, and that there was no way to adequately fund them.

First crack at approving the application for the 22-story tower was to go to the project-review subcommittee of the HSA's local District C. The subcommittee would make a recommendation to the full project-review committee at HSA headquarters; if approved, the application would move on to Albany. In September, 1976, it still seemed possible that the HSA would give the plastic surgery–burn center project a fair hearing.

At this point, however, yet another actor strode onstage: Dr. Michael Hogan, a plastic surgeon at Manhattan Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital on East 64th Street. Hogan's hospital was one of the "vulnerable" institutions on the HSA's most-likely-to-expire list, and like every other hospital in the "overbedded" system, Manhattan Eye and Ear preferred to live.

Hogan had a plan to help consolidate health services, save Manhattan Eye and Ear from being "vulnerable," and provide the new HPRS–burn center with beds. He suggested that New York Hospital give Manhattan Eye and Ear new quarters in the 22-story HPRS–burn center building. In return, Manhattan Eye and Ear would take over New York Hospital's eye, ear, nose, and throat departments. This would free 58 beds that New York Hospital could donate to the HPRS–burn center. Manhattan Eye and Ear would then contribute 60 plastic-surgery beds to the total, and New York Hospital could chip in the 24 beds in its interim burn-care facility. The new HPRS–burn center would, then, have to scrounge up a mere sixteen more.

A reasonable proposal, but, as you have already guessed, reasonable proposals and corporate health care do not usually go together. Eye, ear, nose, and throat departments, like plastic surgery, are moneymakers. New York Hospital did not want to give these services to Manhattan Eye and Ear. So Michael Hogan, who is a friend of David W. Smith, chairman of the HSA's District C, picked up the phone and told Smith: "You guys at HSA are always bragging about your muscle. Well, let's see you use it on New York Hospital."

Soon afterward, Drs. Luckey, Guthrie, and David D. Thompson of New York Hospital received a disturbing phone call from Howard Rubenstein, a public-relations man who handles City Hall and other important clients. Joseph Lynaugh, executive director of the HSA, had told Rubenstein that approval of the HPRS–burn center was not a pro-forma matter. "Problems" had developed. On September 13, Luckey, Thompson, and Guthrie met with Joseph Lynaugh and his deputy director, Anthony Watson, in Howard Rubenstein's office.

Lynaugh and Watson brought up the possibility of a merger between New York Hospital and Manhattan Eye and Ear. "In a general way" they also talked about the need for a major hospital to open a primary-care clinic in a poor neighborhood, and other matters not directly concerned with the HPRS–burn center. Guthrie believed that Lynaugh, Watson, and the HSA were setting conditions for favorable action on the HPRS–burn center application. He was panicked. Lynaugh and Watson say that they had no such intention. They deny that they made demands on the doctors or stressed that the meeting was not to be revealed to anyone.

Ten days later New York Hospital made an offer to Manhattan Eye and Ear. "Their offer was to *absorb* us," Dr. Hogan recalls. "But why should we let ourselves be absorbed by an institution that is inferior to us in our own specialty? It was ridiculous." The absorption offer was rejected. From this point on, hostility between the HPRS–burn center supporters and the HSA

"... Only an immediate outpouring of public indignation can possibly salvage New York's 80-bed burn-treatment center ..."

became more pronounced. The local District C review subcommittee was replaced by a ten-seat citywide subcommittee, since the new burn center was designed to serve the entire city. Robert Palese was named chairman of the citywide subcommittee. But on December 7, two days before the citywide-subcommittee hearing, Palese was fired by HSA headquarters, which denies that there was any intent to influence the upcoming proceedings.

Prevailing opinion now held that the HPRS–burn center application would be voted down. The HSA was committed to the policy of Dr. Kevin Cahill, Governor Carey's health adviser: Keep additional hospital beds out of New York City. Support from City Hall had gone sour. Beame was trying to cut back municipal-hospital budgets. How could he add 158 new beds, even if they *were* free?

As the December 9 citywide-subcommittee meeting progressed, it appeared obvious that the HSA was out to kill the HPRS–burn center application. Yet, when the vote was taken, past midnight, the center was approved nine to one.

The next hurdle was the December 21 meeting of the HSA's project-review committee. Guthrie, O'Hagan, and other applicants were not permitted to speak, even though new material critical of the HPRS–burn center proposal was introduced. Councilman Carter Burden issued a letter at the meeting attacking the HPRS–burn center concept (advocating, instead, government financing of burn care). The applicants did not have time to reply. The vote was unexpectedly close, but the application was defeated nine to seven. Two reasons were given for the negative vote: Federal insurance should pay for burn care, and there were too many hospital beds in New York.

Since two HSA committees had voted differently on the project, the application was scheduled for review at the January 5, 1977, meeting of the HSA executive committee. The politicking picked up. Carter Burden told Dr. Guthrie that he was concerned about that 22-story building on York Avenue, and would be happy to support the HPRS–burn center if only the location were moved to Bellevue Hospital. This idea did not go down well at New York Hospital, however. Their 24-bed interim burn unit was now open and functioning. They had Dr. G. Thomas Shires, who had left his federal funding in Seattle. They also had an enormous potential burn-care deficit and an empty lot on York Avenue. Word reached Randolph Guthrie that a New York Hospital administrator had threatened to destroy Guthrie's career if he moved the HPRS–burn center to Bellevue.

"But our bottom line was to build the burn-care center," Guthrie says. "If we had to move to Bellevue, then we were willing to move."

On January 5, 1977, the HSA executive committee met and appointed yet another committee to pass judgment on the conflicting nine-to-nine and nine-to-seven votes of the two previous committees. By now, everyone was scrambling to save his own skin. New York Hospital immediately applied to the state and to Blue Cross for special health-insurance reimbursement rates to help compensate for the $400 a day they were losing on each burn patient. The application for special rates meant they were willing to abandon Guthrie and O'Hagan's HPRS–burn center proposal. This was the chance that the HSA had been waiting for. Now they could snuff the HPRS–burn center proposal and its request for more beds without seeming to oppose adequate burn care, which would be provided by the now "permanent" burn center at New York Hospital. In return, they agreed to push for special reimbursement rates for New York Hospital.

There were several more meetings and discussions among the various parties, but the issue had already been settled. The HPRS–burn center was doomed. At the February 2, 1977, executive-committee meeting of the HSA, O'Hagan and Guthrie requested a 30-day delay so they could prepare plans to move the HPRS–burn center to Bellevue. Carter Burden had said that he favored the move, and there was speculation that he would issue a letter to that effect on February 2, just as he intervened against the HPRS–burn center on December 21. But Burden remained quiet. The 30-day delay was denied, and the application was voted down on the grounds that there are too many hospital beds in New York, and that HSA had doubts about the HPRS financing arrangement.

The HPRS–burn care proposal is not dead, yet, however. The HSA has advisory powers only. The final decision will be made in Albany, where Kevin Cahill waits, hatchet in hand. Cahill had already made his position clear in a letter dated February 2, 1977, the date of the HSA meeting that voted down the HPRS–burn center. Cahill opposes the application.

And that is how matters stand at this writing. In the next few weeks, the Carey administration will kill the HPRS–Burn Center application—unless the public applies enormous pressure. And the press, which has been strangely silent, should ask Governor Carey some sharp questions in the next few weeks, before it's too late. Among them:

☐ Does he *really* consider the 24 interim burn-care beds added at New York Hospital sufficient to solve the city's burn-care crisis? In fact, HSA knows, this interim burn center has only *twelve* beds for acute-burn care. The other twelve beds in the New York Hospital burn unit are for convalescent care and trauma.

☐ How long can New York Hospital absorb the enormous losses those 24 beds will produce? David W. Smith's final report to the HSA executive committee contains data from New York Hospital which appear to show an annual projected loss of $446,500 for the burn unit. A careful reading of those figures, however, shows that the actual annual projected deficit of this burn unit is $2,537,900. The HPRS–burn center would have provided 40 acute-care beds (and 40 rehabilitative), and according to the detailed Coopers & Lybrand report, it would have operated without a loss. What will happen to this burn-care unit if the special reimbursement rates they are seeking are not forthcoming? According to one member of the New York Hospital board of trustees, "We can't go absorbing those burn-care losses for very long."

In the long run, federal health insurance is probably the only answer to the enormous costs of catastrophic accident and illness. But that could be a very long time away, and the way the Health Systems Agency has politicized health-care procedures in New York City does not inspire confidence in the future of government-planned medical services. The HPRS–burn center application, by proposing revenue-producing plastic surgery to fund the tremendous costs of acute-burn care, has showed how New York City can have the best burn-care center in America, without draining public or health-insurance resources. Unless this proposal receives an open and objective hearing, free of political pressure, secret meetings, and the myopic concern with "beds," then the people of New York City will have been burned, and badly, by the very people who are sworn to protect their health.

Paddy Jubilantly Opens The 2nd Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition

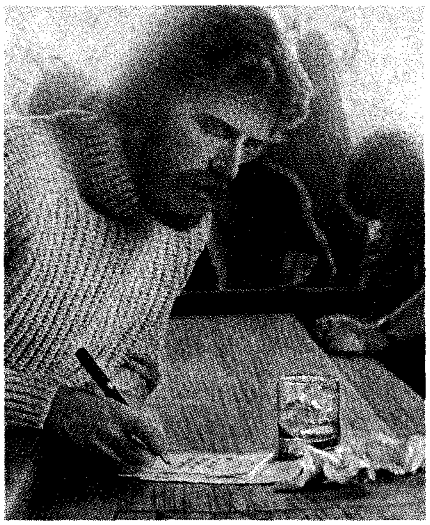
And this year Murphy's demands equal rhyme!

A.D. 1976 was the year of the American Bicentennial, the Viking probe of Mars and the First Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition. Of these three historic successes, only the Competition will be repeated in 1977. And this year the makers of Murphy's Irish Whiskey have asked that their brand of "Gaelic Gold" be eligible for versification, as well as Paddy's. In the spirit of enlarging the scope of poetic inspiration, Paddy welcomes Murphy as a co-sponsor of the 2nd Annual Irish Whiskey Competition.

To enter, simply compose a verse alluding to either Paddy or Murphy's Irish Whiskey. You may use the Official Entry Blank provided or expand your horizons to separate paper. The form of verse may be as light as a limerick or as solemn as a sonnet, depending on your muse.

The Spirit Of The Irish Poet

Paddy and Murphy say this: If there's poetry in your soul, we'll bring it out.


Portrait of an Irish poet: "One man with a dream at pleasure —Shall go forth and conquer a crown." A. O'Shaughnessy

More important than verse form, we suggest, will be the atmosphere you improvise to stoke your creative fires. Imagine you are an Irish poet, living his adventurous life and penning his lusty lines. On the table before you is a glass of liquid glory (Paddy Irish Whiskey) or earthy ambrosia (Murphy's).

As you write, you sip your "Irish," earliest and greatest of all whiskeys dating back to the 6th Century. You pause to ponder the great names that have celebrated this same distilled essence: Sean O'Casey, James Joyce, Brendan Behan…Humbly you compose your own tribute to Paddy or Murphy's.

Fame Rather Than Fortune

For this Second Annual Competition, the makers of Paddy and Murphy's will continue to offer a semblance of notoriety in lieu of crass financial reward. (Poets, after all, have always found fame before fortune.) If you are a finalist, your name and poetry will appear, with your consent, in an advertisement for Paddy or Murphy's.

From among the five finalists, a board of judges will select the 2nd Annual Winner of the Competition. If this be you, prepare for veritable Immortality. Your name will be engraved forever on the Silver Loving Cup commemorating the Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition. And you will appear, proudly holding the cup, in our End-Of-The-Competition ad. Every entrant will receive a certificate designating the bearer as Honorary Irish Poet.

Since you won't be celebrating the Bicentennial this year, nor witnessing a voyage to Mars, we urge you to attack the ramparts of the 2nd Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition. Familiarize yourself with The Official Subject Matter (Paddy and Murphy's), and glorify the space below with your Precious Blarney.

PADDY IRISH WHISKEY **Murphy's** IRISH WHISKEY

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Write entry in the space below, or on separate paper if you prefer. Contest is open to all readers of this magazine except employees or their families of Austin, Nichols & Co., its affiliated companies and their advertising agencies. Five finalists will be chosen at the rate of one per month until closing date of contest: Sept. 30, 1977. Austin, Nichols & Co., will appoint judges. Decision of judges is final. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in home state. Void where prohibited.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________

State________________Zip________

Mail to: Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition, Austin Nichols & Co.,
P.O. Box 5314, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

NY-2

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How Madison Avenue Didn't Put a Ford in Your Future

By Malcolm D. MacDougall

> "...I understood the strategy, and as an advertising guy I was in awe of the marketing genius that had created this Jimmy Carter..."

When I got the phone call, a week before the Republican convention, I knew for certain that Jimmy Carter would be the next president of the United States. I had just been hit four times by what I thought was the slickest political campaign ever engineered.

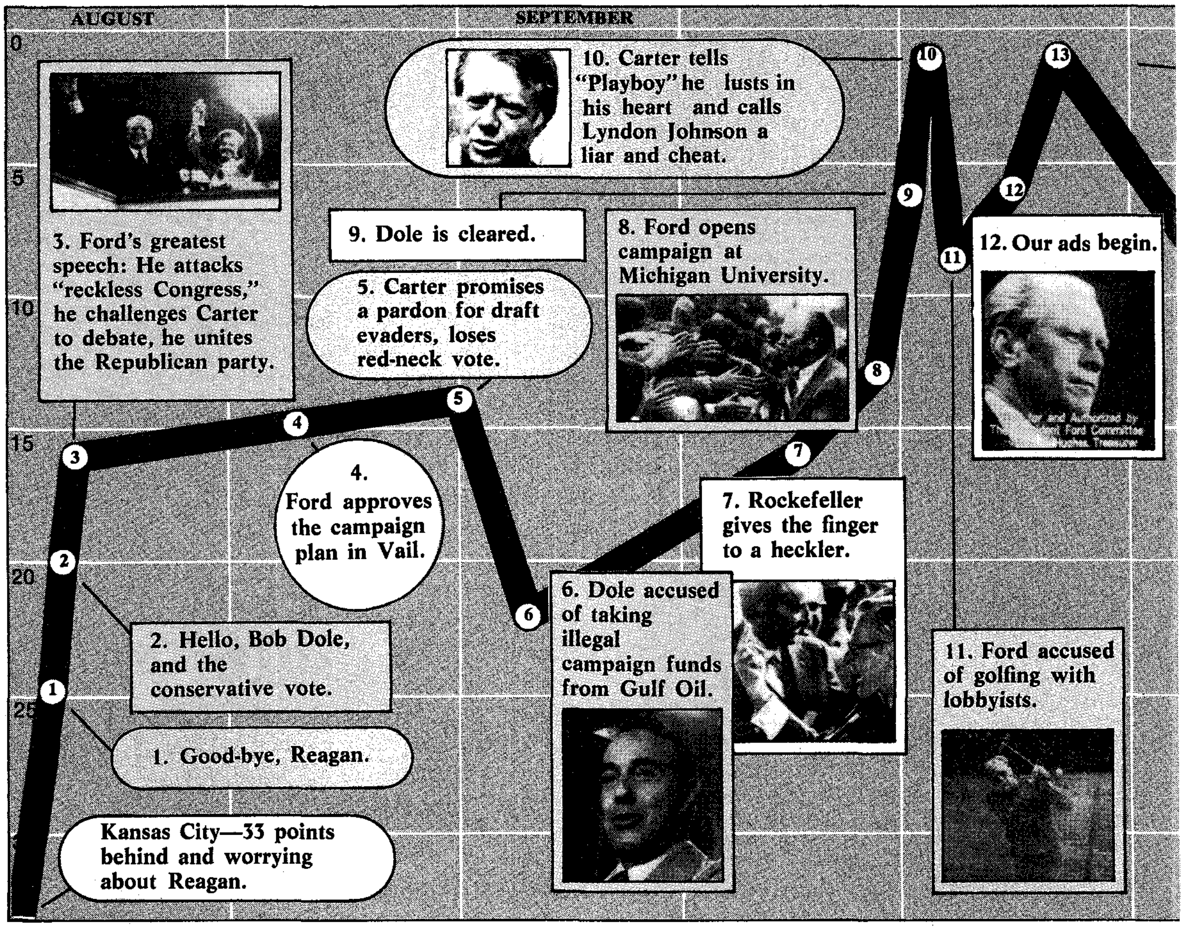
I was listening to *Sports Huddle*, Boston's most popular radio talk show, when Lillian Carter called in from Plains, Georgia. She wanted to talk about wrestling. I was spellbound. So, I was sure, were 100,000 avid Boston sports fans. I pictured her hanging up to dial city after city, talk show after talk show. It was a brilliant ploy.

Later I went out for cigarettes and noticed three different paperback biographies of Jimmy Carter piled right next to the checkout counter. When I got home, I turned on the evening news. Jimmy Carter was playing softball in faded dungarees. He was the pitcher. I switched channels and there he was again, pitching from a slightly

This article is adapted from the book We Almost Made It, *by Malcolm D. MacDougall, to be published by Crown Publishers, Inc., in April.*

The MacDougall Campaign:

Professional pollsters mapped every moment of the campaign, but the instant-ad men kept their own inner charts. Quite often, they followed Gallup, but sometimes behind-the-scenes triumphs and tragedies caused temperature changes that the voters knew about only later—if at all. Here's what MacDougall's chart looked like.



different camera angle. A few days earlier, Barbara Howar had appeared as a guest on *The Tonight Show*. She didn't want to talk about her new book. She wanted to talk about her chat with Jimmy Carter, on his back porch in Plains, Georgia. Jimmy Carter was going to save our country, she said. And then she reminded us that President Ford eats tamales with the wrappers on.

As I headed for bed, I was in awe of the marketing genius that had created this Jimmy Carter. I understood the strategy, and as an advertising guy I couldn't help but be deeply impressed. Before the networks and the talk shows and the paper stores woke up, the Carter family would be better known and better loved than the Waltons.

I got the phone call the next morning.

"How would you like to do a presidential campaign?"

He didn't even say "hello." It was John Deardourff calling from Washington. I hadn't heard from him in six years. I knew that he and his best friend, Doug Bailey, ran a successful political consulting firm. I didn't have to ask which presidential campaign he had in mind. He handled only Republicans.

I told him that I was grateful that he'd thought of me but that it was absolutely impossible for me to get involved in Ford's campaign. Besides, the time for creative work on the Ford campaign was over. The advertising would have to start running in a few more weeks. It wouldn't be right to bring in a new creative director at this late date.

"They have no advertising plans at all," John said. "They just called Doug and me this week."

"They have nothing?" I asked.

"Nothing," John said.

"Then I have another reason why I can't do it," I said. "It can't be done."

"That's what makes it so interesting," John said.

Two days later I found myself having lunch with John and Doug at the Federal City Club in Washington. I learned that not a single thought had been applied as yet to the Ford advertising campaign. I learned that we would have over $10 million to spend in advertising—and we would have direct access to the president. I also learned that John and Doug had contracted to do eight other major election campaigns. They were having a busy season too.

That afternoon I went to the White House to meet Dick Cheney, the president's chief of staff.

Indeed, there was no advertising plan. They were dead broke, and there would be no more money until after the convention.

"I'll tell you how bad it is," Cheney said. "I'm going to have to pay my own way to Kansas City. *That* bad!" Then he ticked off what he called the "real" problems.

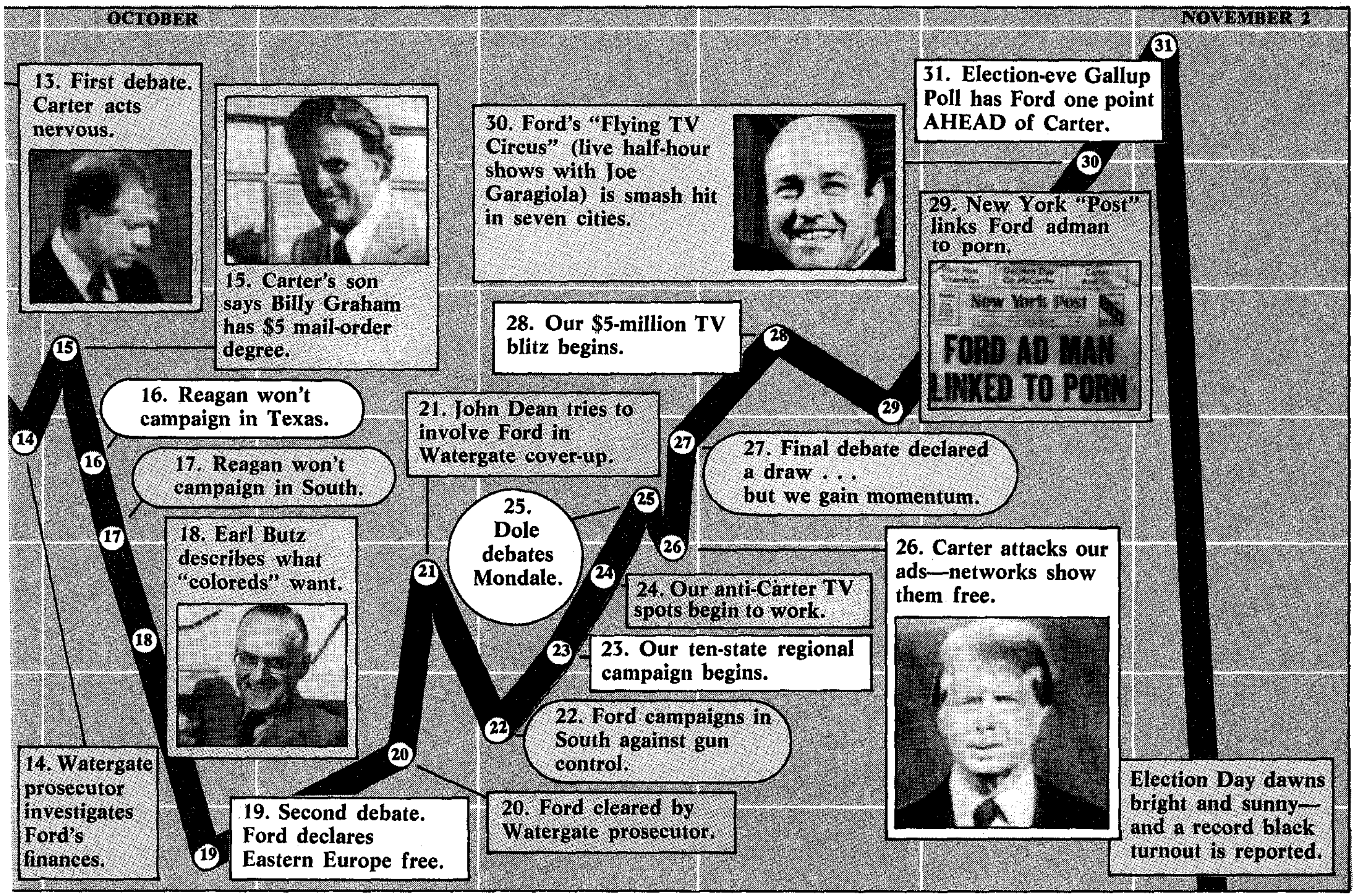
The Democrats had twice as many voters to begin with . . . they had a six-month head start . . . they were ahead by 33 points in the polls . . . they had a united party . . . the unions were pouring in the money and the energy . . . for the first time in history the Republicans didn't have a financial advantage . . . the convention was so late there hadn't been time to gear up for the real campaign . . . we had Watergate around our neck . . . and their candidate was better known.

"But our candidate is the president!" I pointed out, startled.

"People know Ford's the president—the *appointed* president—but they don't know Ford the *man*," Cheney said. "They know that Jimmy Carter is a peanut farmer—which, by the way, he isn't. They know all about Plains, Georgia. And Miss Lillian. But nobody knows Jerry Ford. *That's* the job you've got to do."

"The right advertising can do that," John said confidently.

"You have one problem, though," Cheney said. *(Continued on page 50)*



13. First debate. Carter acts nervous.

14. Watergate prosecutor investigates Ford's finances.

15. Carter's son says Billy Graham has $5 mail-order degree.

16. Reagan won't campaign in Texas.

17. Reagan won't campaign in South.

18. Earl Butz describes what "coloreds" want.

19. Second debate. Ford declares Eastern Europe free.

20. Ford cleared by Watergate prosecutor.

21. John Dean tries to involve Ford in Watergate cover-up.

22. Ford campaigns in South against gun control.

23. Our ten-state regional campaign begins.

24. Our anti-Carter TV spots begin to work.

25. Dole debates Mondale.

26. Carter attacks our ads—networks show them free.

27. Final debate declared a draw . . . but we gain momentum.

28. Our $5-million TV blitz begins.

29. New York "Post" links Ford adman to porn.

30. Ford's "Flying TV Circus" (live half-hour shows with Joe Garagiola) is smash hit in seven cities.

31. Election-eve Gallup Poll has Ford one point AHEAD of Carter.

Election Day dawns bright and sunny—and a record black turnout is reported.

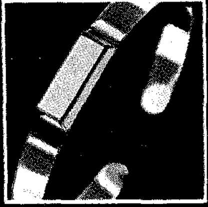
Illustrated by Robert Conrad

WIN 69 OUNCES OF SOLID GOLD
WORTH MORE THAN $10,000*

9999
FINE GOLD
1.000 OUNCES

***GRAND PRIZE:**
69 1-oz. gold ingots, purchased for $10,515.95 from Rodman & Yauss of New York on November 18, 1976.

69 SECOND PRIZES:
14-kt. gold pendant with 1/4-oz. gold ingot on 18-inch, 14-kt. yellow gold chain.



69 THIRD PRIZES:
14-kt. gold bracelet with 1/10-oz. gold ingot. Suitable for men or women.

CONTEST RULES

1. On an official entry blank or plain piece of paper, complete this headline in your own words: "Before I found Vat 69 Gold, my investments in Scotch were not that bold. Now. . . . ." Mail your completed headline, along with your name and address, to: Vat 69 Solid Gold Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 69, New York, N.Y. 10046.
2. You may enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately. All entries must be received by May 31, 1977.
3. Winners will be selected in random drawings under the supervision of Marden-Kane, Inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. All prizes will be awarded and winners will be notified by mail. Only one prize per family. All applicable taxes are the sole responsibility of the prize winners. The odds of winning are dependent upon the number of entries received.
4. Sweepstakes open to residents of the United States, 21 years of age or over, except employees and the families of National Distillers and Chemical Corporation, its advertising agencies and Marden-Kane, Inc. Offer void wherever prohibited or restricted by law. All Federal, state and local regulations apply.

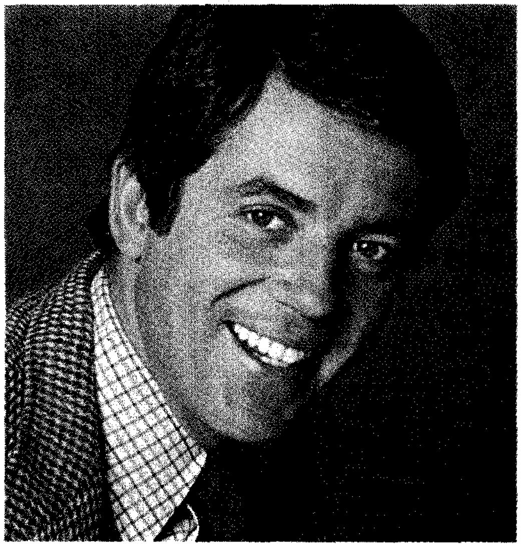
NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

COMPLETE THIS HEADLINE

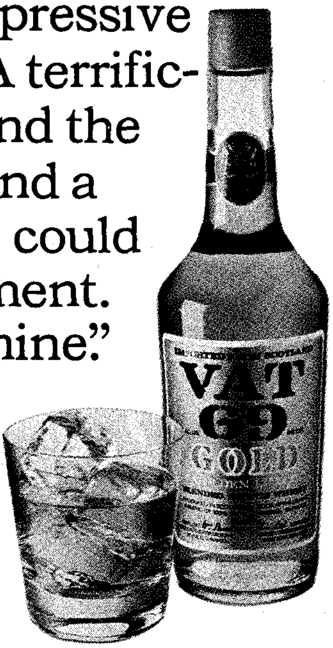
(IN YOUR OWN WORDS)

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

"Before I found Vat 69 Gold, my investments in Scotch were not that bold. Now______________________________."



"Maybe it was just my own golden dream to think I could find a premium Scotch for my money. I tried bargains. But nobody wanted them. Not even me. Then I found Vat 69 Gold. That impressive Vat Gold label on the outside. A terrific-tasting Scotch on the inside. And the price tag! Eureka! At last I found a premium Scotch whisky that I could afford. It's been a smart investment. My friends say I've hit a gold mine."



Vat 69 Gold. The upwardly mobile Scotch.

Blended Scotch Whisky. 86 Proof. Sole U.S. Importer: National Distillers Products Co., New York

Vat 69 Solid Gold Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 69
New York, New York 10046

NAME______________________________

ADDRESS______________________________

CITY____________ STATE____________ ZIP____________

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"...Unfortunately, President Ford was not another Frank Perdue —a good client who also happens to be a good actor..."

(Continued from page 47) "President Ford freezes on camera."

The Planet Ford

Bob Teeter, a cheerful guy in his early thirties, was the first research expert I'd ever met who made me feel comfortable.

Teeter's men had been polling the voters for months and there didn't seem to be a single blip in the voters' psyches that they hadn't measured. And I would have guessed most of their findings dead wrong.

People were antibusing, antiabortion, antipornography, antimarijuana, anti-gun control, anti-big government. Although they were more or less in favor of national health insurance, most people thought poverty was simply the result of laziness. By far their biggest concern was the issue of honesty in government. It was twice as important as unemployment, five times as important as education, and ten times as important as protecting the environment. Over 74 percent of the people seemed convinced that the government was run by a few special interests, was wasting their money, and that people in high places were basically immoral. I was beginning to wish that Jerry Ford was just a little ol' peanut farmer from Plains, Georgia. Someone who could appear to be as antigovernment as the voters themselves were.

Teeter then took us through the numbers on an issue I had thought might hurt Carter—religion. Most of the people I knew thought Carter was something of a freak on religion. I quickly learned *we* were the freaks.

"Here are the facts," Teeter said, flipping to a well-worn section in one of the books of statistics.

Thirty-nine percent of the people had had an actual experience with Jesus Christ that they could identify—time and place. Fourteen percent had actually seen or touched Jesus Christ. Seventy-two percent read the Bible regularly and said it was the main source of comfort in their lives.

"Billy Graham," Doug muttered, as Bob reeled off statistics about people in prayer groups. "We've got to have Billy Graham on the ticket."

"Or Oral Roberts," John suggested.

Teeter went to the back of the room and picked up what I had thought was a large cardboard chart. He turned it around and placed it on the table. It wasn't a chart at all. It looked to me like a precisely drawn map of the solar system. There were neat circles that resembled planets in a sky that had been divided by a grid.

WIDE WORLD

Dick Cheney: *President Ford's chief of staff.*

"This is something that's never been done before," Bob said. "I call it a perceptual map."

A computer, with Teeter at the controls, had projected the candidates into two-dimensional space. Hence the planets in the sky. It had then placed the voters' perceptions of the candidates in space. These voter perceptions were represented by little dots drawn on acetate sheets. There were about fifteen acetate sheets representing key issues and important feelings that people had toward the various candidates.

Teeter laid the acetate sheets against the solar candidate map one by one. A pattern quickly began to emerge.

The planet just above and to the left of the center of the map represented Jimmy Carter. As the voters' perceptions were laid on top of the map, thousands of little dots began to cluster around Jimmy Carter. Blue-collar workers started clinging to the Carter circle. Intellectuals gathered around him. Catholics and Jews, a little more hesitantly, circled in orbit around him. Blacks and Chicanos smothered him with their dots. People who cared about busing dropped at his feet. People who were for gun control hung around him. People who were against gun control sided with him as well. Conservative women kissed his feet. Liberal women hugged his head. Environmentalists swarmed around him. The rich people touched him. The poor people clung to him.

About four squares below him and six squares to the right of him another pattern was emerging. This was the planet Ford. As the acetate sheets were laid on the grid we saw a small cluster of Republicans falling on Ford . . . a few farmers hanging around . . . some suburban third-generation Catholics looking in . . . and a nice bevy of women 18 to 34 standing discreetly at his side. The Ford planet looked lonely.

Directly above Ford, about eight squares away, a bigger and louder group circled the planet Reagan—the "anti" satellites: anti-gun control, anti-abortion, anti-poor people, anti-black people. There were a lot of them. Over half of that group stuck right by Reagan. The rest of them landed on a planet many squares above him. It was the planet Wallace.

"What a team that would have been," Teeter said, pointing to the Reagan and Wallace clusters. "A Reagan-Wallace ticket would have siphoned off a ton of voters from here"—he swept his hand from the Carter planet to a space between Reagan and Wallace—"and put them here."

"They wouldn't win," said Doug, "but they sure would scare the hell out of a lot of people."

When all the acetate sheets had been placed over the sky of candidates, one thing was very apparent: Carter was the king of the perceptual map.

The Kansas City Plan

I spent the Republican convention in Kansas City cooped up in Ford headquarters, writing the advertising plan with John and Doug.

I tried to approach the plan the way I'd approach any marketing problem. We had to increase our market share by 33 points and we had to do it in a little more than two months. We had to get those points from undecided voters and from weak supporters of Jimmy Carter. There were plenty of both, and we had good information about those voters to work with. We wrote a 40-page plan, based on four major objectives:

1. Strengthen Ford's human dimension.

2. Strengthen Ford's leadership dimension.

3. Portray his accomplishments in office in a believable way.

4. Cut Jimmy Carter down to size.

We outlined a series of five-minute, 60-second, and 30-second commercials aimed at accomplishing those objec-

Finally, Vantage Longs.

VANTAGE
LONGS
20 FILTER CIGARETTES

The first long cigarette to bring good taste to low-tar smoking.

Like a lot of smokers you may like the idea of a longer cigarette. You may also want low tar.

But longer cigarettes usually have more tar.

Well, Vantage just wouldn't go along with that.

So we worked. Until we could perfect a longer cigarette with the famous Vantage combination of full flavor and low tar.

Not the lowest long cigarette you can find. But very possibly the lowest that you will enjoy.

New Vantage Longs. A blend of flavor-rich tobaccos with tar levels held down to the point where good taste still comes through.

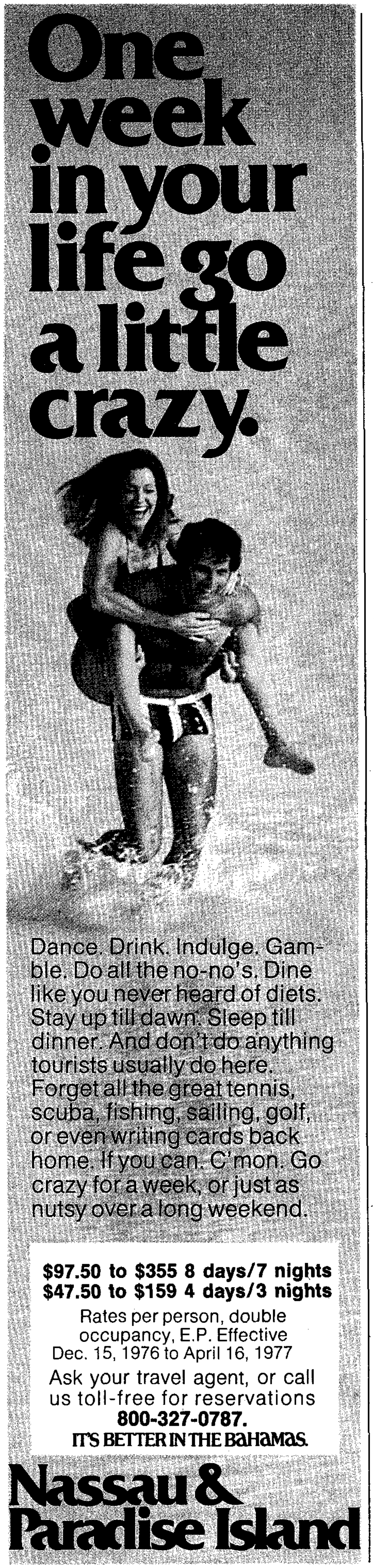
That's the Vantage point. And that's the point of Vantage Longs. Never before has there been a long cigarette quite like it.

Try a pack today and see if you go along with us.

© 1977—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.



One week in your life go a little crazy.

Dance. Drink. Indulge. Gamble. Do all the no-no's. Dine like you never heard of diets. Stay up till dawn. Sleep till dinner. And don't do anything tourists usually do here. Forget all the great tennis, scuba, fishing, sailing, golf, or even writing cards back home. If you can. C'mon. Go crazy for a week, or just as nutsy over a long weekend.

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Nassau & Paradise Island

tives. Our five-minute commercials were to be documentary films on the president's life, on his leadership qualities, on his family, and on his accomplishments during the two and a half years that he'd been president. Our one-minute commercials were designed to dramatize Ford's accomplishments. Our 30-second commercials were to be anti-Carter spots, regional spots, and issue spots. We wound up with over 50 spots.

I had written a line on the plane to Kansas City. It was corny, and I hesitated to show it to John and Doug. But I found that Doug had included something close to the same line in a speech he had just written: "President Ford is helping to make us proud again." I had written: "President Ford —the man who made us proud again."

We had our theme: "He's making us proud again."

Our plan was a good one—I was certain of that. Jimmy Carter's apparent lead in the polls seemed nonsense. What's more, our campaign hadn't even begun. When President Ford made his acceptance speech in Kansas City—by far the greatest speech of his life—I started thinking about my wardrobe for the inaugural ball.

Just a few hours later I reconsidered briefly. Bob Dole had been picked over Bill Ruckelshaus for vice-president.

Instant Madison Avenue

We had just three weeks from the time the president approved the plan we had drawn up in Kansas City to the night the first commercial was scheduled. We eliminated all the normal pre-campaign steps. We had no meetings, no storyboards, no preproduction sessions, no production bids, no creative reviews. We hired a minimum of creative people. Three writers, one art director, and three television producers turned out the entire Ford campaign—which during its course came to over 300 separate print and TV assignments.

To save money and time, we set up our own TV production facilities. We hired our own cameramen, sound men, and film editors. As soon as a film had been shot, it would be rushed to New York and we would start editing it immediately. Scripts were written after the films had been edited. To eliminate film-laboratory delays, all the commercials were finished on tape. Winkler Video handled the incredible postproduction logistics problems—getting the right spot to the right TV station at the right time.

Somehow our jerry-built advertising agency worked. We never missed a deadline. No one lost his temper.

The chief reason for the smoothness was probably that we had just one client. Things are much easier when you deal directly with the top.

Unfortunately, President Ford was not another Frank Perdue—a good client who is also a good actor.

I spent nine and ten hours a day, for days on end, in a tiny room with Jerry Ford. I watched and listened and replayed the film over and over again as he talked about his childhood, about his family, about his years in Congress, about the kind of president he thought he was, about the kind of leadership he could give America, about the concerns he had for the future, about his accomplishments as president. I was absolutely convinced of his sincerity. He was so uncertain, so awkward. I began to wish that there were some way that we could put him on television just as he was, with all the "umms" and the "errs." I wished that I could show him dropping his pipe in mid-sentence. I wished that I could show him fumbling for words, and fumbling for matches. It was so damn real. There was not a trace of glibness, not a possibility of deception.

But I knew that it was impossible to run an unedited Ford commercial. Americans want their presidents to be terrific actors.

Missing the Targets

By far the biggest chunk of our advertising budget, over $5 million, went into spot TV. We wanted to concentrate our dollars in the states where we had the best chance of collaring the electoral votes. "Priority one" states were California (45 electoral votes), Illinois (26), Michigan (21), New Jersey (17), Ohio (25), Pennsylvania (27), and New York (41). "Priority two" states were Texas (26), Missouri (12), Maryland (10), Washington (9), Wisconsin (11), Connecticut (8), Virginia (12), Iowa (8), Florida (17), Kentucky (9), and Tennessee (10).

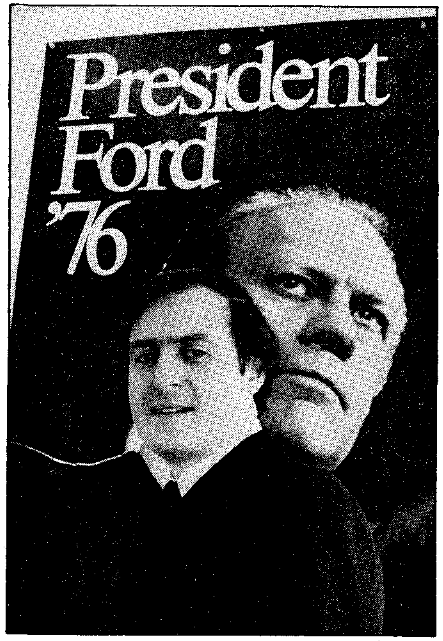
Those eighteen states represented 334 electoral votes. We needed 270 to win.

It's easy to point out that we lost half of those priority states. But the fact remains, the election was closest in the states where we concentrated the dollars. Those were the key states, all right. We just didn't find the right key. Texas and New York are two excellent examples. We had good issues in Texas, and we didn't use them properly. We had serious problems in New York, and we didn't address them.

In Texas, Carter had made some serious mistakes. In his *Playboy* interview, he had spoken of Lyndon Johnson as "cheating," and his strange religious remarks had infuriated a lot of Texas Baptists. His vague position on the energy issue had Texans scared. His statements on registering handguns had

"...The only effective campaign work done by Reagan was for Carter, whose ads featured Reagan's primary attacks on Ford..."

TONY ROLLO/NEWSWEEK



Bob Teeter: *Genius of the perceptual map.*

Texas cowboys up in arms. His willingness to sign a bill doing away with state right-to-work laws could have hurt Texas working people. He was vulnerable as hell.

We felt that the ideal person to attack Carter on those specific issues was Ronald Reagan, who had a tremendous approval rating in Texas. Unfortunately, Reagan was willing only to do a vague and general commercial, prepared by his own scriptwriters, about the Republican platform. In desperation, I flew down to Texas and filmed John Connally. He was terrific. Fire glinted in his eyes when he laid into Carter for "betraying the workers of Texas," for trying to take guns away "from our ranchers," for his "dangerous waffling" on the energy issue. He put on a great show—but he just wasn't the man for Texas voters.

I was bitterly amused recently to see Ronald Reagan on *60 Minutes* bragging about carrying California for Ford and pointing out that Connally failed to carry Texas. The fact is, Ford carried California by himself. Reagan wouldn't even appear on the crucial half-hour television show just before the election. And it is my strong opinion that if he had really worked for Ford in Texas and Mississippi we could have won those states.

It seems to me, in fact, that the only effective campaign work done by Ronald Reagan was for Jimmy Carter. Reagan's attacks on Ford during the primary were heavily featured in a series of spots that Jimmy Carter ran throughout the South in the closing weeks of the campaign.

Our biggest problem in New York was that famous headline in the *Daily News:* FORD TO CITY: DROP DEAD. Ford, of course, had never told New York to drop dead. He had forced the city to clean up its act before he approved a $2.3-billion loan that saved the city from bankruptcy. But that didn't stop Jimmy Carter from plastering the subways with large posters saying, "I guarantee I will never tell the greatest city on Earth to drop dead." The issue could have been defused. At first we wanted Nelson Rockefeller to do it, but after he appeared on the front page of the New York *Post,* giving the finger to a heckler, he might just as well have been giving the finger to us. Then Telly Savalas agreed to do the commercial for us. He would have been perfect, but just as we were ready to film him, he disappeared. The word we got was that a Greek organization had persuaded him not to do anything for Ford. Finally, on the next to the last night of the campaign, Senator Jacob Javits, on a live half-hour show, gave a brilliant explanation of the "drop dead" affair, giving one of the strongest statements on Ford's behalf that I heard during the whole campaign. It was too late.

When some of the southern states began to show promise, I again wanted to use Ronald Reagan talking about specific issues. I had to settle for Strom Thurmond. If Joe DiMaggio had batted for Joe Morgan in the last World Series, I doubt that Cincinnati would have won.

And that brings me to what I think was the biggest single mistake of our Ford campaign: We utterly failed to communicate with the black voters of America. Blacks voted ten to one for Jimmy Carter. The black vote elected Jimmy Carter.

Republican presidential candidates normally expect about 30 percent of the black vote. Based on polling data and on the constant talk about voter apathy in the press, it seemed safe to assume that the black turnout would be relatively low. Ford had a good civil-rights record, he had put a black in his Cabinet, and, hell, Carter was a Southerner. We put Lionel Hampton's song "Call Ford Mr. Sunshine" on black radio. The listeners, apparently, did not sing along.

I sometimes think that Jimmy Carter won the election the day he walked into Harlem. With cameras.

Cutting Carter Down to Size

I think that the advertising battle might have been a lot rougher if both sides hadn't been so afraid of being accused of Nixonian "dirty tricks."

We knew that Carter had prepared a brutal spot on Ford's pardon of Nixon. As described to us, the commercial opened on a shot of Nixon saying he was not a crook. Cut to Ford saying that Nixon was not a crook. Cut to Nixon leaving the White House in disgrace. Cut to Ford announcing his pardon of Nixon. I'm sure they tested the spot and concluded that it could hurt them more than us.

Late in the campaign, the Carter people brought in Tony Schwartz—the "hit man" who had created the most controversial television ad in political history, the "daisy girl" spot that was used, very briefly, against Barry Goldwater in 1964. The commercial opened with a pretty little girl picking petals off a daisy, and the scene suddenly burst into an atomic mushroom cloud.

I hoped he'd try something like that again, but no such luck. The Schwartz commercials had Carter reeling off a laundry list of things that the Nixon-Ford administration had done wrong. The mind boggles at all that malfeasance in 30 seconds.

We checked all of Carter's commercials, of course, and the closing of one of his spots gave us a great opening for one of ours. His ad ended with a picture of Carter, and an announcer dramatically stating that "what he did as governor of Georgia he will do as president."

Our spot opened with that tag. Then we cut to a map of Georgia and graphically showed that Carter had increased government spending by 57 percent, government employees by 27 percent, and bonded indebtedness by 20 percent. Our announcer—equally dramatic—said, "Don't let him do as president what he did as governor of Georgia."

I think that the most effective advertising that we did were the man-in-the-street commercials. We weren't just trying to find people who would say nasty things about Carter. We wanted to reflect an existing national attitude. My favorite, and the most famous, was the one made up entirely of Georgians. Six different people allowed as how Jimmy Carter hadn't been much of a governor. Then an attractive woman said, "I'd like to have someone from Georgia become president—but not Carter."

And then there was the "wishy-

The spirit of the British Empire.

Bombay Gin, imported from England. Superbly dry and gentle. One taste and you'll be one of its loyal followers.

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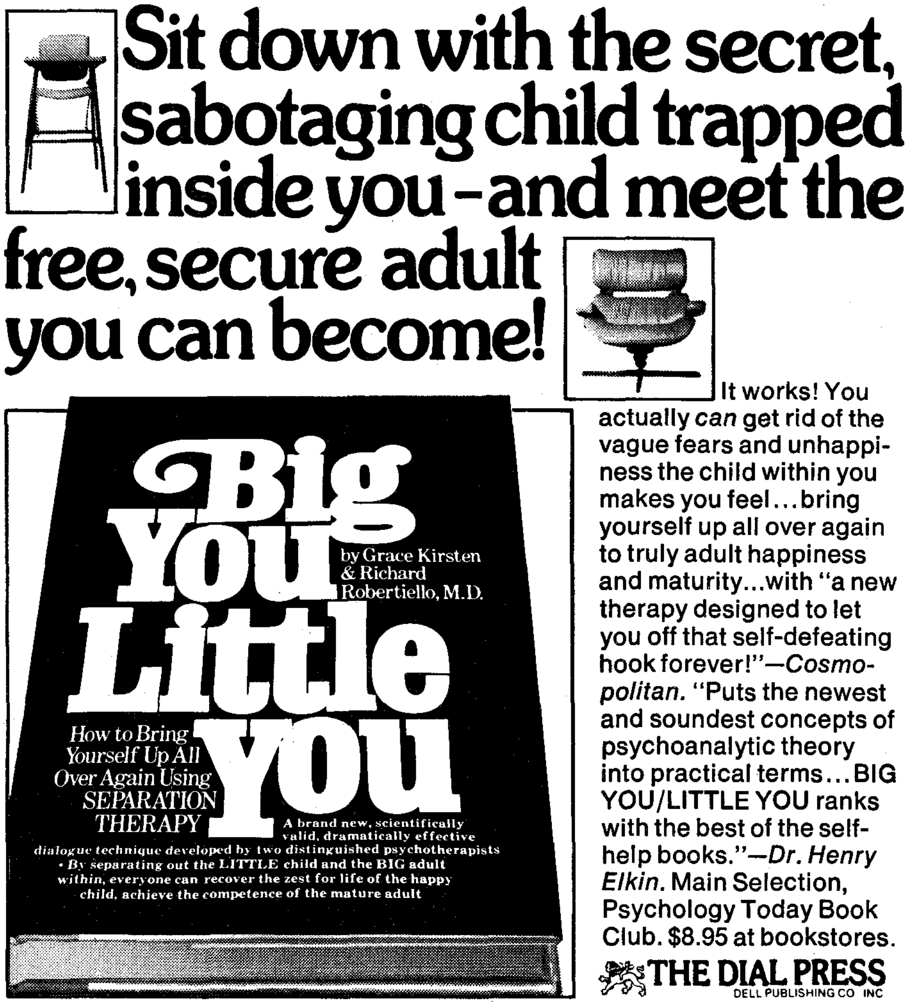


Sit down with the secret, sabotaging child trapped inside you—and meet the free, secure adult you can become!

Big You Little You

by Grace Kirsten & Richard Robertiello, M.D.

How to Bring Yourself Up All Over Again Using SEPARATION THERAPY

A brand new, scientifically valid, dramatically effective dialogue technique developed by two distinguished psychotherapists • By separating out the LITTLE child and the BIG adult within, everyone can recover the zest for life of the happy child, achieve the competence of the mature adult

It works! You actually *can* get rid of the vague fears and unhappiness the child within you makes you feel...bring yourself up all over again to truly adult happiness and maturity...with "a new therapy designed to let you off that self-defeating hook forever!"—*Cosmopolitan.* "Puts the newest and soundest concepts of psychoanalytic theory into practical terms...BIG YOU/LITTLE YOU ranks with the best of the self-help books."—*Dr. Henry Elkin.* Main Selection, Psychology Today Book Club. $8.95 at bookstores.

THE DIAL PRESS
DELL PUBLISHING CO INC

washy" commercial. During interviews in five cities, the same phrase kept coming up. Doug strung them all together: "He seems a little wishy-washy to me" . . . "I guess I'd describe him as wishy-washy" . . . "It seems that he's, well, I'd say he was wishy-washy."

Those commercials worked. They worked because they reflected the existing feelings of many people. Other interviews had much nastier things to say, but we didn't use them because they wouldn't have worked.

If Only...

What's the difference between selling a president and selling soap? Frankly, the disciplines are basically the same. But you don't get quite so emotionally involved with a box of soap. When I first started working on the campaign, I thought I'd stick to my part of the show. I soon learned, however, that we were all on that damned roller coaster together.

The night Bob Dole was falsely accused of taking illegal campaign contributions from Gulf Oil, I threw my shoe at the evening news.

When Carter's *Playboy* interview broke, I bet $200 on Ford.

When I heard about the infamous Earl Butz remark, before it became public, I lost three nights' sleep.

When I watched the second debate, I ate half a box of Gelusil.

The night it was announced that the Watergate prosecutor was investigating Ford's personal finances, I kicked a chair so hard that I limped for days.

The day the Watergate prosecutor cleared Ford, I took six people to dinner at the Palm.

When John Dean went on *Today* to hype his book by falsely accusing Ford of trying to stop the Watergate investigation, I felt murder in my heart.

When, in spite of everything, our final ten-day blitz began to take hold, when we started to move up in the polls, day after day, I was in euphoria.

When CBS gave Texas to Carter, I had to leave our "victory party."

All in all, it was quite an emotional experience—especially for a guy who just two months earlier wasn't even sure whom he'd be voting for.

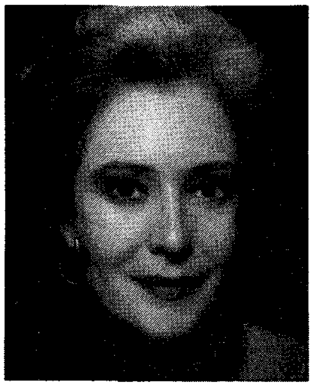
And now that it's over and I know that a swing of a few votes here or there would have changed the outcome, I have to live with the *if only*'s . . . :

If only we'd started sooner . . .
If only the economy hadn't soured . . .
If only Butz . . .
If only Reagan . . .
If only the blacks . . .
If only John Dean . . .

If only we had something more satisfying to look back on than a long list of *if only*'s. . . .

NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

First Book Deal For Screenwriter



Perry: Turning to novels.

Screenwriter Eleanor Perry has just sold her first novel—sight unseen—to Lippincott, and agent "Swifty" Lazar closed the deal with editor Gene Young for considerably "more than $100,000." The book will be a love story about a woman screenwriter and her adventures—from California to Cannes. In the book, by the way, the woman is married to a film director who, according to the screenwriter, is fat and red-headed. Eleanor, by the way, was once married to film director Frank Perry (they collaborated on such films as *David and Lisa* and *The Swimmer*). She says the fictional film director isn't her ex. "After all, Frank is dark and thin."

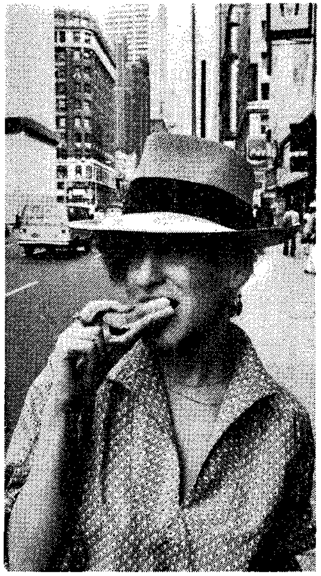
'Miss M' Gets Divine Contract

Bette Midler has sewn up a startling three-movie deal with Columbia Pictures even before appearing in a single film. Her first project is slated to be *The Tour,* described as all about a rock superstar who is decidedly not Mary Poppins.

The Tour was written by George Furth, who wrote *Company,* and comedienne Joan Rivers.

Bette has set up her own company, Divine Films (as in "the Divine Miss M").

HARRY BENSON

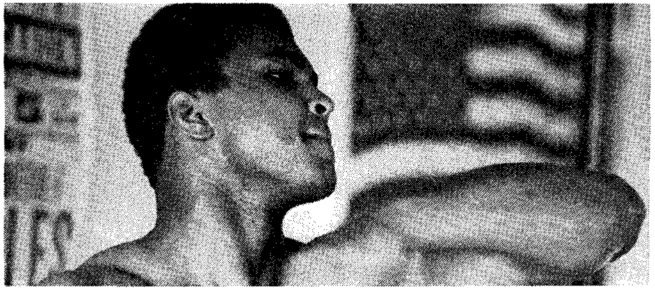


Midler: She's in the movies.

'The Greatest' Product Salesman?

Muhammad Ali is moving from the boxing arena to the business world—specifically, the world of product endorsements. He's up for grabs, we hear, to the highest bidder, and his New York representative, Adrian Butash, is looking for those high-paying corporate clients. It's all a little vague, but Butash says Ali is perfect for any product with "style, strength, and beauty." Is there anything Ali won't endorse for the right price? Yes: any liquor or smoking product.

CAMERA 5



Ali: Commercially oriented.

Long Road to Publishing Success

ALEX GOTFRYD

Safire: Gets the last laugh.

When Doubleday & Company recently sold reprint rights for New York *Times* columnist William Safire's novel, *Full Disclosure* (a love tale, due out in May, about a young president who is blinded and fights to keep his job), to Ballantine Books for $1.375 million—reportedly a first-novel record—the *Times* duly recorded the sale. But Safire's fascinating publishing history was not mentioned in the story.

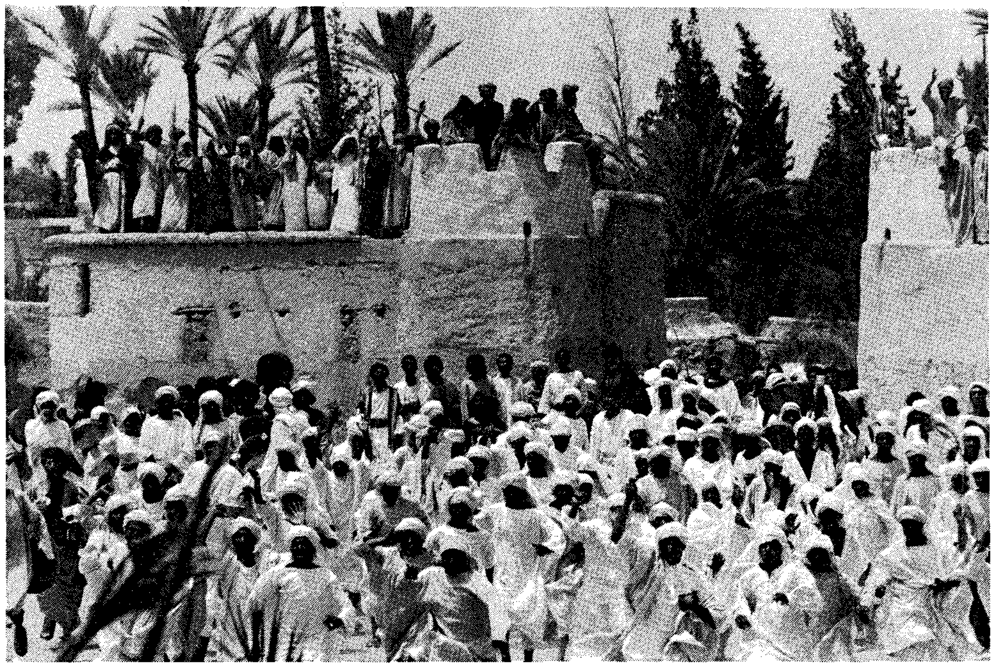
Back in 1972, just after Richard Nixon's landslide victory, Safire, then a special assistant to the president, negotiated to write a nonfiction look at his boss for William Morrow & Company. The advance was to be a generous $250,000, and Safire received about $85,000 upon signing the agreement.

Then came Watergate, and suddenly Morrow wanted out. When Safire's manuscript was turned in, Morrow rejected it, saying it was unacceptable. This touched off an important debate in the publishing business over just what is an acceptable manuscript. Safire's lawyer-agent, Morton Janklow, took Morrow to arbitration, arguing, of course, that the manuscript was fine and suggesting that Morrow really rejected it because of Watergate.

In the settlement, Morrow was allowed to reject the manuscript and not pay Safire the rest of the advance. Safire was allowed to keep the $85,000 and the manuscript. In the meantime, he had sold it for a minuscule $10,000 to Doubleday, which published it as *Before the Fall: An Inside View of the Pre-Watergate White House.* It did okay and even made a paperback sale to Belmont/Tower Books for an even tinier $5,000.

So Doubleday had the first rights of negotiation on Safire's next book, which turned out to be this biggie. Even movie moguls are said to be interested. Tough luck, Morrow.

Mideast Oil Money Oozing Into U.S. Movies



Mohammad, Messenger of God: *It's a movie with a cast of thousands made at a cost of millions.*

Yes, the cast-of-thousands religious epic is back, but there's no Charlton Heston leading the masses. In early March a lavish $17-million film, *Mohammad, Messenger of God*, will open in the United States. This story of Muhammad, the leader of the 700 million Moslems, was financed by Arab International Productions, comprised of groups from Libya, Morocco, and Kuwait. No one seems to know exactly who or what this organization is. But speculation is that this may be the first major international film to be financed in large part by petrodollars. Of course, there is other money in the Mideast, but . . .

However, a source in the movie industry suggests that we are going to see more Arab money in the U.S. film business. "With film costs escalating, where else are you going to find that venture capital? The motion-picture business will turn to Arab countries for financing." In fact, already many backers of films are multinational groups, he notes. "Money comes from all kinds of sources." Actually, we're told, a check of some of the groups backing many major-company productions would reveal surprising ultimate sources for financing.

'Kong': A Hit Or a Bust?

If you think Jessica Lange was confused all that time she was clutched in King Kong's fist, consider the current issue (February 9) of *Variety* and try to figure out if the movie itself is a bomb or another *Jaws.*

On page three, the chairman of the board of Gulf & Western (Paramount's parent company) is quoted as having told Dow Jones that G&W was "very disappointed" in *Kong*'s box-office figures.

But on page seventeen Paramount is running a full-page advertisement declaring that *Kong* had grossed over $80-million worldwide as of February 1.

On page thirteen, however, in its own compilation of movie business, *Variety* reports total *Kong* business as $13 million for the movie's first seven weeks. Maybe everyone's gone ape.

Kong: *Confusing situation.*

Rolling Stones Changing Labels

FRED W. MC DARRAH

Jagger: Moving on.

Hottest rumor in the record business: Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones are changing record companies. The likely winner: Robert Stigwood Organization, the label of the Bee Gees and Eric Clapton. The loser: Atlantic. Both companies say "no comment."

At ITT: A Chile Adios to Geneen?

N.Y. TIMES

Geneen: Exiting due to probes?

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation—the $12-billion company that controls Sheraton hotels, Avis Rent A Car, and more—has just calmly announced that board chairman Harold Geneen has finally picked an heir apparent and will step aside as chief executive officer at the end of the year. But there may be more to it than that—potentially tough regulatory problems. Well-placed Washington sources say that Geneen may be reacting to reports that the Justice Department may take action against him as a result of its investigation into whether ITT and the Central Intelligence Agency conspired to overthrow the Allende regime in Chile. A federal grand jury is considering whether Geneen gave false testimony to a Senate hearing. The sources say the Securities and Exchange Commission also may take action against Geneen in connection with its probe of the controversial 1970 ITT purchase of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company.

Medical Thriller Bound for Screen

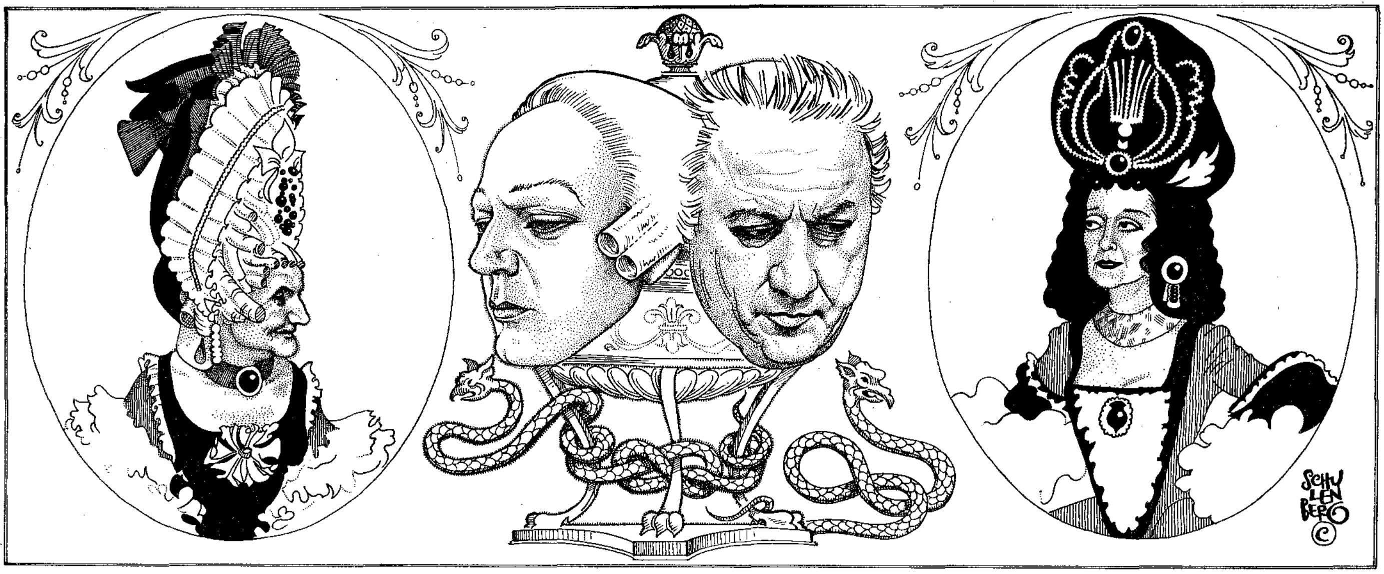
A new medical gothic due out in March from Little, Brown and Company sounds intriguing. Written by Robin Cook, *Coma* is all about a sinister plot to steal people's organs for a flourishing black market in the transplant trade. New American Library has bought the paperback rights for over half a million dollars. And a movie scripted by Michael Crichton (who else?) of *Andromeda Strain* fame is already in the works.

Our sources, who've read the book, call it an incredible thriller, maybe even the gruesome literary turnoff of the year. And, we might add, it is supposedly based on what's happening in the medical profession right now. Predictions are it'll sell like . . . well, black-market organs.

Movies / John Simon

'CASANOVA': DEAD FILM IN A DEAD LANGUAGE

"... The film lasts two and a half hours and may be the most ponderous specimen of imaginative vacuity ever devised..."



Time and again I have written that after *8½*, a deeply flawed but suggestive and, in a scene or two, even affecting film, Federico Fellini was a burnt-out case. There were signs of decline even before that, but few major filmmakers have, after two or three great films and as many estimable ones, gone on to a series of abominations comparable to what Fellini has spewed out since *8½*. This, for me, includes even his one subsequent success, *Amarcord*, which I found a gross, witless, ham-fisted rehash of earlier Fellini movies, especially the incomparable *I Vitelloni*. Whoever puts these two films side by side without perceiving the later work as a lumpish travesty of the earlier is, in my view, tasteless, mindless, or blind.

Now Fellini has become almost too obliging: As if to prove me right so palpably that even the tasteless, mindless, and blind can get it, he has dropped **Casanova** like a ten-pound weight on our toes. This film, lasting over two and a half hours, may well be the most ponderous specimen of imaginative vacuity ever devised. Particularly offensive and depressing is that Fellini has taken a fascinating protagonist and very rich story only to make them as hollow and aimless as he himself must have become. If this artistic fiasco were not accompanied by boundless arrogance in Fellini's behavior and recorded utterances, one could feel profoundly sorry for the man; as it is, one can only feel revulsion.

Consider, first, Fellini's remarks about his hero, as reported by (among others) Paul Schwartzman in the *New York Times Magazine:* "There is nothing in [Casanova's] *Memoirs*... nothing. ...There is no ideology, no feeling, no sentiment of even an aesthetic character; there is nothing of the eighteenth century, hence no historical or sociological critique." For Fellini, Casanova "is a stereotype . . . a meaningless universality." Well, consult any handbook on literature and learn otherwise. Thus, in *The Reader's Encyclopedia* you find that the "*Mémoires* . . . are of great interest historically"; in *The Oxford Companion to French Literature* (Casanova wrote in French) the work is called "a highly entertaining account of eighteenth-century European society." And so wherever you look.

But why not go back to the text itself, whose mere "Preface," by way of giving Fellini the lie, contains more genuine artistic expression, canny insight, and authentic human flavor than the entire movie. The 72-year-old Casanova is justifying his youthful con-manship: "We avenge intelligence when we deceive a fool, and the victory is worth the effort, for a fool is encased in armor, and we do not know where to attack him." Where amorous escapades are concerned, it becomes "reciprocal deceit [that] cancels itself out, for when love enters in, both parties are usually dupes." Sophistry, to be sure, but with more than a grain of truth in it. And it is no man without spirit and wit who wrote: "I should consider myself guilty if I were a rich man today. I have nothing; whatever I had, I have squandered; and this consoles and justifies me." And again: "The cruelty of boredom! It can only be because they had forgotten it that the inventors of the pains of hell did not include it among them." Almost no part of this twelve-tome work is boring, whereas virtually every minute of Fellini's long film is hellishly dull.

And now read these words, so touching, poetic, elegant, and wise: "Worthy or unworthy, my life is my subject, my subject is my life. Having lived it without ever thinking that I should take a fancy to write it, it may have an interest which it might not have if I had lived it intending to write it in my old age. . . . Remembering the pleasures I enjoyed, I renew them, and I laugh at the pains which I have endured and which I no longer feel. A member of the universe, I speak to the air and imagine I am rendering an account of my stewardship as the majordomo does to the master, before vanishing." If Casanova prevaricates and embellishes a little, why, so do the majordomo and

Illustrated by Bob Schulenberg

the poet. But what does Fellini offer us as equivalent for such beautiful sentences? Casanova in prison, recalling an erotic adventure—retold in the movie as an abjectly animalistic parody—and wildly masturbating away.

Take only the three opening episodes of the film. First, the carnival in Venice, re-created how? Mostly as a crowd, including the doge, watching a huge sculptured female head being hoisted from the waters of the lagoon. What does this tell us? Something about a dream Fellini once had of such a head—it appeared, equally disconnectedly and gratuitously, in *Satyricon*—but nothing whatsoever about Casanova, or even about what that dream might have meant to Fellini. It is merely that he dreamed it, and, having happened to him, unexamined and uncomprehended as it remains, into the movie it goes.

Next comes the episode of the fake nun, M.M., which takes up more than half of Volume IV of the *Memoirs* but is reduced in the movie to one extended session of fornication, exhibitionism, and voyeurism. In the book, this is often touching, psychologically subtle, sociologically and historically revealing stuff that could stand by itself as a consummate short novel or piquant comedy of manners. If Fellini's version has a point, it is that Casanova and his bed partner could carry on like perverse bunny rabbits and still remain isolated from each other, each in his own game, fantasy, self-love. That is a very small point to make, particularly when you consider that most of the film—at least insofar as it is intelligible and does not strike one as mere egomaniacal improvisation—keeps making it, over and over again.

Next comes the famous incarceration in the Piombi, the notorious dungeons of Venice, and the spectacular escape. This constitutes most of the remainder of Volume IV and must be considered a true and brilliantly told adventure story. Fellini, partly because he begrudges his protagonist genuine ingenuity, determination, and fortitude, and partly because he seems no longer capable of telling a consecutive tale full of narrative incidents and human particulars, reduces the whole thing to a few picturesque shots, thus turning a rare and valiant achievement into something barren and pointless.

Surely it is time to ask ourselves where the stereotypes are here, the "meaningless universality," and, above all, the nothingness Fellini complains of. In the protagonist? In the material? Or in Fellini himself, who, having admitted to creative bankruptcy in *8½*, insists on dedicating the rest of his career to ever more crashing demonstrations of it? As the film continues, it has

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progressively less to do with the *Memoirs* and indulges more and more in fantasies that manage to be meaningless without even the benefit of universality.

Take one example out of many. There is an episode with a giantess who puts on a circus show with a couple of dwarfs. At first she seems to be ferocious, as she Indian-wrestles with Casanova and other men, or takes on eight sturdy fellows simultaneously in an exhibition of catch-as-catch-can. Later, Casanova spies on her as she and the dwarfs take their evening bath together, and she seems to be not a bad sort at all. Our hero falls asleep outside the tent; next morning the trio has vanished, to his dismay.

What in God's name does this tell us about Casanova? Or even about Fellini, except what we already know: that he is obsessed with dwarfs and giantesses, who appear, singly or together, in almost every one of his later films. And then what? The episode doesn't even add anything to the ostensible theme of the film: a kind of antisex or antipromiscuity sermon, as Schwartzman tells us in the above-mentioned article on the basis of conversations with the director. It does not even suggest the horror of sex (if anything, the giantess, the mother figure, seems attractive but taboo—which may be Fellini's real but unanalyzed problem); it just sits there, dreary and self-indulgent.

Well, what about this antisex business? Yes, the couples are always shown copulating with most of their clothes on; they are shot as if they were in separate rooms while making love to each other; and some or all of them seem to be on a kind of trampoline during the act. This makes for the sort of bouncing that, along with bestial panting, grotesquely distended and rolling eyes, and hideously contorted mouths, might well put an impressionable soul watching it off sex altogether. But why? Is Fellini in the pay of some ultrapuritanical hellfire sect? Has he gone mad with repressed sexuality or overindulged lust? Or has he become impotent and determined to spoil what he can no longer enjoy for everyone else as well? Whatever the purpose—assuming there is one—the result is more unstructured, repetitious, witless, and ugly than most moviegoers can endure, except perhaps as some extreme form of penance. You do not go to *Casanova* when you see this film; you go to Canossa.

There are still intermittent displays of technical mastery, but much of the direction, too, smacks of reckless improvisation with no certain goal in mind; and, as usual, only possibly even more so, Fellini has not worked from a script but drifted with his moods during shooting, and urged his actors not to speak lines but mouth anything at all—numbers, names—with the real dialogue to be postsynched. Actually, the actors' own gibberish might have been more interesting.

What a mess the sound track is—at any rate, in this English version by Christopher Cruise, supervised by Anthony Burgess—with every kind of British, American, and foreign accent, not to mention a number of fragments of other languages, alive or dead, and often mispronounced. But every word that is supposed to come out of an on-screen mouth manages to sound like voice-over narration—quite, quite dead. Even the words are inept: "I find your improprieties facetious and totally devoid of humor." How can something facetious be totally devoid of humor?

Giuseppe Rotunno, a distinguished cinematographer, has become progressively coarsened by his services to Fellini; the vulgar effects demanded of him he supplies all too dependably. Nino Rota, the once dazzling composer of Fellini (and other) scores, seems to have become exhausted also; moreover, the attempt to blend period and present-day styles makes the music come out tentative and constricted. Danilo Donati, another old Fellini faithful, comes off best with the sets and, especially, the costumes. But outward opulence merely emphasizes the inner impoverishment.

There is very little acting from the cast here: from some because they are amateurs, or because they have no decent parts; from Casanova because he is Donald Sutherland. The Canadian actor is not helped, of course, by Fellini's having succeeded in making him look even less prepossessing than usual. Wooden he always was, but in the final sequence, Fellini transforms him into a kind of automaton, as he imagines himself dancing once more with a life-size doll he once made love to. But when it comes to being an automaton, Sutherland is ahead of Fellini by a good many years.

For the rest of the cast, Fellini continues, with a few exceptions, to seek out some of the most freakish and nauseating actors and amateurs and to stuff his films with them. For this sort of thing, his genius remains unabated, which may come in handy when he flunks out of movies: It should get him a job running a circus and freak show. At least he will then be rid of Bernardino Zapponi, the Latin teacher who has become his usual coscenarist starting with *Satyricon*, and whose ideas are as dead as his language, though not half so beautiful. ■

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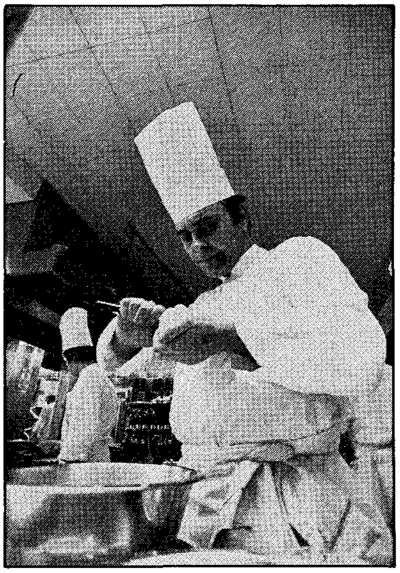
BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

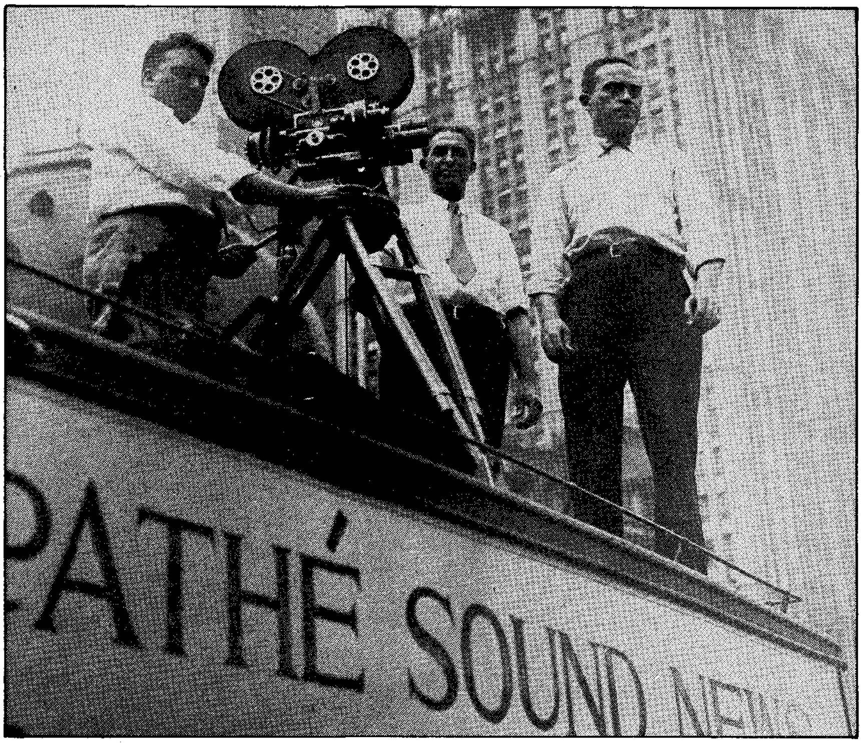
PATRICK JACOB



A Mouthful of Stars

Alain Chapel is the brooder, the worrier, the perfectionist chef of French cuisine. Tear him away from his celebrated sanctuary of sublime eating, La Mère Charles, in the tiny town of Mionnay, and he is filled with angst. His soul is in the casserole. But now comes his annual vacation time, and the Four Seasons has lured Chapel across the sea with a challenge to re-create his lyonnais masterworks in the house's special guest kitchen, designed for visiting sorcerers. Many a fatted bird will be sacrificed, and one dares not predict how many nurtured livers and perfumed truffles, to produce the feast—five courses with Burgundies to enhance, a marc to finish ($75 per person, reservations limited to 30 each night). Alain's angst will be our ecstasy. **—Gael Greene**

ALAIN CHAPEL/*February 28–March 19 The Four Seasons/99 East 52nd Street/754-9494*



A Reely Big Show

"What began as a mild flurry of socks and slippers," observes the announcer, with appropriate solemnity, "soon developed into a raging storm of disaster proportions." And we watch, aghast, as oxfords and loafers, sneakers and clogs deluge a helpless city, leaving thousands homeless. This is but one item in *The Ritz Newsiola,* Michael Siporin's newsreel spoof which is reminiscent of the *Lampoon*'s old radio show at its best and better than most of *Saturday Night.* Other *Ritz* bits cover the Grand National Rat Race, flying saucers, a disappearing diplomat, and the hat as meat alternative, in which thrifty housewives are urged to consider fillet of brim, smoked chapeaux, etc. ("Yes, today's old hat can become tonight's tasty hit! Pass the hat, brother!"). Then there's the real thing: *Yesterday's Witness,* a documentary tribute to the American newsreel, including famous events (the plane crash into the Empire State Building, the Lindbergh kidnapping, the *Hindenburg*) and silly ones (a sneezing competition, etc.); interviews with the men who shot them (Joe Gibson, Norman Alley, Max Markman), narrated them (Ed Herlihy, Harry Von Zell), and scored them (Jack Shaindlin).

YESTERDAY'S WITNESS/*February 24–27, March 3–6/Film Forum/15 Vandam Street 989-2994*

Faces

Happy Mardi Gras from Patrick Kennedy and Gordon Delgaty, two San Franciscans who have taken temporary studio quarters in Connecticut to make their masks for Fiorucci, which is celebrating Mardi Gras along with everything else this bunch of crazy Italians can think of. The masks ($40–$70), which are truly wonderful, are made of gauze and lacquer. There are a pig, goose, rabbit, alligator, fish, turkey, Pierrot, cloud, Pagliacci, and, modeled here by Patrick and Gordon, a frog and a clown. **—Priscilla Tucker**

MARDI GRAS MASKS/*Fiorucci/125 East 59th Street/751-1404*

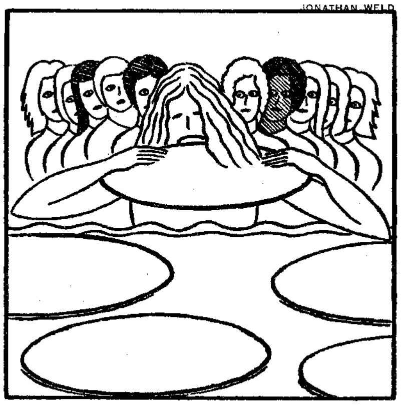
BILL CUNNINGHAM

Crystal Clear

Bernhardt Crystal, who was a combat artist and wood-carver before becoming an art collector and Walt Whitman look-alike, runs a gallery in which he'll exhibit some 70 pieces of stained glass from European and American homes and churches. Such as this.

THREE CENTURIES OF STAINED GLASS *Opens February 19/Washington Irving Gallery/126 East 16th Street*

JONATHAN WELD

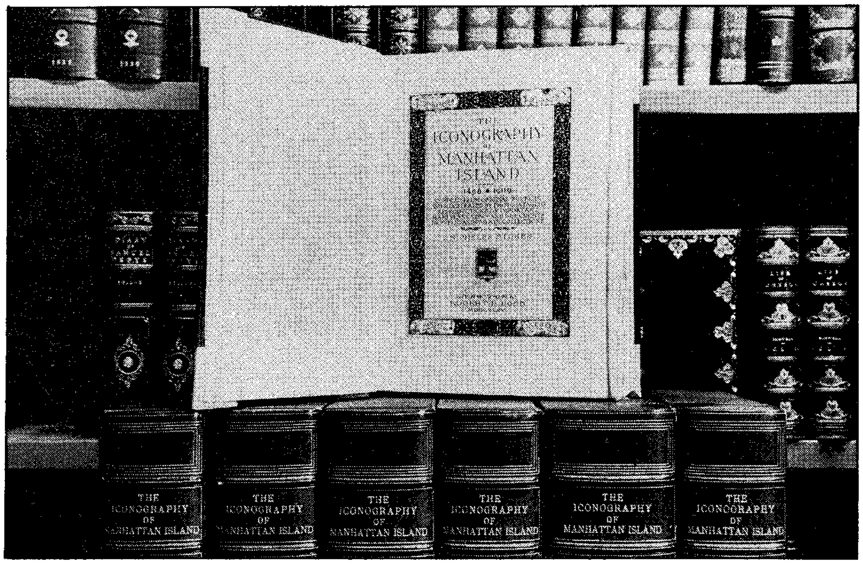


Fat Tuesday

Some run down the street with them, others gobble them up. However they are treated, pancakes have been causing a flap on Shrove Tuesday ever since the Middle Ages. Ye Olde Dutch Tavern, which sits on the site of the Olde John Street Theater, has, for the past seventeen years, celebrated the day with a pancake-eating contest. About 30 women from downtown businesses compete; first to finish a giant Dutch apple pancake becomes Miss Pancake of 1977.

PANCAKE-EATING CONTEST/*February 22 at 11 a.m./Ye Olde Dutch Tavern 15 John Street/CO 7-3006*

CHRIS LITTLE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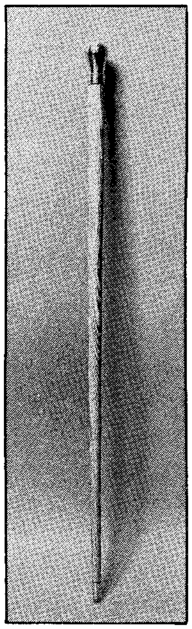
He Took Manhattan

Some pictures are worth a thousand words; these are worth $4,000. They are the 455 views, maps, and documents illustrating a rare six-volume edition of Stokes's *Iconography of Manhattan Island*—one of 42 original sets printed on Japanese vellum with red morocco cases. His intention, explained Stokes in the preface to this massive treasure, on which he labored from 1915 to 1928, was "to condense and to arrange systematically and in just proportion, within the confines of a single work, the facts and incidents which are of the greatest consequence and interest in the history of New York City . . . and to illustrate this material by the best reproductions obtainable." He did.

THE ICONOGRAPHY OF MANHATTAN ISLAND 1498–1908/*By I. N. Phelps Stokes/Strand Book Store/828 Broadway at 12th Street/GR 3-1452*

Constitutional Convention

CHRIS LITTLE



It is said that Henry VIII introduced the walking stick as a fashionable prop; Napoleon, Louis XIV, J.P. Morgan, Nero Wolfe, and Orson Welles followed. So can you, whatever your girth, with this brass-knobbed, solid-ash walking stick, manufactured in an old ax factory in Connecticut.

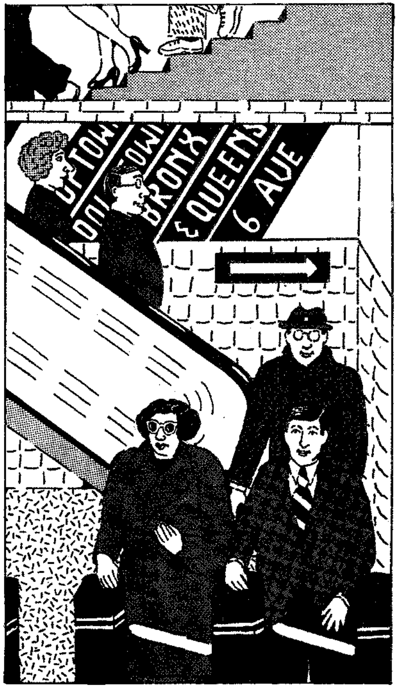
WALKING STICK *Uncle Sam Umbrella Shops/$27.50*

The Other Side of the Tracks

New York, it is startling to learn, recently laid out a hunk of money for five new (or revised) subway stations—and received federal funds for a sixth designed by Philip Johnson. Bright lights, rustic red-brick walls, shiny surfaces, an arcade, and a dazzling escalator trip are some of the highlights on a walking-riding tour to be led by Robert Olmsted (who denies kinship with Frederick Law).

NEW YORK'S GREAT NEW SUBWAY STATIONS TOUR/*February 20 at 2 p.m. Meet at Sixth Avenue and 57th Street station/For info: UN 1-9696*

MARITA SUSAN FAIOLA



Theater / Alan Rich

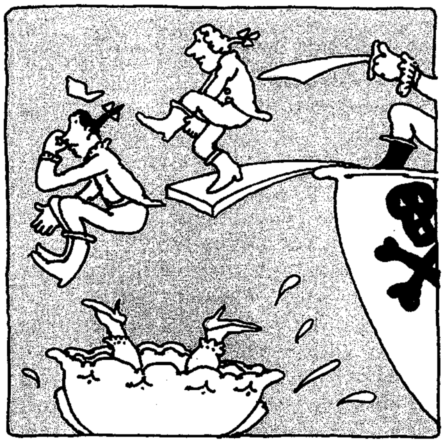
CAST AWAY BY A VERY USUAL DESTINY IN THE GRAY SLUSH OF FEBRUARY

"...In a rare burst of insight, the producer of *Castaways* posted a closing notice on opening night before the reviews were in..."

The true story of **Castaways,** which strutted and fretted its brief hour at the Promenade last week, is probably not worth the telling, except for two reasons. One is that I was somewhat involved in the show's fortunes. The other is that its backstage history forms a cautionary tale, a small counterpart to the *Hellzapoppin* story related here two weeks ago.

My involvement dates from about fifteen months ago, when I was charmed by the work in a showcase production and reported as much. The show was the third joint effort of Anthony Stimac (book and direction), Steve Brown (lyrics), and Don Pippin (music) and, like their earlier *Fashion* and *The Contrast,* consisted of an engaging musical and dramatic framework built around an early American play—in this case *She Would Be a Soldier,* written in 1819 by Mordecai Noah. In the new framework, the Noah play was put on in the hold of a pirate ship by a troupe of captured actors, whose lives would be spared if they could make the dour captain laugh.

The show needed work, but it was loaded with promise. My kind words were reprinted in a prospectus to possible investors in a commercial run; my praise of Pippin's songs as "the best new theater music in New York" made it to billboards. From the showcase the show moved to runs in Cohoes, New York, and, last summer, in East Hampton, Long Island—each time getting better.



Illustrated by Kimble Mead

Why, then, did *Castaways* lay its big egg last week? The show was picked up by a producer, Jeff Britton, who, first of all, scrapped the ingenious, attractive original set and costumes and replaced them with something that looked like a fancy-dress ball in the lobby of a seafood restaurant. A new writer (Ron Whyte) came in to mess around with Stimac's book, which, for East Hampton, had already been neatly and intelligently reworked by Dennis Andersen. A new subplot was added, making both Stimac's original framework and the Noah play virtually impossible to follow. Pippin's songs were reshuffled out of sequence; one result of that was that two of the show's strongest numbers came at the very beginning. The songs were also brutally orchestrated (by Bill Brohn), with squawky English horn and piccolo wandering through the musical texture and blotting out many of Brown's best lyrics. A new director (Leonard Peters) was hired, then fired. Another director (Tony Tanner) came in mere moments before opening. A new leading lady (Kathleen Widdoes) was brought in to replace Marie Santell (Mrs. Donald Pippin), the one change that did work to the new show's advantage.

It was inevitable, given this history of breakneck backing-and-filling, that *Castaways* would arrive, for its overdue commercial New York run, in the shabby state that angered and confused insiders and outsiders alike at its opening last week. (In a rare burst of insight, the producer had posted a backstage closing notice on opening night, even before the reviews were in.) Down under it all, I still cling to the opinion that the songs in this show, almost every one of them, add up to one of the most beautiful small-scale musicals in years. That—plus the shreds of the original dramatic plan that sometimes still caught the light in this wholesale botch—makes the failure of *Castaways* something more than just another statistic.

I didn't plan this page as a study in promises unfulfilled, but, as we move on to John Guare's **Marco Polo Sings a Solo,** now taking up space at the Public Theater, something like that shape emerges. The decline of this once promising writer, from *Muzeeka* and *The House of Blue Leaves* to last year's *Rich and Famous* and now this latest uninspired lunacy, is something for Mr. Guare to explain, if he can, and at least to ponder. I suspect that part of his problem lies in the complacency of his "house" director, Mel Shapiro, who—here, as in *R. and F.*—has apparently abdicated some of a director's role in controlling, disciplining when necessary, the dramatic direction a play is supposed to take.

Marco Polo is a sad study in nondiscipline. Somewhere under all the college-boy overwriting, the *Mad*-magazine sci-fi spoofery, there is something of an idea in the play: the failure of people to deal with present or future realities. But nothing comes together, nothing in this futuristic phantasmagoria makes sense. An all-star cast is involved, which is not hard to understand; all-star casts can be recruited, these days, at any unemployment line. Aside from one rather charming monologue, in which Anne Jackson explains to Joel Grey that she is both his mother and his father, and another moment of equal lucidity, in which Madeline Kahn reveals that Mozart was a flasher, the show derives no more illumination from its stars than from its writer.

Maybe what New York really needs is a revival of **Peg o' My Heart.** If that strikes you as odd, go see for yourself. This 1912 heartwarmer by J. Hartley Manners (written for his wife, Laurette Taylor) is currently warming hearts at the Lion Theater on West 42nd Street, and it is enchanting. Gene Nye, the director, has had the rare good sense to present the play in a quiet, reasoned tone, as if it were a freshly minted masterpiece, aided by the flawless ensemble work of a cast that—Laurette Taylor no longer being among us—would be hard to better anywhere today. If you fail to succumb to Sofia Landon's romping Peg, Julia MacKenzie's elegant Ethel—or, for that matter, a wondrously amorphous dog named Jeremiah who plays Peg's Michael—there's no hope for you. ■

Television / Harriet Van Horne

OUT OF THE FLYING PAN AND INTO THE MIRE

"...You will shudder at *The Spell*, giggle in the wrong places, and, NBC hopes, learn about sending skillets through the air..."

Scenes of pots and pans jumping off the wall. A demon-possessed fifteen-year-old almost drowning her sister by sheer "thought power." An ecstasy of breakage, as mother and daughter stage a wild duel in the kitchen, passions flying higher than the crockery.

It's all in **The Spell** (NBC's World Premiere Movie, Sunday, February 20, 8 to 9:30 P.M.). You will shudder, giggle in the wrong places, and, NBC hopes, stay tuned in to learn all about telekinesis. That's the power to send a skillet through the air with no hands—with just a gentle psychic nudge.

Lee Grant plays the mother of Rita, a deeply angry "sensitive," who uses her powers to punish classmates who mock her obesity. (Any resemblance to the spook film *Carrie* is not inadvertent.) An intelligent young actress, Susan Myers, plays Rita with such fine shadings that she makes us believe in her ultimate release from things that go bump in the night. "Mother" Grant, in a surprise finish, takes care of everything. "Mother" Grant is also too fine an actress for this sort of TV trash.

Choices, choices . . . you'll have to tear yourself away from *The Spell* 30 minutes early if you want to see **Secrets** (ABC's Sunday Night Movie on February 20). It, too, is TV trash—the video equivalent of junk food—but there are moments. *One* moment in particular.

Susan Blakely, as a moody, mixed-up housewife talks to her dolls. They obligingly talk back, squawking in rhyme. "A prince will make haste/If a princess is chaste" . . . that's a fair sample of the doll dialogue.

This princess has absented herself from chastity for a long time. She has snared her prince (Roy Thinnes), but he is always at the office. Susan is a dumb, lonely girl, grieving for her dead mother. Only her dolls understand her. Her mascara permanently smudged by tears, she sets out to fulfill what she calls her Needs.

She becomes, in short order, the friendly neighborhood nymphomaniac. Now and then she pauses to lecture her young sister about her morals or to play a few bars of Mozart. But mostly she takes care of her Needs.

Tormented: *James Olson and Lee Grant, parents of a possessed daughter in* The Spell.

The aforementioned moment to cherish comes with Susan's first conquest. He is a blind piano tuner. And very busy he is, sounding his A, until the lady of the house—helpfully naked—puts her arms around him. The look on the piano tuner's face—utter astonishment merging with joy—may be the truest moment in the film.

After her *crescendo agitato* with the piano tuner, Susan is rarely vertical. She also cries a lot and her mascara smudge drips. Finally, it dawns on husband Thinnes that his wife is anybody's girl when the moon comes up. He goes through the obligatory wife-beating scene (because he loves her, of course). This nasty set-to leaves her with one genuine panda eye. We hope it eases her mascara problem.

This tacky film runs two tedious hours. But if nymphomania is your cup of TV, don't miss it.

We all know that Rudyard Kipling had a rotten childhood, a tiny Auschwitz, presided over by wicked Aunt Rosa, who prayed to the Lord for strength to get the whip out of the closet and teach the lad obedience.

Kipling set down the full anguish of life with Aunt Rosa in a short story, "Baa Baa, Black Sheep." Oddly, it is this account of child abuse in a bleak Victorian house that PBS has chosen to open its five-part series **Childhood.** It's on view February 16, over WNET/13 at 9 P.M.

The child Kipling, here called Punch, is played by cool, gifted Max Harris, age eight. He suffers, he endures, he is finally rescued. Too late, as some literary critics have noted. J. B. Priestley has noted in Kipling "an antihuman streak . . . childishly sadistic."

Subsequent entries are based on stories—all more cheerful in tone—by H. E. Bates and Frank O'Connor, among others. Ingrid Bergman introduces each drama.

Granada Television produced this series and it's another gift to PBS from rich, tax-lucky Exxon.

Ben Wattenberg, author of *The Real America*, starts a PBS series in praise of capitalism on Tuesday, February 15 at 9 P.M. **In Search of the Real America** is the title, and apparently it took no search to find patrons. This program was made possible by grants from AT&T, Bethlehem Steel, and the Annenberg Foundation, among others. It's an unabashed effort to still the criticism of John Kenneth Galbraith (who appears on the show) and others, but the defense is more loud than clear. Subsequent programs will take up the defense industry, black America, and the "liberation" of American factory workers from drudgery. ■

4

Interior Designers And How They Live

By Suzanne Slesin

Photographed by Charles Wiesehahn

The winter doldrums tend to make people itchy about their surroundings. Sometimes it helps just to shove the furniture around. But if you want to change the whole scene and need some expert guidance to do it, an interior designer may be the answer. The question is: How do you pick a designer whose taste tallies with yours? One way to go about it is to look at what he's done for himself. To get you started, here are four top designers and how they live.

Michael Rubin

"The more constraints I have to deal with, the more freedom I have to design around them," says 33-year-old architect Michael Rubin, who has focused on renovations. "Organization in architecture is a condensation to essentials," he explains. Rubin looks for neat, functional solutions to the problems of spatial relationships. "I enjoy seeing how things are put together," he says, "and although my taste is not strictly modern, I tend to stay away from anything that's highly decorative." Rubin likes Shaker furniture, plain surfaces, durable materials, and a minimum of hardware. He may have inherited his love of Deco geometry from his mother, once a Busby Berkeley dancer. "I always try to give the illusion of greater space," adds Rubin. "Some architects feel that a small space on a small budget is restrictive. To me it's inspirational."

Angelo Donghia

"I like to add a little glamour to life and I want my rooms to sparkle," says Angelo Donghia. "I feel that I've developed my own style that is as classic and minimal as the thirties style it reflects." Donghia's trademarks are numerous—dark paints and lacquers contrasted to whites, creams, and ivories; flowers; candles; mother-of-pearl; gray flannel; and "fat" furniture. He thinks that being in an interior should be a sensual experience and that people "love the feel of different textures." In business since 1959, Donghia describes his ideal client as one "who loves my styles, who'll be involved in the selection and organization of the design but who will then not reappear until the job is complete." Donghia prefers to start out with a "clean slate," but he is often asked "just to recolor an apartment—putting in new fabrics and maybe a chair or a table."

Mario Buatta

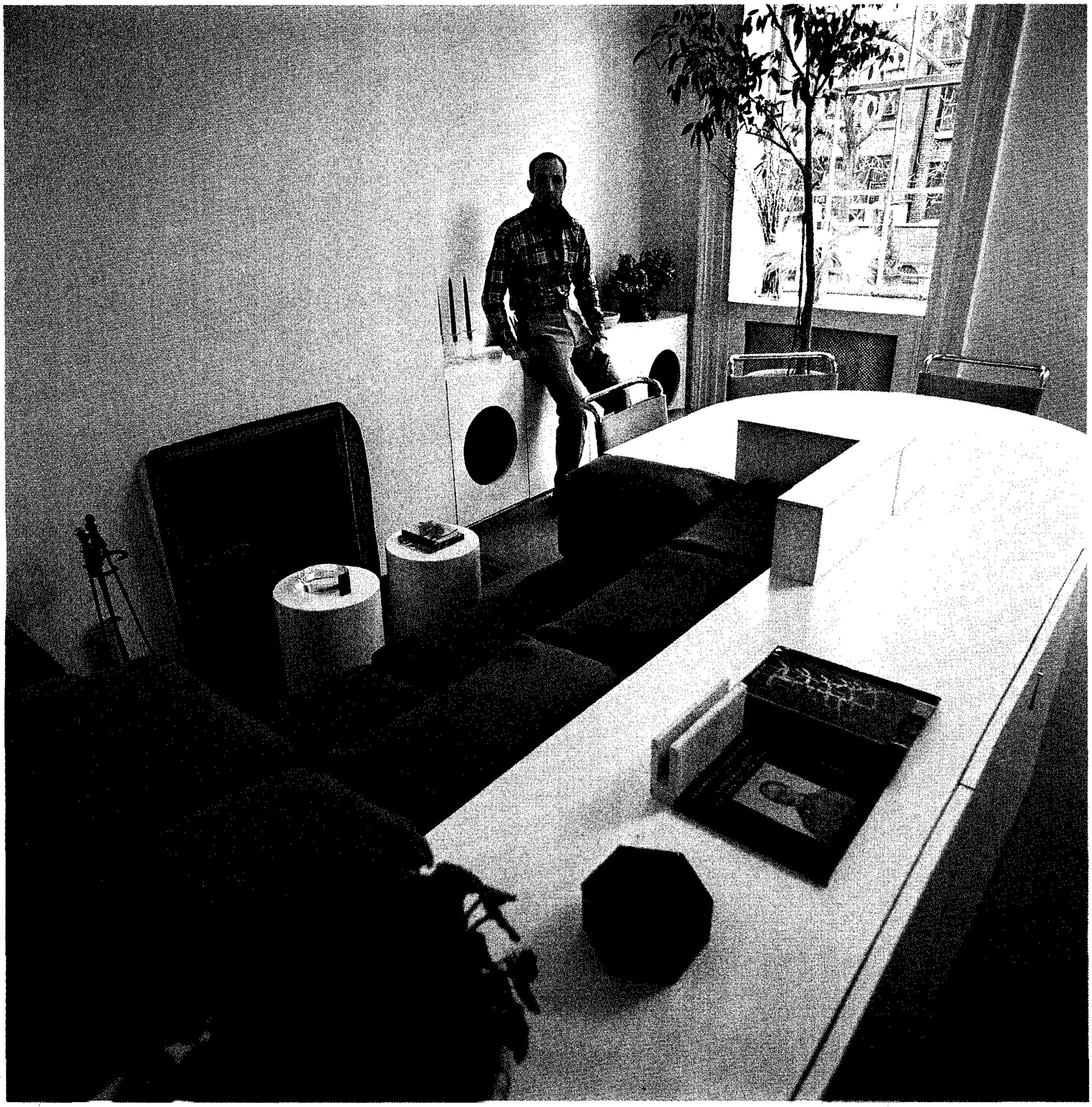
Mario Buatta, 41, who calls himself a "country boy," grew up on Staten Island in an "ultramodern Deco house filled with glass and chrome." He now loves just the opposite. "Everyone should have an Aunt Mary," he says. "Mine taught me all about English antiques and especially gardening." So Buatta uses lots of "fresh" color—pastel-painted floors and walls, and flowered chintz, "to bring the country into the city." He insists that it pays to pay for *quality*, so he works only with highly skilled craftsmen. In collecting antiques, he'd rather have "one good thing than lots of second-rate ones." He doesn't want his clients to get rid of everything because he feels that a house should grow with a person and that decorating is a process that takes time. "Many people are insecure—I am—but decorators can help them develop a sense of style."

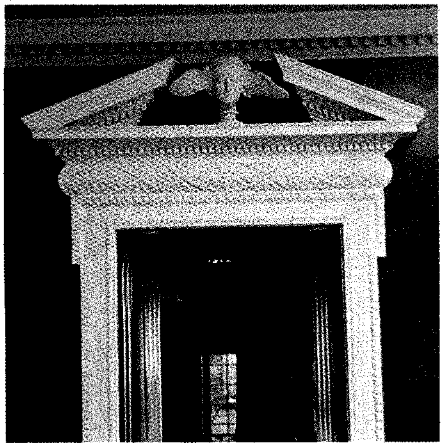
Yann Weymouth

Thirty-five-year-old architect Yann Weymouth and his partner, architect Peter Coan, are the principals in Redroof Design. They want to make "things that are a pleasure to build and a delight to use." They try to get to know their clients thoroughly because, says Weymouth, "people come from a variety of cultures, and we can't see doing the same design for different people. We tend to like simple, solid, durable materials that feel good to the touch," adds Coan, "things like solid wood, galvanized steel, rubber, and concrete block." The partners will not disguise a light fixture, cover walls decoratively, or hide structural elements. And they try to convince clients that mass-produced furniture and materials are aesthetically pleasing. Recent projects include Angelo Donghia's Los Angeles showroom and Manhattan Ad Hoc Housewares.

Solid Geometry: "The apartment was small, but I didn't want to move," explains Michael Rubin (below). Besides, the thirteen-by-seventeen-foot room that he renovated in a Greenwich Village brownstone had eleven-foot ceilings, a fireplace, and a good view. Rubin decided to condense all his needs into the restrictive space. Sleeping, eating, entertaining, and working are all accommodated in a large 28½-inch-high built-in unit "that floats like an island in the room." Rubin puts everything away. Books, records, stereo speakers, and linen are all stored in built-in cabinets, and the only movable elements in the room are the two cylindrical coffee tables. His "clean house," minimalized design required removing a "huge, out-of-scale mantelpiece" and using easy-to-maintain materials (plastic laminate, quarry tile, industrial carpeting) and white as much as possible —"because it's so undefined and ambiguous." The renovation cost under $5,000, including the island unit, which was $1,200. "I believe in living around the kitchen table," adds Rubin. Setting the table, he seeks geometric shapes—chemical beakers, a glass-and-metal coffee maker, Deco cutlery, and a low, glass-louvered table light that he created. "I see design as a geometric celebration," says Rubin.

Throwing a curve: *Lamp echoes table.*



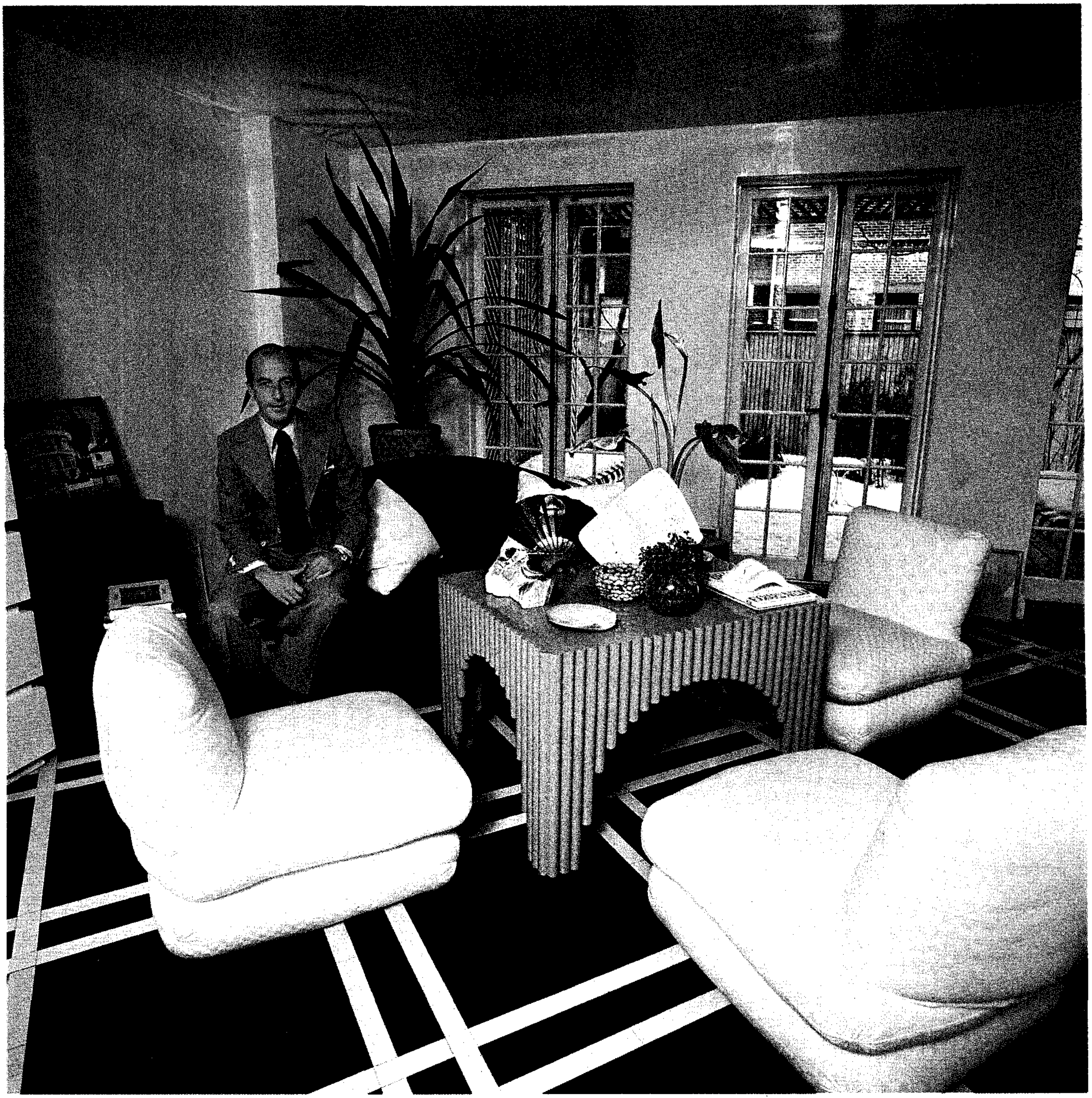


Immortal on portal: *Mercury tops door.*

Graphic Moderne: Angelo Donghia designed all the furniture in his downstairs living room (below), including the periwinkle-blue lacquered table and the sofa and chairs. The floor is vinyl and the windows are uncurtained. On the table are some favorite Donghia "necessities": a painted mask by artist Richard Giglio and a collage/fan by artist Bill Weaver—"I only like art by friends," says the designer.

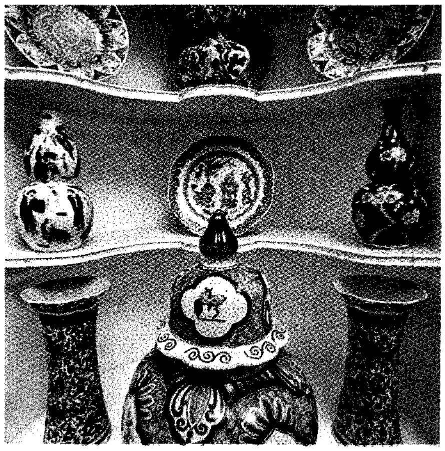
In the more formal upstairs sitting room (right), Donghia installed a hand-carved wooden "broken pediment" above the door (left) and had the walls painted viridian. The coffee table was carved by designer John Dickinson.

Fat 'n' satin: *Donghia's sensuous sofa.*

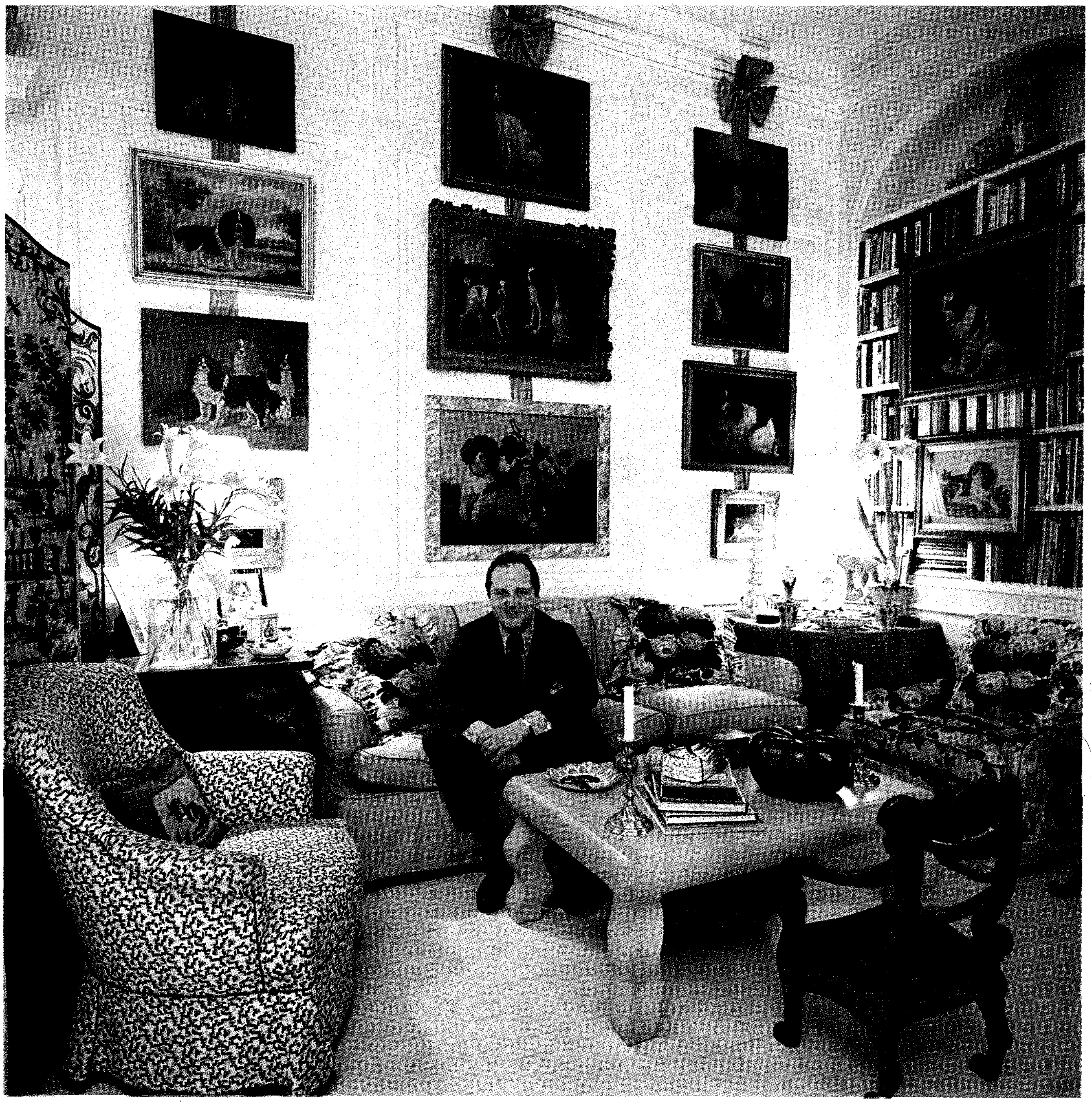


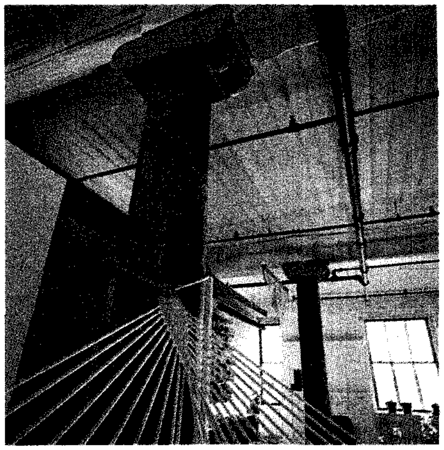
Wallflowers: *Bookcases hold fabrics.*

English Romantic: "I'm my own best client," admits Mario Buatta (below, in the living room of his Upper East Side townhouse). "This room is my private fantasy, and I could never reproduce it for a client." There are flowers everywhere—hyacinths in Delft cachepots, lilies in an etched-glass vase, roses on the chintz upholstery—lots of blue and white, as on the antique china (right) and Louis XV canvas screen (below, left); a coffee table that's an Art Deco adaptation of a Chinese design; and a collection of Victorian dog portraits. "I want a house that's a civilized refuge," says Buatta. "And I'm crazy for dust and clutter."



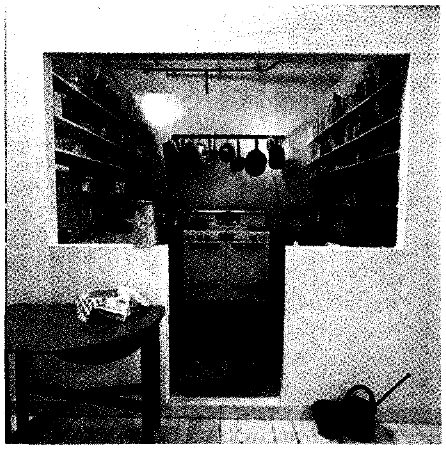
Rhapsody in blue: *Antique porcelains.*



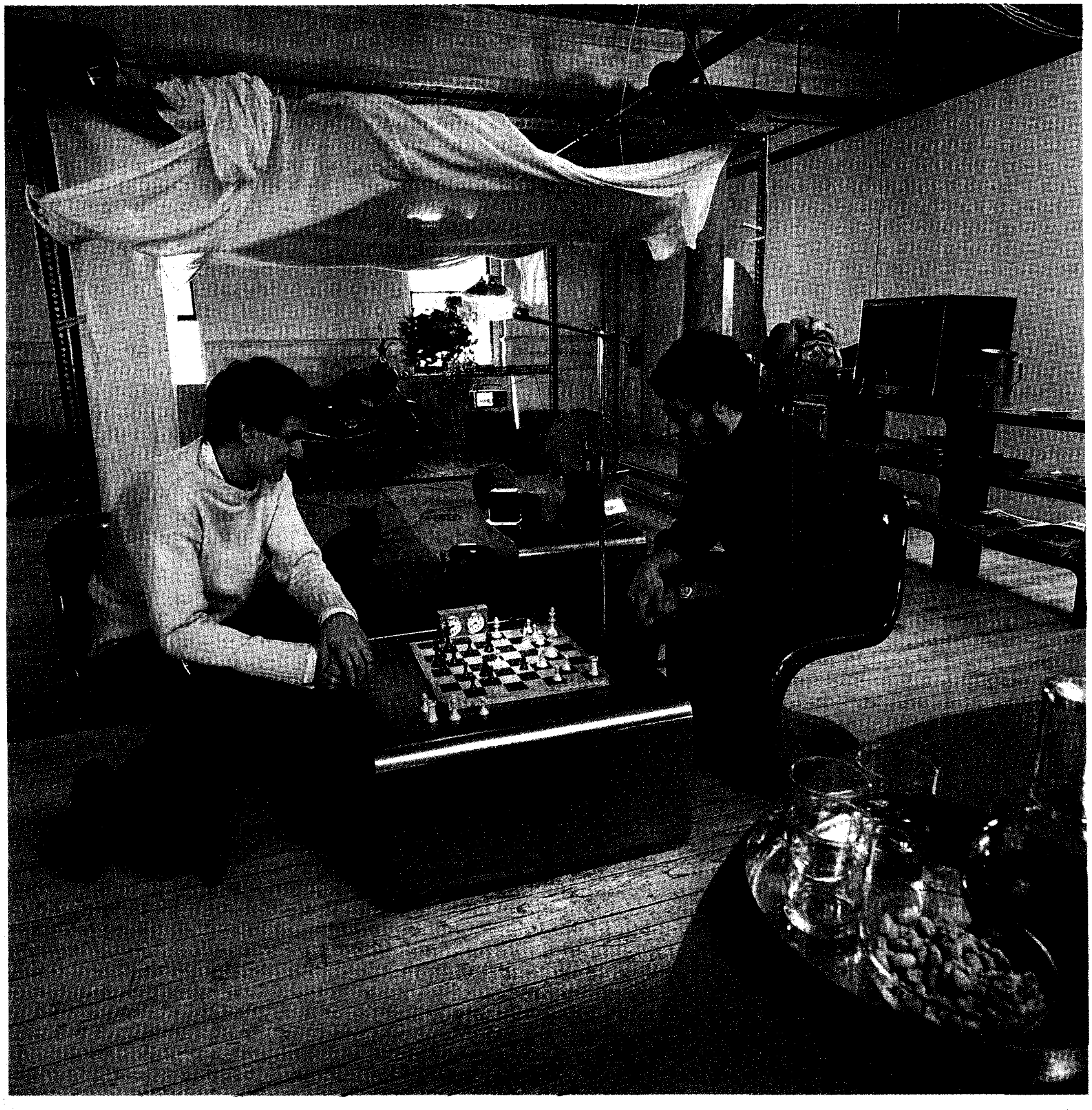


Supporting role: *Column holds hammock.*

Industrial Age: Yann Weymouth (below, left) and partner, Peter Coan, play chess in the Long Island City loft which Weymouth renovated and which doubles as the office for Redroof Design. They are surrounded by their work—stainless-steel tables, a four-poster bed made of industrial shelving and curtained in cheesecloth "against summer mosquitoes," and the low-voltage prototype aluminum lamp (below, center) they developed with Ralph Bisdale. The kitchen (right) and bath/dressing room are accommodated in a "service core." "Our approach is to minimize junk and never use things just for their decorative value." ■



Open-door policy: *Kitchen is exposed.*



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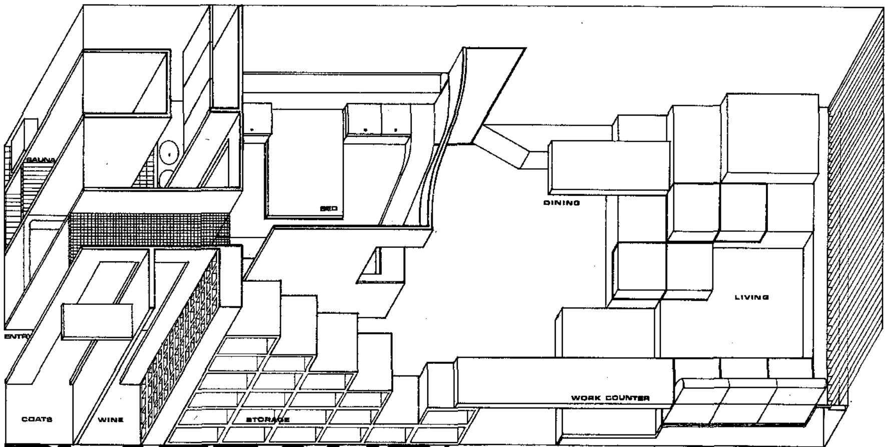

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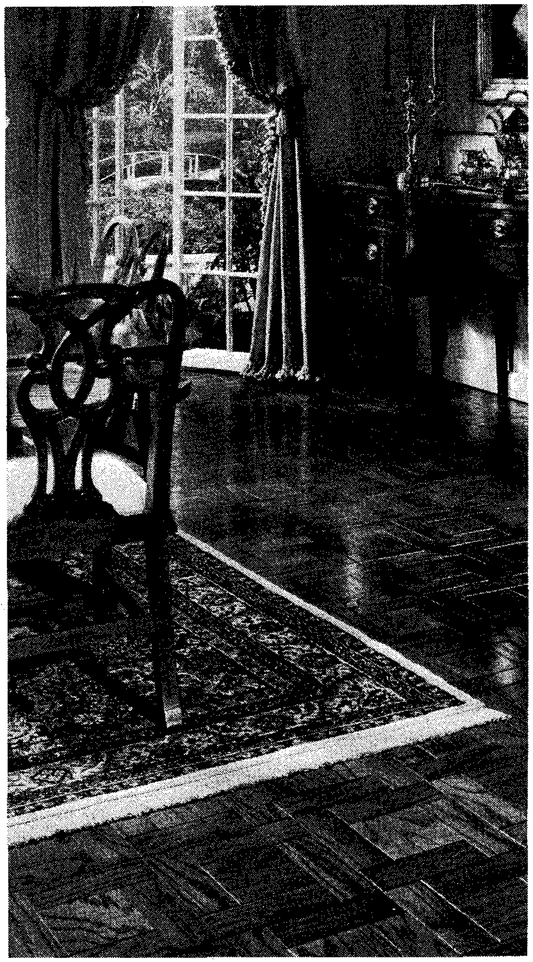

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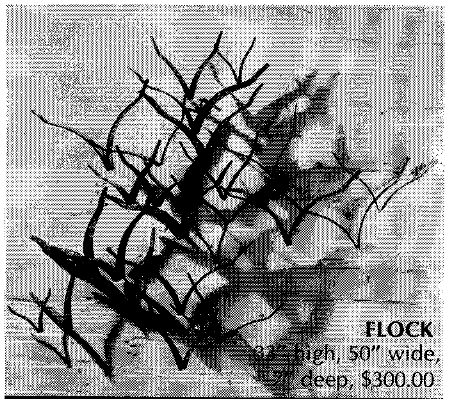

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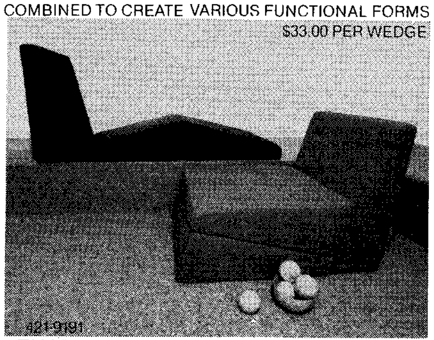

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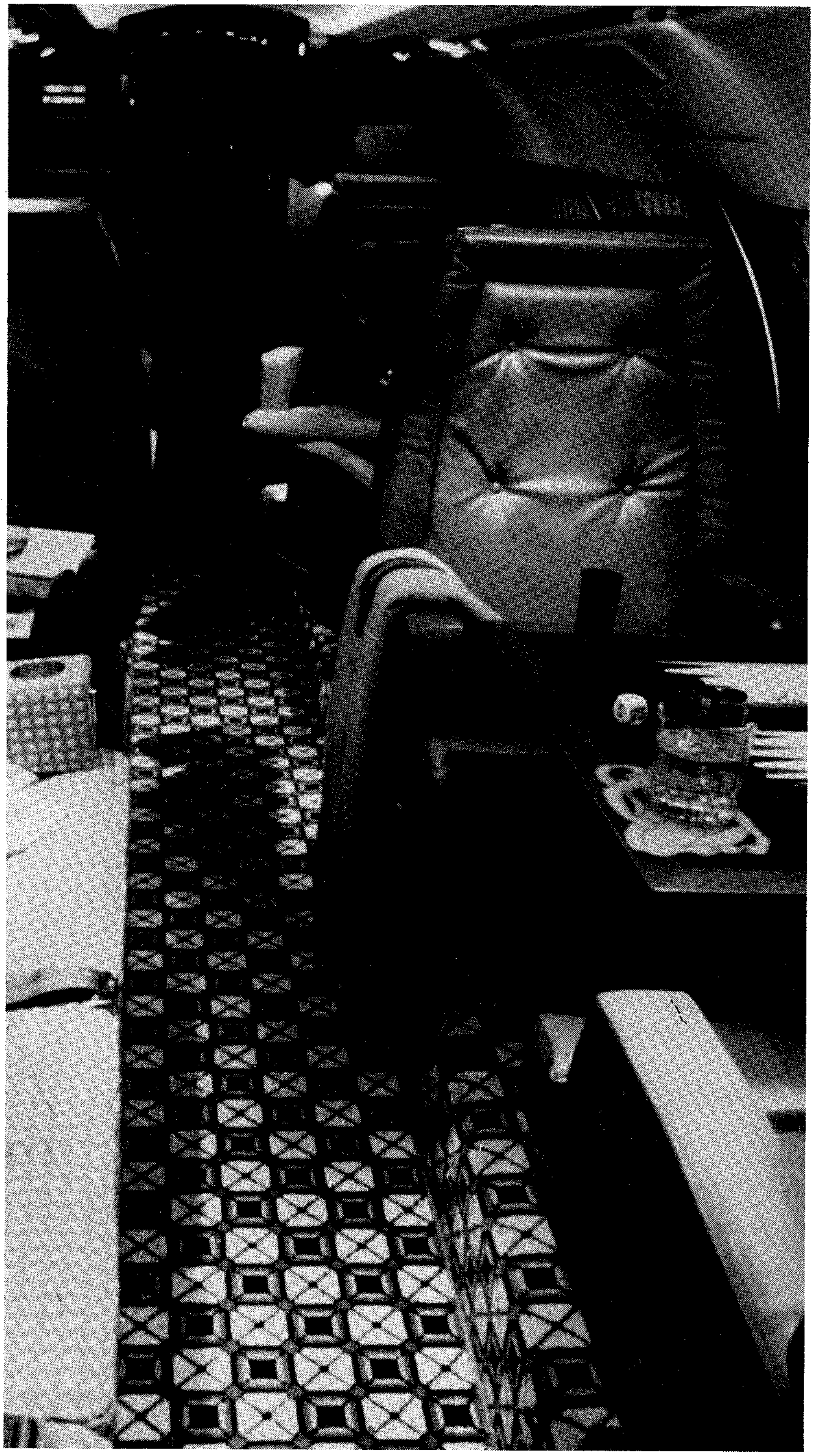

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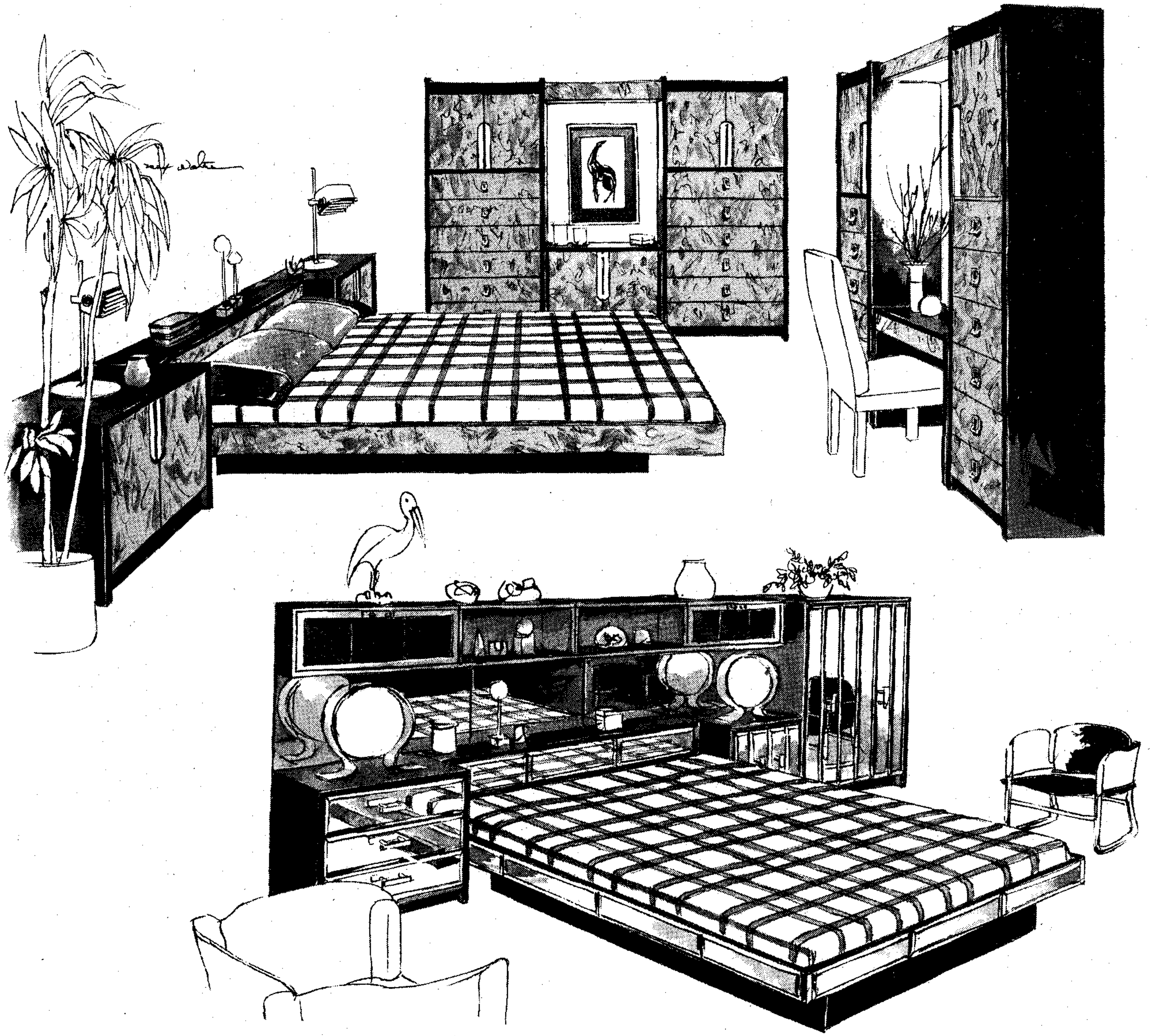

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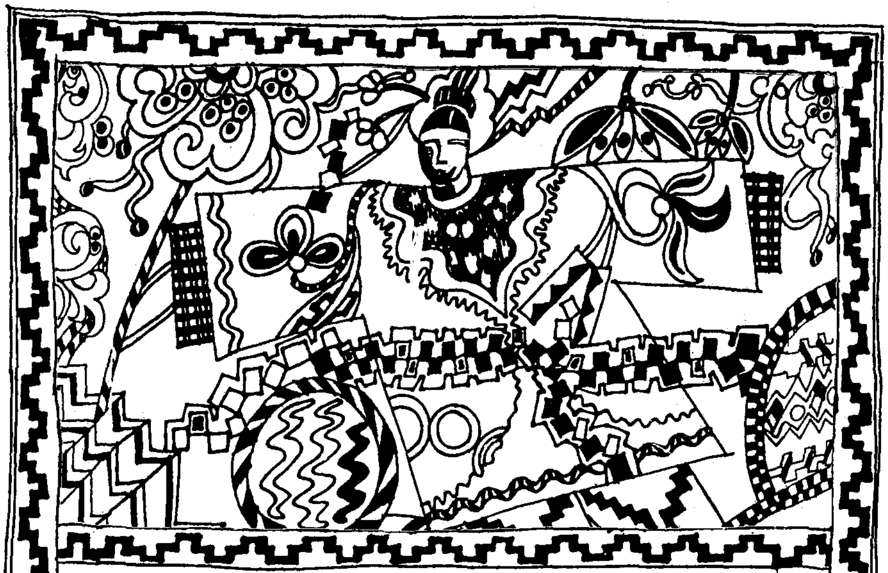

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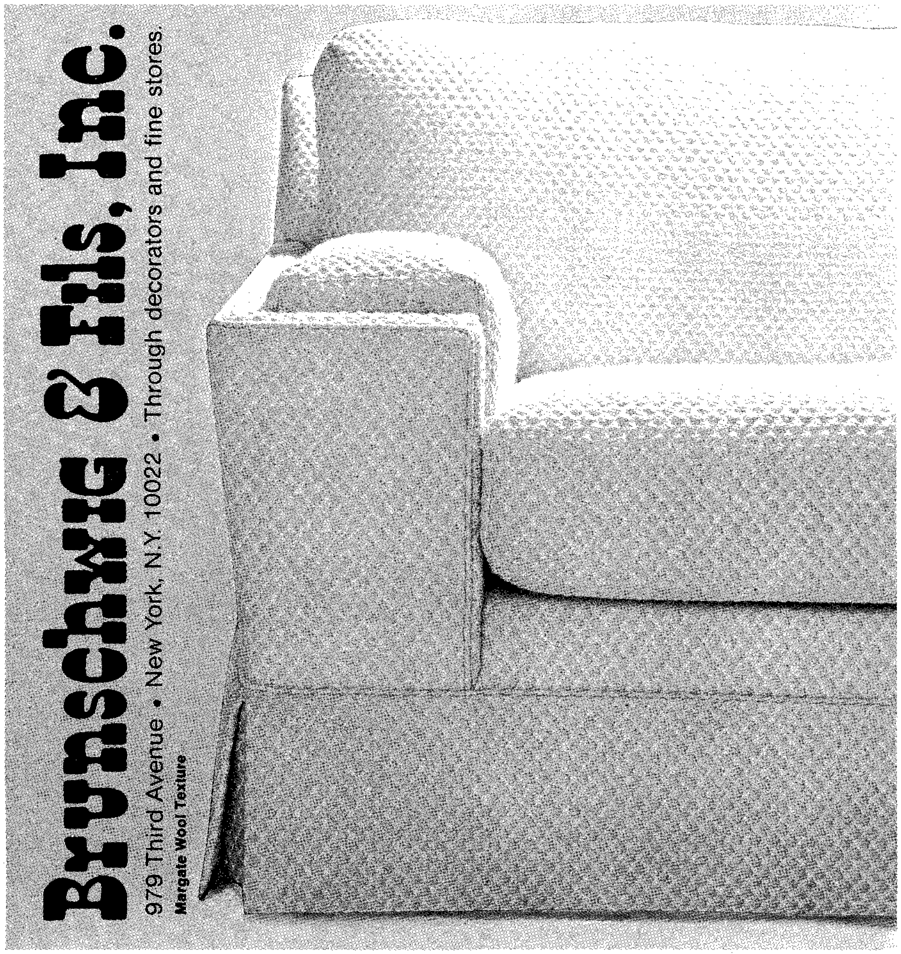

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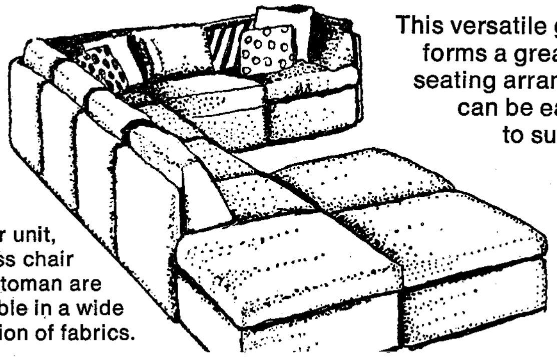

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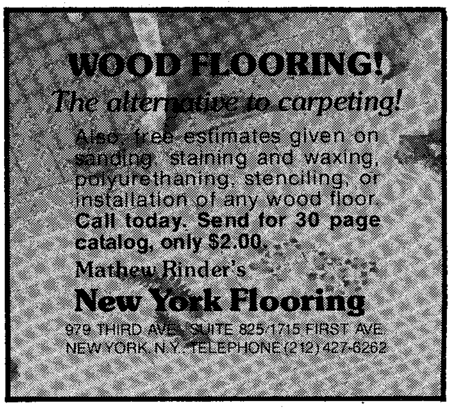

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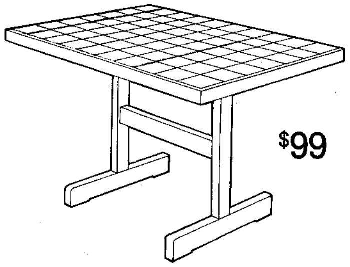

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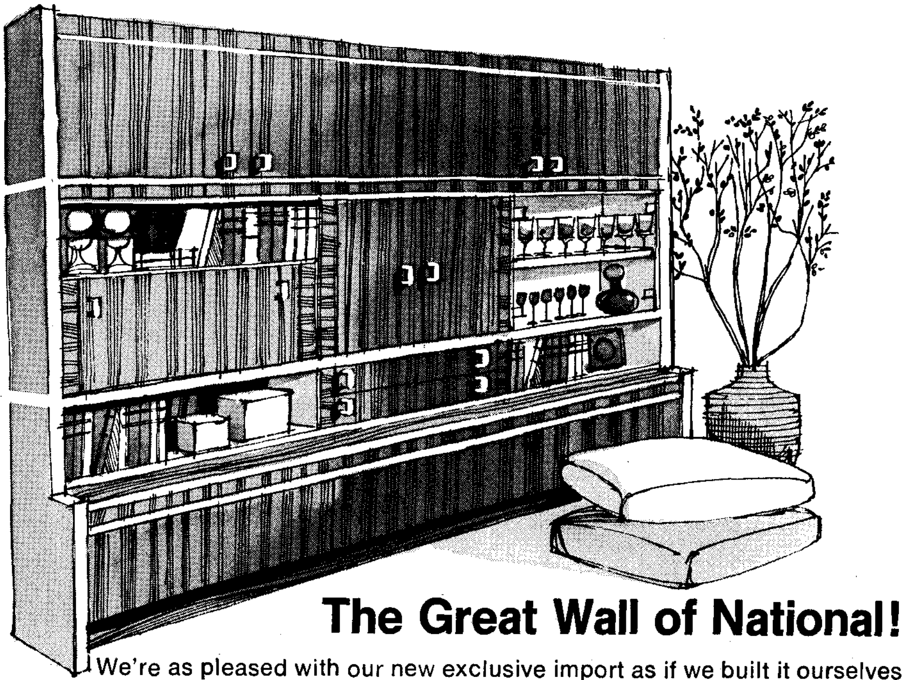

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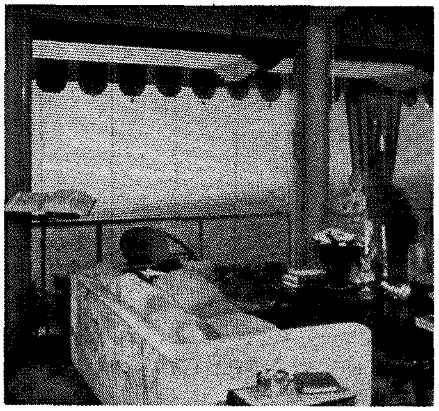

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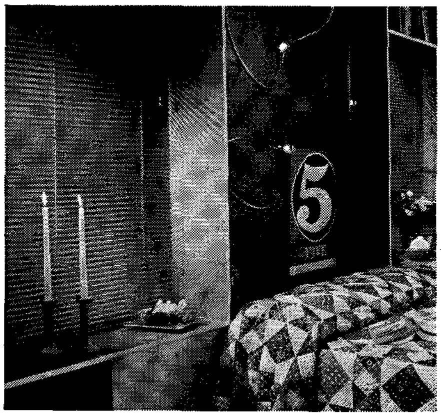

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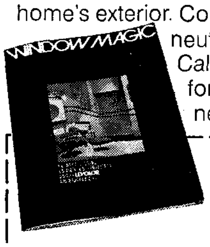

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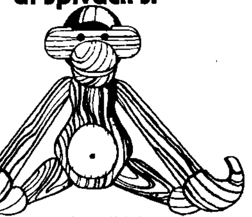

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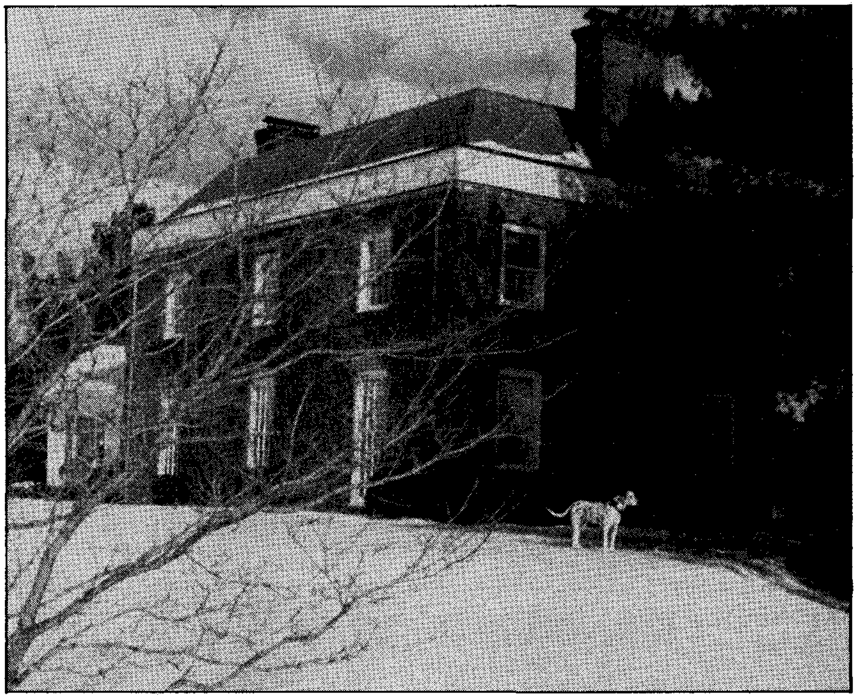

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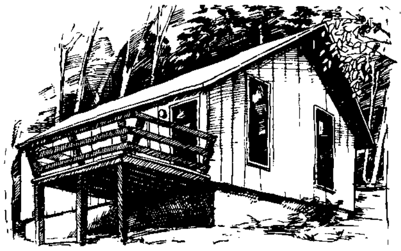

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Music & Dance

POULENC'S SUBLIME SOLEMNITY

> "... The Met's choice of *Carmelites* was an act of courage; even more was the decision to deal with the opera on its own terms ..."

tempo
ten
tempo

In its first production of Francis Poulenc's **Dialogues of the Carmelites,** the Metropolitan Opera has done full justice to a modern masterpiece whose sublime, spiritual beauty deserves no less. The production, like the opera itself, will overwhelm you with its sheer, eloquent power. In both—opera and production—that power lies deep within the artwork. It has taken courage for the Met to install Poulenc's work into a repertory most of whose other offerings are somewhat more direct, shall we say, in their appeal. The choice of such an opera was an act of courage in itself; an even more courageous act, however, was the decision to deal with the work on its own terms. When the City Opera, which had built a reputation on a tradition of courage, undertook *Carmelites* in 1966, it did not act nearly so wisely; I remember that short-lived production as an attempt to bury the work under fancy sets and lights and contrived action. If the Met has truly learned to avoid such pitfalls, it is time for a drastic upward valuation of the Met.

What subtle wonders lie in this music! The George Bernanos play, which, almost unaltered, served Poulenc as libretto, might have seemed a strange operatic choice: a play of inner spiritual torment, little action, drawing its textures from contrapuntal crossings of conscience and loyalty—difficult material to motivate on big stages. Yet Poulenc in 1955, deeply involved as he was late in life in spiritual subjects, deeply involved as he also was in the travails of postwar France, supplied the movement with his own music. Superficial exposure to his opera will first uncover the broad eclecticism of its style: a wide range of influences, from Monteverdi to Debussy—with large chunks out of *Boris Godunov* along the way—which Poulenc freely acknowledged. Further exposure, however, will reveal the far more crucial insight into the way the composer wove his dissimilar threads into a seamless fabric uniquely his own. The broad, long dramatic lines in this work will hold an intelligent listener enthralled, but so will the smaller moments, a turn of melodic phrase or of harmony that clutches at the throat.

John Dexter's production, with skeletal bits of set by David Reppa, was beautiful in itself, and even more beautiful in the way lines of movement constantly drew the attention toward the expressive center of the music itself. (One small demur: The final moment is confused, and would be clarified if Blanche, the heroine, came out of the crowd farther downstage and had farther to walk toward the guillotine.) Michel Plasson's pacing of the score seemed altogether just, and the orchestra furnished him with radiant, elegant sound; for this I will forgive Plasson his dreary *Faust* (with the Paris Opera) last fall.

Joseph Machlis's English translation, done originally for the NBC television production in 1958, is, however—as Machlis translations tend to be—something of a blot. Poulenc did want the opera done in the vernacular, as Machlis volubly and insistently proclaimed in a radio interview before the premiere, but this cannot be taken as automatic sanction for the flattening, vulgarizing job Machlis has done, wherein *"en donnant le jour"* becomes "after giving birth" and *"j'ai décidé d'entrer au Carmel"* is reduced to "it is my wish to become a nun"—both instances wherein the flow of liquid French is turned into a spitting of English consonants and a falsification of vowel tone. It is, therefore, somewhat understandable that the clearest English diction among the cast was that of Régine Crespin, who approached the text as a language problem to be overcome as with Russian or Chinese, and who, in her death scene, was overpowering. From the Americans—the lovely, touching Maria Ewing as Blanche, the rather leaden Mignon Dunn as Mother Marie, even the forthright Shirley Verrett as the Prioress—one heard merely expert singing of gibberish, beyond any fault of the singers themselves. **—Alan Rich**

Great Danes

A lively, lovely new (well, hardly new, but gorgeously revamped) ballet arrived to close the City Ballet's foreshortened season, to cheer us up, to give us renewed faith in George Balanchine's judgment, and to mark Stanley Williams's expert talent in re-creating the style of August Bournonville. It makes one yearn to see a full night of one of the Danish master's works, a treat that is rarely available here.

Bournonville Divertissements opened on a brilliantly lit (by Ronald Bates) stage, peopled by smiling peasants and fishermen garbed in the prettiest costumes, for which thanks are due to Ben Benson, who followed the original designs. First, an excerpt from *Napoli,* with flawless dancing by Daniel Duell, Nichol Hlinka, and a company of men, their arms held in nearly motionless parentheses (a Bournonville trademark). Their womenfolk joined in, happy, excited, performing all the lively steps in the ballet lexicon. A pas de deux from *Kermesse in Bruges* followed, with nimble footwork by Patricia McBride and Helgi Tomasson. Next a pas de trois from *La Ventana* danced by Merrill Ashley, Robert Weiss, and Kyra Nichols; and then the well-known pas de deux from *Flower Festival in Genzano,* done beautifully by Suzanne Farrell, wearing an almost unbearably adorable costume, and a masterful Peter Martins. Finally, the pas de sept from *A Folk Tale* (all about trolls and witches), with the seven dancers in gypsy costumes, swaggering with hands on hips, covering the stage in intricate patterns.

Bienvenu, Bournonville! And bravo, Stanley Williams. **—Ruth Gilbert**

Illustrated by Charles Waller

Art / Thomas B. Hess

ENSOR, THE MASKED MARVEL

"... In his great *Entry of Christ*, all humanity stands accused, judged, found guilty, and, in a burst of vulgarity, forgiven ..."

Like a hothouse, the closing decades of the nineteenth century forced a thousand morbid flowers into bloom—so many that the phrase *fin de siècle* still implies the decadent, the epicene, the perverse, the debauched, and all the other old-fashioned, elitist hobbies. We deplore the Mauve Decade even while our own seventies begin to assume a telltale lilac blush.

James Ensor, 1860–1949, Ostend-born son of an alcoholic English father and Belgian curio-shop owner, was one of the strangest, most enigmatic, and, in his peculiar fashion, strongest of the *peintres maudits*. He began and ended as a Symbolist, in the line from Gustave Moreau to Paul Klee. Yet for two decades, from around 1883 until after 1900, he was able to break through the limits of that genteel rhetoric to speak in a vernacular so harsh, so commanding, that it attained the universal. This most local of masters—he clung to his native seaside resort as tightly as a limpet to its pier—achieved a synthesis of past styles and future innovations that still holds international significance.

The Ensor retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum (through 4/11) is pretty much a rehash of the Museum of Modern Art's pioneering venture in 1951. It's one of those "why not" events, with no visible motive beyond those of better entertainment and bigger attendance. Which is a pity because recent scholarship has come to a fuller accounting of this fierce recluse and his hermetic imagery. Still, presumably you must be grateful for what you can get: a handsome, if skimpy, catalog; a generous selection of pictures (most of them well known); and, best of all, another chance to study that extraordinary masterpiece *The Entry of Christ Into Brussels*, 1888, which is to the darkling side of the Gothic mind what Seurat's *A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte*, 1886, is to classical sunshine and serenity. (Ensor had seen *La Grande Jatte* in Brussels, and if his work isn't a reply, its strong antinomic connection seems obvious.)

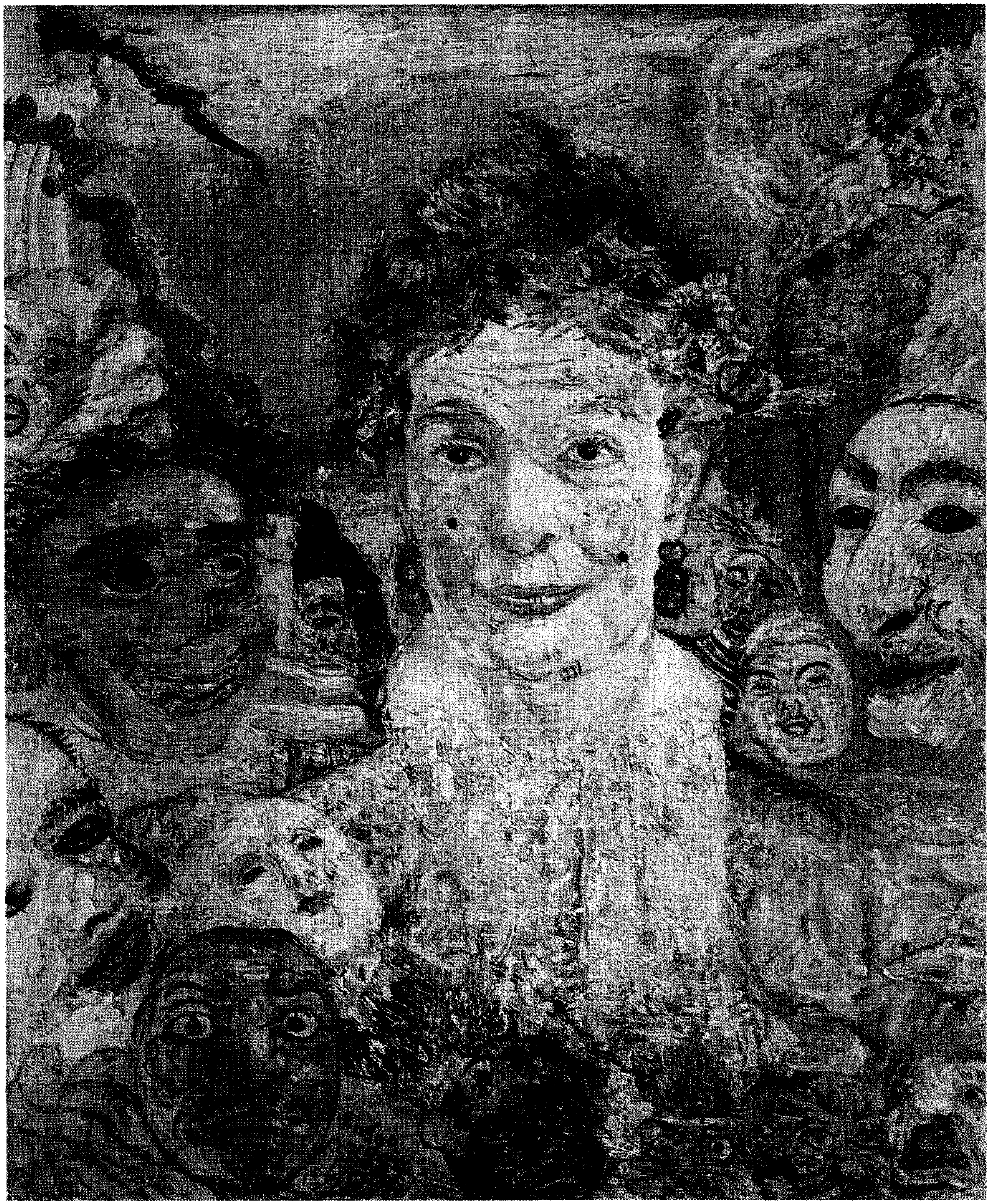
Ensor's youthful works are pallid genre and local landscapes. Belgian artists were apt to specialize, Baudelaire observed ("There is an artist who only paints pumpkins"), and Ensor wanted fully to account for the mucus-green North Sea and its oyster-white clouds, which he watched from the small, crowded studio room above his mother's shop. Then he looked inside the house, at stifling middle-class interiors and, outside, at brutalized workers, drunk in shabby bars whose scaling walls make you want to cut your throat. Around 1882, Ensor began a series of kitchen still-lifes—a subject that attracted him for the rest of his career. At some point he added carnival masks to his repertory—the sort his mother sold in the shop. He had an epiphany. He strewed his art with masks. Their broad, coarse features and bright, dissonant colors changed his style. Brush marks became heavier, more daring. Hues became more intense, lighter, cleaner. He re-edited a number of his older, timid pictures in the bright new manner. There was an invasion of grotesques. A pencil drawing of a piano suddenly quivers with disturbing faces in the curtains and shadows. Ensor's vision becomes disturbingly animate. A girl cuddles a doll; it squirms to horrid life in her hands. The art historian Marcel De Maeyer has noted that the figure in bright-yellow socks who studies some Oriental scrolls was repainted at a later date and its head changed to a skull. What had been a fusty bourgeois idyll was turned into a jesting reminder of fatality. In his catalog essay, John David Farmer (formerly curator at the Art Institute, Chicago, which cosponsors the Ensor show) analyzes *Portrait of an Old Woman With Masks:* "The painting began genuinely enough—one of Ensor's few documented commissions—as a portrait of his Ostend hairdresser's mother. After it was finished—and rejected—Ensor consoled himself with amusing [*sic*] additions to the face: moles, new eyelashes, extra wrinkles, hair sprouting from her chin, and a tangle of faded flowers on her head. Doodling and levity cease where Ensor's insertion of many freakish masks begins; they stare in every direction, unattached to bodies yet . . . with their own ghoulish existence."

Ensor, in other words, literally built on his earlier paintings, working over their skin-smooth surfaces, bringing to them a new, alien life with the addition of an ectoplasmic shrimp here, a skull there, and everywhere a sense of twitching, spying, disquieting menace.

By 1887, he was his own master. In *The Tribulations of St. Anthony*, he alludes to Callot and Brueghel, to Flaubert's novella, while deploying flying red impastos and scrawls that could be Abstract Expressionist (Hans Hofmann, maybe) except that incubi, jellyfish, and other slimy organisms coexist with the pictorial spontaneity. At that moment in history, "Ensor was possibly the boldest living painter," according to Alfred Barr. "Gauguin was still painting semi-Impressionist pictures, and only in the following year, 1888, was van Gogh, under the burning sun of Arles, able to free himself from Impressionism." Even before Vincent had mastered the passionate whorls of *Starry Night*, Ensor was finishing *The Entry of Christ Into Brussels*, 1888, a masterpiece that stretches 149 inches wide; in its folding and shuttling planes, all humanity stands accused, judged, found guilty, and, in a burst of heroic vulgarity, forgiven.

Did it influence Bertolt Brecht? *Mahagonny* has a similar "Here Comes Everybody" parade with banners and mock-political slogans (what Ensor calls "doctrinal fanfares"). Certainly Brecht's famous "alienation effect" is predicted in Ensor's regiments of masks, which are simultaneously subhuman, human, and transcendental—bestial, familiar, and divine.

The mask permits its wearer—the Belgian carnival celebrant—to act outrageously and still maintain his dignity in secret; nobody knows who he is. He can spy on everybody. Thus the mask is not so much a disguise as a device which enables the bearer to express his true desires—as gourmandizer, bully, lecher—and go at the id, if you'll forgive a pun, whole hog. Yet when the simulacrum assumes the attributes of the real person (as in the portrait of Dorian Gray), it also acquires an Ensorian superhumanity. The vivid, passionate energy of the masks makes their unmasked companions look bland.



Portrait of an Old Woman With Masks, *by James Ensor, 1889, oil on canvas, 22 by 29 inches, owned by the Museum voor Schone Kunsten, Ghent.*

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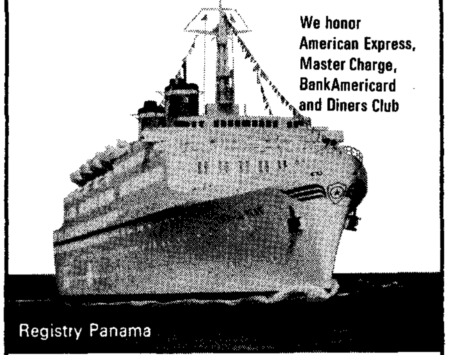
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"...Ensor kept trying to resummon his muse with scenes of vomiting, defecation..."

The masks are mighty revelers. Like the sailors in Tristan Corbière's poems, they rejoice in filthy work. The devil take the hindmost. And, indeed, in Ensor, a devil usually lurks just around the corner, prepared to gobble up any corpse that might fall his way. ("German art is disgusting," the painter William Copley has said, "but Belgian art is so disgusting it's funny.")

Ensor's masks, then, are actors in a triple play with laminations of meanings and ironies. They parade down the main boulevard of Brussels, worshipping Christ with grotesque obeisance, and engage in every vice and folly to which flesh and papier-mâché are heir. If Christ himself looks suspiciously like Ensor, the parade looks like a dream that Christ is trapped in, and who is a better dreamer than the artist—the creator?

At the bottom-right corner is a kindly dignified head, strangely out of place in this bizarre context. It's an old man who seems vigorous, wise, with a bit of John Bull in his ruddy countenance. Could it be a passing tribute to Ensor's father? Ensor *père* was a dimly tragic figure in a houseful of shrews, and it was he, Farmer suggests, who encouraged James to become an artist. But the painting teems with seductive details. Its iconology must be as complicated as the programs of Andrea Mantegna. It would be worth the effort to unravel because this noble document with its crowd-lined vistas and massed flags and placards is an encyclopedia of its time and place. It's also a tough pictorial structure. In his earlier works, Ensor keyed somber colors to a bit of glowing white—a glimpse of north light through a window, perhaps, or a piece of radiant cheese. In his mature paintings, the hues move through intense reds and blues in close values to resolve themselves in a screeching green. It is scrawled down from the upper-left corner in *Portrait of an Old Woman With Masks,* defining nothing except its own jarring presence. In *Christ's Entry Into Brussels,* green is used to set the stage and to unify within its rancid embrace the whole pullulation of reds, blues, blacks, and whites. In later works, watch for the patches of green: in the still-life where Ensor takes on Chardin and brings off his own *Attributes of the Studio* (masks nuzzle a classic plaster model), or his semipolitical expressions—attacks on corrupt lawyers, cops, art critics. Usually green marks the pressure point of Ensor's schema.

Ensor drifted away from art in the last half of his long life. He was famous. The king made him a baron (he had depicted an earlier king of the Belgians as a fatuous imbecile). He became a public character on Ostend's waterfront, made some posters, gave some lectures, survived two occupations by the German army. Did his art begin to fail as he became the master of his own techniques—as it failed de Chirico? The friction, the resistance, the necessary exacerbations were missing, and so the image may have flopped too smoothly onto canvas. Or perhaps the child inside Ensor, who was terrified of and delighted by scary masks, gesticulating demons, ghostly faces in the shadows of curtains, who giggled at dirty jokes and uncouth lapses—perhaps the infant Ensor finally grew up. His life had been hard enough. Ensor kept trying to resummon his muse with scenes of urination, vomiting, defecation—with tried-and-true Belgian wit—but evidently he no longer could put his faith in the magic of bad taste and the potency of a truly vulgar image.

Maybe Ensor's music and writings should be re-examined. Perhaps the contemporary critics who dismiss them are as numb as the ones who rejected *The Entry of Christ Into Brussels* from being exhibited with Belgium's vanguard art group, Les Vingt. (Les Vingt had shown Seurat's *La Grande Jatte,* and worshipped it, in 1887.)

Ensor was an immensely cultivated artist. It's a pleasure to watch him pick and choose sources in Bosch, the Brueghels, Callot, Rembrandt, Turner, Goya, Delacroix, Daumier, Manet, and especially the scatophile German woodcut masters of the fifteenth century. Nearer to hand were Redon, Moreau, and such neighbors as Wiertz, Rops, Khnopff. Munch and van Gogh studied him. And among his admirers were Vuillard and Nolde, who visited him and learned about patterns and patches in suffocating color. The Surrealists appreciated his nightmare, and Magritte had a fellow-feeling for Ensor's unnerving "alienation effect." Jan Müller and Bob Thompson, to name only two younger Americans, followed his example.

If there is going to be a phase of modern art concerned with symbols of crime and punishment, love and lunacy, the horrors and miseries of your everyday *Playboy philosophe* in his global *boudoir,* then Ensor's relevance should be assured. *Christ's Entry* is as fresh and pertinent as ever. The smoked herring—his ensign (Ensor equals *hareng saur*)—flies again. ■

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Firewood—If you're lucky, you're beating the fuel crisis with a fireplace. These country folk are selling seasoned hardwood—oak, ash, some sugar maple: 16 pieces 16″ in length or 13 20″ pieces, burlap-bagged and clean, $5 per bag; minimum order 2 bags. A Manhattan answering service takes orders; delivery free in all 5 boroughs. *Pure Wood; call 924-5451.*

Mickey Mouse—Old Friends, the tiny shop devoted to Walt Disney, is having its first sale. Many new things, as well as one-of-a-kind antiques, range from 39¢ gadgets to an English Mickey Mouse stuffed doll that was $120, now $96. Everything is reduced 20 percent, and a rack of Kennington Disney shirts in odd sizes are reduced 50 percent. One and only one original Ingersoll Mickey Mouse watch on a new band, in working order, was $210, now $168. Also non-Disney 10-oz. glasses with movie-star decals of the early 1950s, were $3.50 each, now $2 each or 6 for $10. Master Charge, checks accepted. *Old Friends, 202 East 31st St. (686-4291); Mon.–Sat. 11:30 a.m.–6:30 p.m.; thru 2/28.*

Shawls—Imported from Colombia, this wool-crepe shawl with deep rayon-viscose handmade macrame fringe has been sold for $49 by this firm. Called the *pañolón*, it comes in black, beige, and white, but there are few left in white. The importer is closing them out at $30 mail order plus $2 for mailing; New York residents add sales tax. The shawl may be ordered by mail or phone or viewed (by appointment only) at the importer's offices. Send check or money order, state color choice. *Post Haste Co., 35 West 53rd St. (247-1356); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Squash, anyone?—The Manhattan Squash Club is running a triple introductory offer: (1) $15 gets you 2 months' membership with all privileges and club activities, plus 1 free lesson or court session and free squash clinics. If you decide to stay on, the $15 may be applied to $50 annual membership. (2) All squash singles courts are $5 per session on weekends; free coffee at the bar/restaurant. (3) At the pro shop, women's White Stag warm-up suits, were $35, now $25; Laura Baugh T-shirts and shorts, were $10 and $18, now $8 and $12; Fred Perry men's shirts, were $12–$16, now $10; a Bancroft Super Winner squash racquet strung with Blue Star nylon, was $38, now $29; many specials on squash and tennis frames not strung. American Express, BankAmericard, Master Charge, checks accepted. *The Manhattan Squash Club, 41 West 42nd St. (mezzanine, Grace Bldg.) (869-8969). Club hours: 7 days a week 7 a.m.–11 p.m.; pro-shop hours: Mon., Tues., Fri. 8:30 a.m.–4 p.m., Wed., Thurs. 8:30 a.m.–9 p.m., Sat. noon–4 p.m.; all specials thru 3/31.*

Menswear—A Washington's Birthday clearance offers 3-piece suits by Lanvin, Chaps, Groshire, and Cerruti that were $155–$285 for $77.50–$142.50 (sizes 39–48 regular, 38–43 short, 42–46 long); sports jackets, were $110–$195, now $55–$97.50; shirts by Excello, Arrow, others also one half off, as are 2-piece suits, overcoats, and suburban and leather jackets by Lakeland, Zero King, and Cresca. All-wool and poly-wool slacks, were $30–$55, now $15–$27.50; neckwear by Yves St.Laurent, Oleg Cassini, and Guy LaRoche, was $8.50–$13.50, now $4.25–$6.75. Johnston & Murphy shoes in broken sizes, 50 percent off; other shoes reduced 20–50 percent. American Express, BankAmericard, Master Charge, checks accepted. All sales final. *Nibs, 72-28 Main St. (near Main St. movie house), Flushing (BO 3-8088); Mon., Wed. 10 a.m.–9 p.m., Thurs.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–4 p.m.; 2/18–25 only.*

Imports—This West Side importer of primarily Mexican and Guatemalan handicrafts is having a sale that reduces its prices, normally about 25 percent below retail, 20 percent below that: Mexican sweaters, $36–$70 elsewhere and usually $31 here, now $24.80; Yucatan hammocks, now $20–$44; Mexican blankets, were $60–$90, now $48–$72; wool ponchos, were $30–$40, now $24–$32; armchairs and stools of natural bamboo and jute, were $4–$44.50, now $3.20–$35.60; Guatemalan tapestries, were $5.25–$8.75, now $4.20–$7; also serapes, silver rings, mirrors, etc., at similar savings. Checks, no credit cards. Exchanges, no refunds. *Spectrum Imports, 2121 Broadway between 74th and 75th sts. (362-8000); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–5 p.m., Thurs. till 6 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.; sale 2/14–19.* ■

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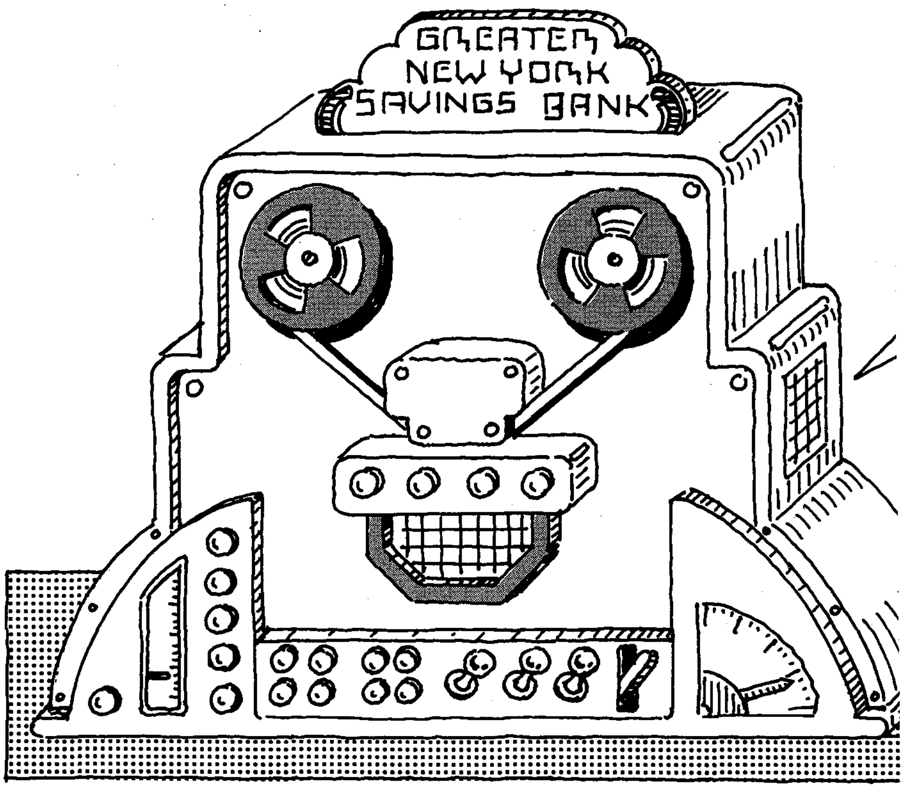
The savings bank's checkless system also allows you to earn 5¼ percent interest on money in your account before you pay your bills—which explains what the bank is up to. According to Jerome Maron, executive vice-president, the bank figures that customers will go for the idea of accumulating interest on money that would otherwise be sitting dormant in a checking account. And he is betting they will allow a lot more cash to build up in the account, as with any savings account. In fact, estimates are that at any given time only 15 percent of the cash people put into such accounts will go toward paying current bills. The rest will be left untouched to accrue interest. And the estimates had better be right—the way the bank hopes to profit is to loan much of that cash out for several points more than it pays in interest.

For the customer, the new account is a bit spooky. You dial the bank and, provided you use a Touch-Tone phone, never even speak to a human being. The computer that you call up asks you—with prerecorded tapes—to punch in your account number, your own special identification number, and the amounts and merchants you wish to pay. Each merchant has a code number—Con Ed, your mortgage-holder, the telephone company, credit-card companies, etc. To date, there are over 100 merchants and creditors signed up with Greater New York. Obviously, it is to their advantage: They are credited with your payments the day after you instruct the computer to pay. They don't have to wait for your check, and possibly have it bounce. The bank will forward payment only if you have already put sufficient funds in the account. So you cannot kite any checks or take advantage of any "float."


GREATER NEW YORK SAVINGS BANK

By using the phone—and each call costs you one message unit plus 10 cents, regardless of how many message units you use—you can also get a running balance, as well as a rundown on exactly how much you have paid each merchant that month. You also get a written monthly statement, which indicates the amounts and the creditors you have paid.

If you have only a dial phone, at present you will get to speak to a clerk who will key the appropriate information into the computer, using a desk-top terminal. Eventually, even for dial-phone users, an answering machine will handle all transactions automatically.

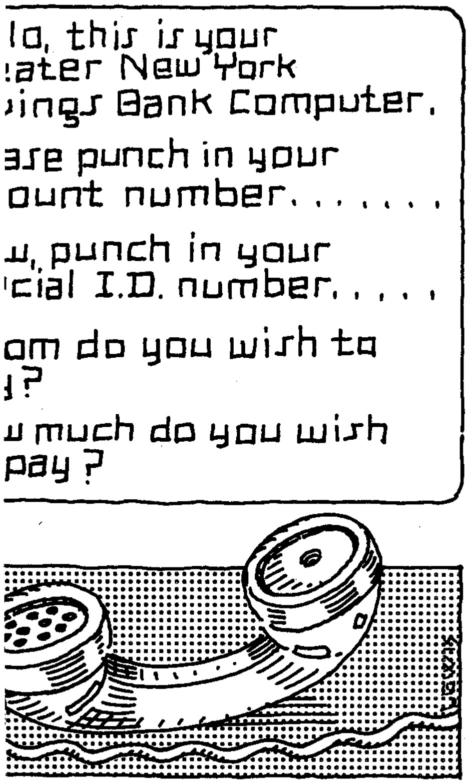
Can the system be beaten? Maron is confident it is foolproof. A bogus caller could find out your account number, but unless you tell him directly, there is no way of his knowing your personal identification number. Further, the caller could only pay your debts to your merchant using your identification. He cannot transfer funds to his own account. At worst, he could transfer cash from the special savings account to your regular checking account at that bank (employed at times when you prefer to use a check and have it canceled as evidence of payment). But to draw cash from that account would involve forgery, just as it does now if anyone signs your name on a check and withdraws money from the checking account.

Maron admits that customers will have to adjust to the new accounts but thinks the convenience, the interest, and the freedom from check-writing chores assure its success. "Just avoiding the use of stamps has a lot of appeal to some customers," he says.

In all, there are about 600 clients using the new system. The bank has already spent about $200,000 on advertising and is planning to spend more. Although these new accounts have brought in about $800,000 in deposits so far, no other New York banks have plans to go ahead with a similar system. "But they are all watching us very carefully," says Maron. "If we succeed, you can be sure there will be others."

What Mr. Big Earns

If you work for a major corporation, do you have any idea of what its top executives earn? Knowing what the top brass make is more than grist for cocktail conversation—it can let you estimate what a lot of others might be making.



The Conference Board, a New York business-research firm, painstakingly compiles surveys of what the top bananas in American business and industry earn. The most recent survey, which covers the year 1975, was based on an examination of the compensation of the three highest-paid executives in each of 1,358 companies.

Compensation of the chief executives—exclusive of any bonuses—ranged from $60,000 to $125,000, for companies with sales under $125 million, up to $250,000 or more, for companies with sales in excess of $1 billion.

Typically, the pay of the second-ranking executive in the company is from 69 to 81 percent of the CEO's. The number-three executive gets about 56 to 64 percent of the top income.

Bonuses, however, add substantially to the compensation package, and many executives do receive bonus plans—78 percent of executives in manufacturing, 62 percent of those in retail trade, 30 percent in insurance and banking, and 8 percent in utilities. The bonuses range from 42 percent of annual salary for manufacturing executives down to 14 for those in banking.

Besides bonuses, most executives get stock options—86 percent in manufacturing, 69 percent in retailing, 43 percent in insurance, 35 percent in banks, and 14 percent in utilities. Most receive nonqualified options.

Pay increases in salaries for chief executives over the past few years have not been very dramatic, however. From 1973 to 1975, median increases in salaries were as follows: 17 percent in manufacturing, 17 percent in commercial banks, 15 percent in insurance, 11 percent in utilities, and 13 percent in retail trade.

After Math

If the thought of a multiplication table—not to mention a logarithm—induces panic, Fordham University may have some help for you. The school has begun special classes for mathematical illiterates who either are so frightened by numbers or have been away from math for so long that they are unable to handle commonplace math chores.

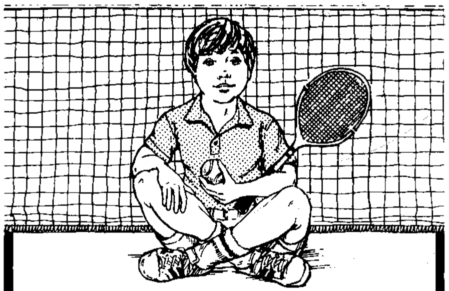
"We emphasize the 'old-time' basics in mathematics," says Samiha Mourad, an Egyptian woman who originated the course. It meets for two hours once a week for fourteen weeks, and there are both day and evening sessions offered at Lincoln Center. Summer sessions meet for three hours twice a week for five weeks. Class sizes are limited to twenty students, who pay $150 each for the course.

Some typical graduates of "Mathematics in Everyday Life": a woman student delighted at finally being able to balance a checkbook; a policeman who has learned how to figure out the percentage of increase or decrease in street crime in his precinct; and OTB employees learning how to compute the odds on a triple handicap.

Charter Flights

Everyone knows that charters can be a lot cheaper than regularly scheduled, no-discount flights. But the rub is in finding out which charters are going where and who is running them—and finding out far enough in advance to be able to take advantage of them.

The *1977 Charter Flight Directory* lists in its 128 pages all types of charters, domestic and foreign, which are available to the general public. It is now off the press and costs $3.95, from Travel Information Bureau, P.O. Box 105, Kings Park, New York 11754. ■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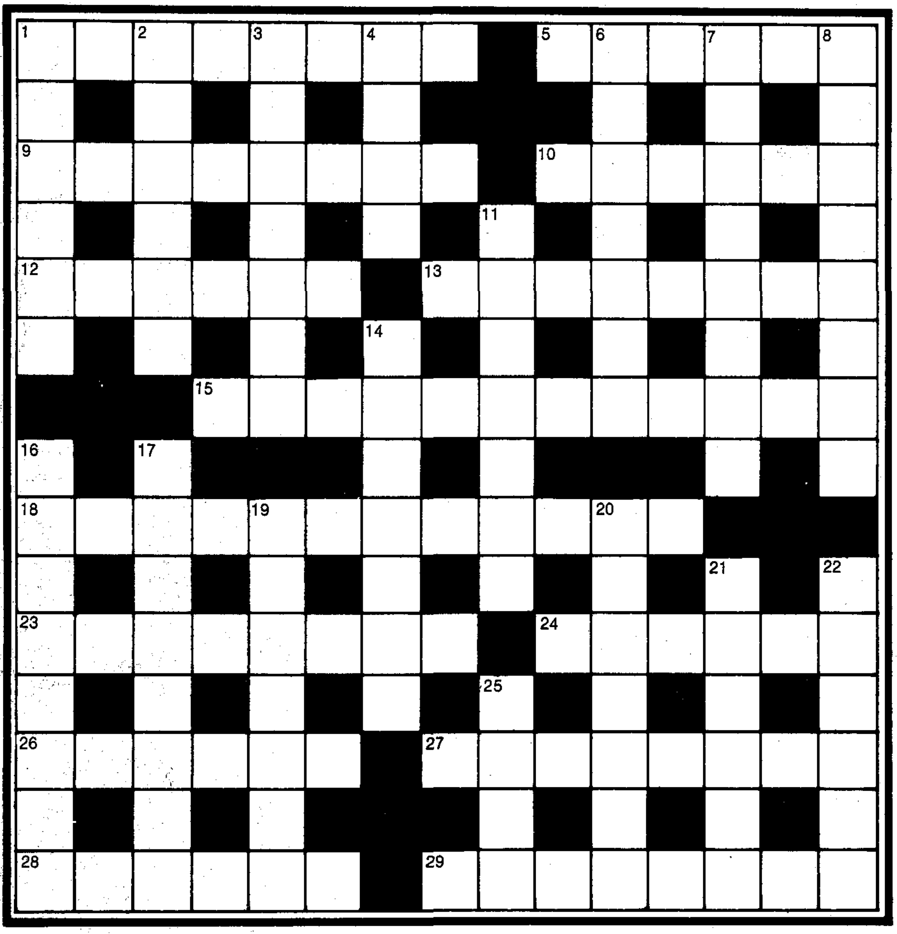
WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

FROM THE SUNDAY TIMES OF LONDON



Solution To Last Issue's Puzzle.

■	T	■	A	■	D	■	S	I	D	E	S	M	A	N
T	R	A	L	E	E	■	E	■	E	■	T	■	N	■
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■	A	■	T	■	R	■	N	■	I	N	D	E	N	T
R	U	T	H	L	E	S	S	■	P	■	E	■	S	■

Clues

ACROSS

1 Spend a long time in the lobbies. (8)

5 Cared, so objected. (6)

9 Provider of state aid? (3-5)

10 "A second Adam to the fight and to the ——— came" (Cardinal Newman). (6)

12 Take an excursion, but do return from the seat of the oracle! (6)

13 Scatters webs around the rest perhaps. (8)

15 Disowning the nun I race into quite possibly. (12)

18 Service from day to day? (8, 4)

23 Grey sail rigged in slippery fashion. (8)

24 Deny it's Diana's to have. (6)

26 I take advertisements to return the article first to those beautiful maidens. (6)

27 Very sorry to find study worn out. (8)

28 Boring listener inside—how dull! (6)

29 Cut things short and commit to memory, stupid! (8)

DOWN

1 Vegetable and what to cook it in with half a tomato. (6)

2 Gets clearance at the boundary. (3-3)

3 Sea-food proves to be a contentious item a beginner goes into. (7)

4 Still smooth? (4)

6 Maybe I retain no movement. (7)

7 Creed breaks down along with mine in the last stages of decay. (8)

8 Getting into line to make an application that's bound to help the injured. (8)

11 A kindly reception when you and I take first left and arrive. (7)

14 Do they conceal lights or maybe blushes? (7)

16 One little horse swallows the wise men—but surely it's not really there? (8)

17 Save hide somehow—but it's sticky! (8)

19 Within a small radius, he's in the know. (7)

20 Pompously looking down on others? (7)

21 Cosmetic preparation, and quite an amount I have on. (6)

22 Expire, and all because of a cold? (6)

25 Game old explorer! (4)

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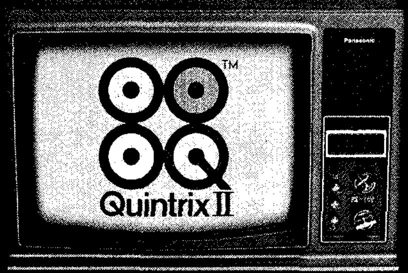

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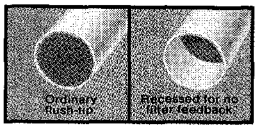
There's more to choosing a low-tar cigarette than just picking a number

Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."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Recessed for no filter feedback

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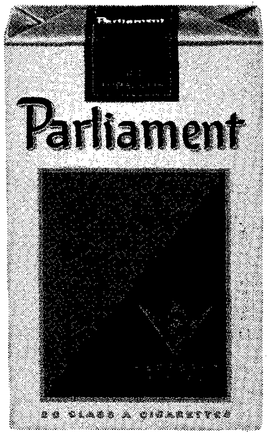
And that's where low-tar Parliament has the advantage. Parliament's filter is recessed to keep tar buildup from touching your lips. So there's no "filter feedback." All you get is that smooth Parliament taste.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